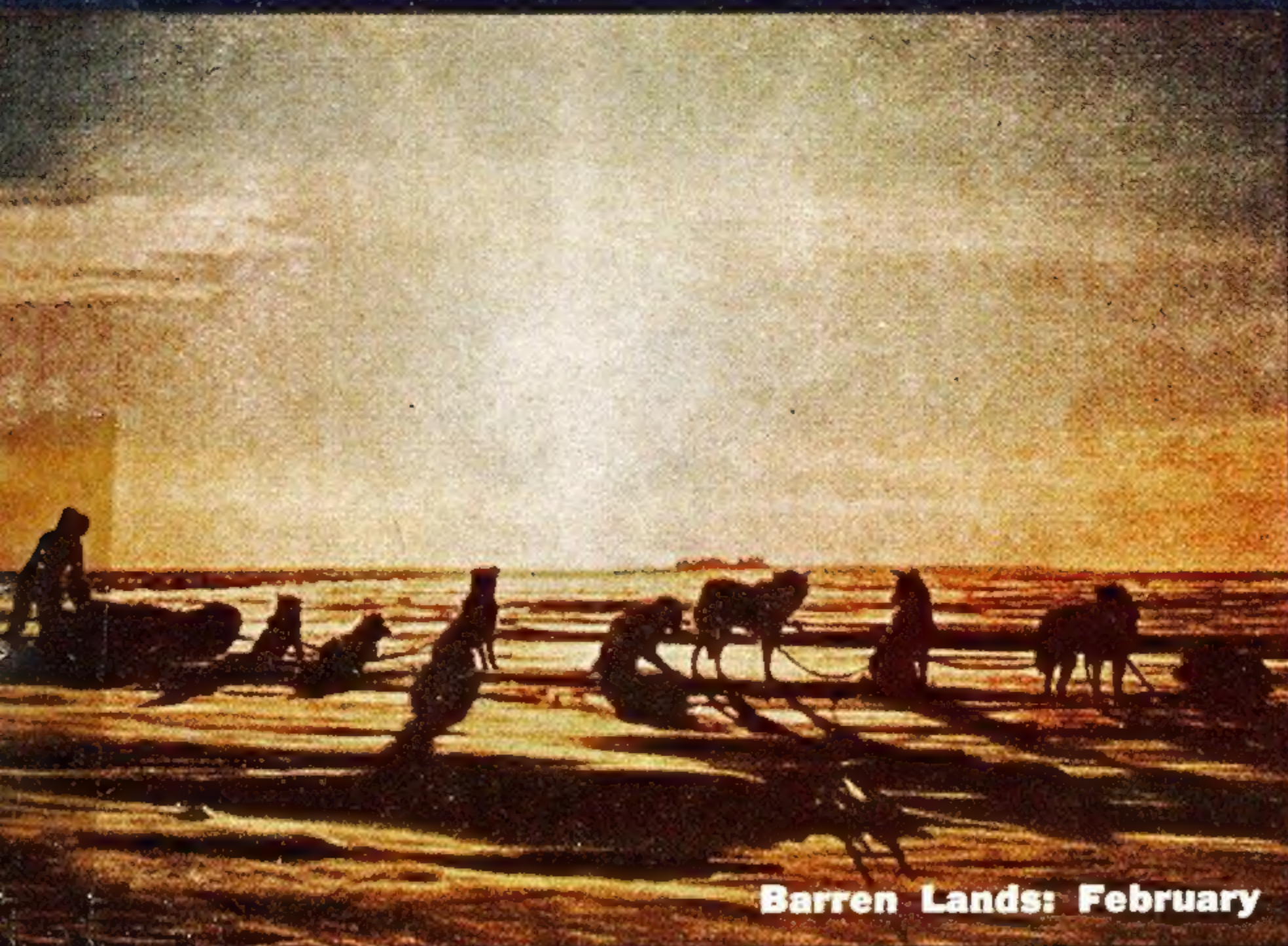


MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

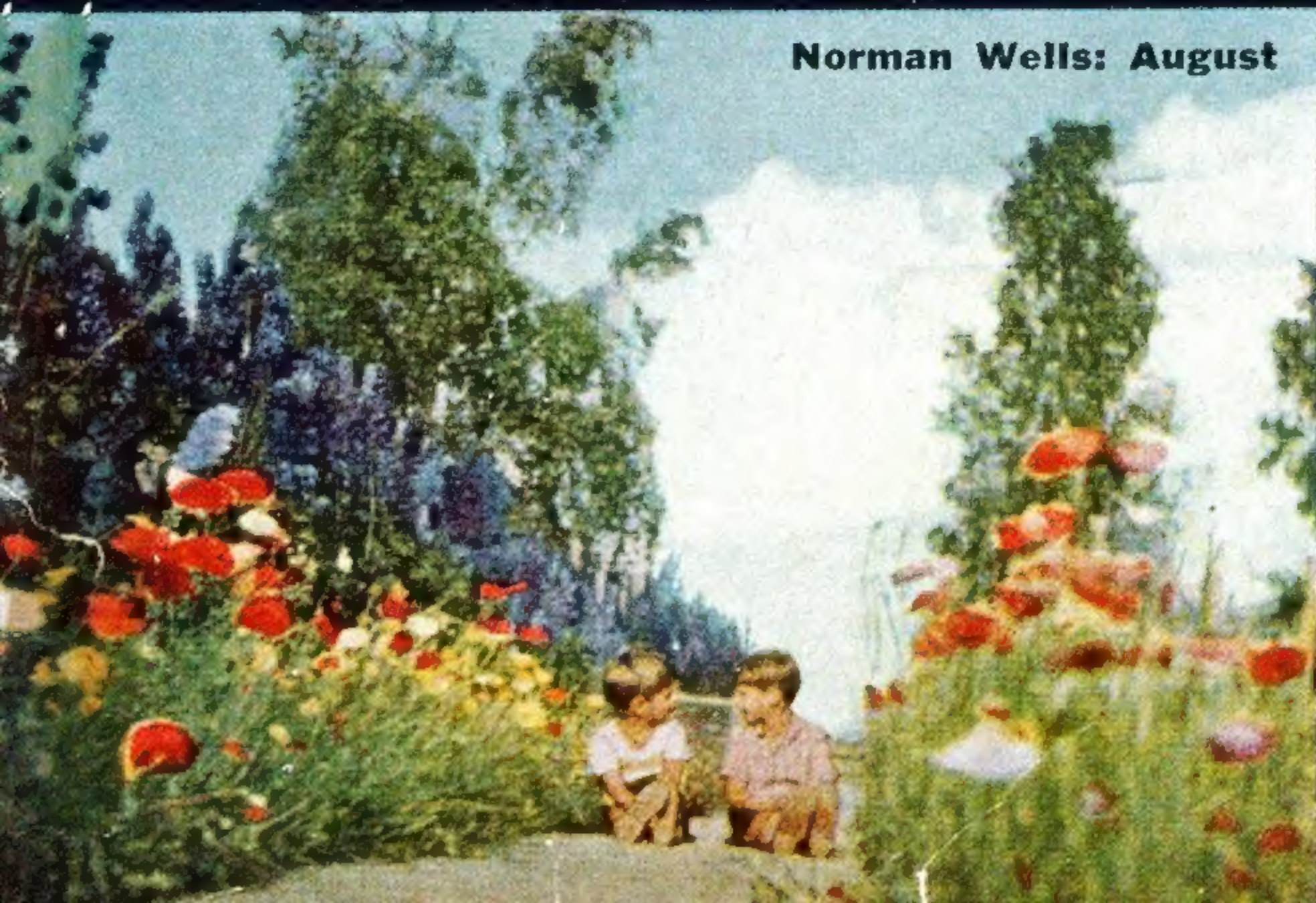
reports on The North



Barren Lands: February



Athabaska River: September



Norman Wells: August



Baffin Island: August



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EDITORIAL

We Haven't Done Right By Our North

MOST OF US take the same fierce and unearned pride in the Canadian north that we take in Jacques Cartier's voyage to Tadoussac or Marilyn Bell's swim across Lake Ontario. Every time we think of it our red corpuscles multiply by proxy and our stature soars by association. Just to be in the same general precincts, historically and geographically, makes titans of us all.

The fact is that, as a nation, we Canadians have put less heart, brain and muscle into the development of the north than we've put into any common undertaking in our national lifetime. The north has had more than its share of individual heroes and individual visionaries. It has had its corporate heroes and visionaries too. But the chief qualities brought to the north by government—and that means by the Canadian people as a whole—are timidity, parsimony, indifference and sloth. If the possession of vast amounts of land involves a duty to make use of it, we have not deserved the north in the past and have just barely begun to deserve it now.

As Trevor Lloyd has pointed out in one of his admirable studies of the north, our Arctic territories were thrust upon us largely against our will; only after repeated prodding from the British government and under the spur of United States interest in the area did our Parliament agree to "accept" the Canadian Arctic in May 1878. No one has since brought our legal claim into serious question but there have been many times, particularly during and just after the last war, when we appeared to be exercising the claim on sufferance. The United States was letting contracts for the Canol pipeline a month before the Canadian government authorized the project. Of a wartime plane route across the roof of Canada, Dr. Lloyd has written: "It is doubtful whether anyone in Ottawa knew of the whereabouts of all the scattered installations during 1943 and it has been said that the precise location of some of them was not revealed until U.S. authorities formally reported their discontinuance in 1944 and 1945."

In our highly incomplete network of northern radar and weather stations Canadians and Americans are again manning the Canadian north together. Since Canada is either not able or not willing to do the job alone, we can only rejoice that the Americans have been so ready with their help—and so careful to pretend, now that the pressure of war has been lifted, that it's really our show again and they're only participating as privileged guests. We can also only wonder why, within the last year, Mr. St. Laurent has found it necessary to refer so frequently to Canada's sovereignty in the Canadian north and to announce so pointedly that we don't intend to give it up. Could it be because Mr. St. Laurent has learned to fear what this nation should have learned to fear fifty years ago: the inescapable fact that history detests the absentee landlord and always catches up with him and leaves him dispossessed.

We have recently created a federal Department of Northern Affairs whose primary task will be to correct the ills of absentee landlordism in the north. The ills are there in plenty: the myth, so easy to believe back here in the comfort of the manor house, that the north is booming when, in fact, great areas are seriously depressed; the legend that we and our allies have solved the problem of northern defense when, in fact, we've only decided to forget about it; the fiction that we are educating the northern Indian and the Eskimo to be of greater use to themselves and their country when, in fact, we are turning them into a dependent peasantry.

If we face up realistically enough and quickly enough to the consequences of our neglect of the north perhaps history, so kind to us in the past, will be kind to us again. In the meantime southern Canadians—meaning ninety-nine Canadians out of every hundred—simply have not earned the right to be proud of the Canadian north. Until we do far more than we've ever done to populate and use it, we'll not be free of the danger of losing it to our enemies or to our friends.

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What The Public Has Not Been Told about ANTIFREEZE



If you hear there is only one "all-winter" or "permanent" antifreeze on the Canadian market, don't believe it! There are a number of first class antifreezes available in Canada.

All top quality antifreezes of the type commonly referred to as "permanent" are made from a remarkable family of chemicals called glycols. The glycols when mixed with water make a liquid which freezes only at extremely low temperatures and boils only at extremely high temperatures. It doesn't boil away during warm spells, as non-glycol antifreezes do. But these are just two of the reasons why "permanent" antifreeze is such an excellent value.

Every dependable glycol base antifreeze contains a chemical inhibitor to protect your car's cooling system . . . positive protection against rusting for the complete winter season. Automotive authorities

recommend that radiators be drained and flushed at least once a year. So . . . for maximum performance of your car this winter have the cooling system flushed and a fresh supply of antifreeze added.

It is more realistic to think in terms of "all-winter" protection, rather than permanent. But, whichever term you prefer, you can be certain a glycol base antifreeze will provide the best protection obtainable against both freeze-up and boil-away.

Remember — if you hear that there is only one all-winter antifreeze on the market, don't believe it! There are a number of dependable brands supplied by reputable companies! Ask the advice of your regular supplier as to the brand of antifreeze you should buy. See him soon — winter is just around the corner.

Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited does not make antifreeze but is the major Canadian manufacturer of glycol used in producing top quality all-winter antifreezes.

DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED  TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG SARNIA

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THREE KEYS TO THE CONTROL OF DIABETES

DIET



EXERCISE



INSULIN



DIET... Many diabetics can successfully control their condition by following a carefully regulated but varied and nutritious diet. There is one basic rule, however, that all diabetics must observe—they must restrict their intake of those foods that readily change to sugar in the body.

EXERCISE... In the successful treatment of diabetes, exercise is essential because it helps keep blood sugar at a safe level. In other words, exercise helps "burn up" sugars and starches so that they do not accumulate in the system and cause distress.

INSULIN... This substance is indispensable in those cases of severe diabetes that cannot be controlled by diet and exercise. Thanks to the development of increasingly effective forms of insulin... as well as greater knowledge of the disease resulting from continued research... diabetes can generally be controlled more successfully than ever before.

By faithfully cooperating with their doctors in using the three keys to diabetes control, most diabetics live full, active lives.

Studies indicate that hundreds of thousands of our people, who do not have diabetes now, are likely to develop it some time in the future. This is why it is so important to know the following facts:

1. You are more likely to develop diabetes if...

- the disease has occurred in your family
- you are middle-aged and overweight.

2. You should suspect diabetes if...

- you notice weight loss despite constant hunger and high food consumption
- you feel constantly fatigued, thirsty, or urinate excessively.

Early in its course, diabetes may cause no symptoms at all. In fact, it may progress silently and damage your health before you are aware of it. This points up the necessity of regular medical examinations. The earlier diabetes is discovered and treated, the better are the chances of bringing it under control.

Fortunately, tests for diabetes detection are simple, speedy and painless. Everyone should have periodic health examinations... including urinalysis. If the test shows sugar, your doctor can make further examinations which tell whether you have diabetes. If you have the disease, you and your doctor can work together to help control it. With proper precautions, your chances of living long, happily and usefully are unusually good today.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Can the North Produce Its Poet?

IT MUST be a wonderful thing to be the editor of Maclean's. There sits Ralph Allen in his ivory tower on University Avenue rejecting manuscripts, sending special writers all over the place, and generally behaving like something between an orchestra conductor and an imperial Caesar.

Therefore when he wrote me that Maclean's was doing an all-north number and wondered if I could fit my London Letter into the scheme of things I meekly answered "Yes." After all I sit for a north London constituency; my home is in the London postal district of North West 8; the House of Commons is on the north bank of the Thames, and the newspapers I once edited are on the north side of Fleet Street.

In fact by the time I finished this personal survey I felt like a Norseman and would not have been surprised if I had been served blubber for lunch.

The first time the word "north" fired my imagination was a few years ago in Toronto when, as a boy contralto in Professor Blakeley's Boy Trio of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, we got an engagement to give an organ recital and concert in St. Andrew's Church in North Bay, Ont.

This was exciting. This was romance. Hitherto we had not journeyed beyond Galt and Guelph and London (Ontario) but now we were to go such a vast distance that we would travel overnight in upper berths. My father saw me safely to the train and I bade him good-bye with all the self-importance of a polar explorer going into the unknown.

Sometimes in our travels as a trio we took along a boy organist whom we affectionately called "the Shrimp" because he was younger than the rest of us. His name was Ernest MacMillan and he was pretty good with the organ keys. We did not suspect that he would someday be knighted for his services to music. However, it would be a dull world if young eyes could see the distant scene.

But at any rate the great Professor Blakeley was taking us to North Bay. He used to play a terrific piece on the organ called The Storm. By putting both hands solidly on the bass notes and expanding and contracting the bellows he would achieve such an imitation of thunder that people nearly put up their umbrellas. He was, in fact, a great showman. No wonder he ended up in Hollywood.

To this day I have never lost my love for trains. Even the little English trains that give a high soprano squeak and then dart out of the station still have a fascination. Imagine then an overnight CPR train drawn by an engine the size of Jove's chariot. How it groaned and shook and strained as it slowly left the station. There was none of that diesel engine nonsense of today. *Continued on page 112*



Cobalt looked like this when Baxter sold pianos there early in the century.

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BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE in the North



The Loneliest Job in the World

FIFTY lonely men in five Canadian Arctic outposts are feeding out every day, to weather forecasters all over the world, some of the most useful information these harried soothsayers get from anywhere.

All fifty live north of any normal or natural human habitation. Even the Eskimo hadn't dwell there for at least three hundred years, archeologists say, until the RCMP moved five families to Resolute Bay last year from areas where game is too scarce for the population. The eight men at Alert, on the shore of the polar sea that stretches unbroken to the North Pole 450 miles away, probably live farther north than anyone in the world.

They each spend a year there, most of it one long day and one long night, to do an important and long-overdue job that Canada and the U. S. had been neglecting until recently. Most of the weather on this continent, the North Atlantic and Western Europe originates in the Canadian Arctic, but as recently as 1947 the top of this Canadian sector was still a blank on the weather maps of the world. Canada did maintain fourteen meteorological stations on the northern mainland and the islands just north of the coast, but in the archipelago between Lancaster Sound and the polar sea we had nothing.

What little information we got from the really far north came, strange to say, from Soviet Russia. Weather observation is one of the few activities in which the Soviet Union still co-operates with the West, and probably the only one where the free world gets more than it gives. Only in the last four or five years have Canada and the U. S. been keeping their end up with a network

of far-northern stations, all on Canadian islands and under Canadian command, but jointly staffed and jointly financed by both countries.

It's a big, expensive job. Only the parent station at Resolute Bay, the most southerly of the lot, can be supplied each summer by sea. Ships can get to Alert and Eureka on Ellesmere Island some years, with luck, but the westerly stations at Mould Bay and Isachsen are always cut off by ice from the eastern Arctic and have to be supplied entirely by air.

Twice a year, in April and October, the RCAF assigns three or four of its "flying boxcars," C-119 transports, to move the goods that have been taken by ship to Resolute Bay and cached there. Each air lift moves about 350 tons in seven-ton loads, or approximately fifty round trips to all four "satellite" stations.

WHEN YOU step out of the plane at any of these satellite posts you find yourself shaking hands with a row of young men in identical khaki parkas and wearing, more often than not, identical brown beards. This makes them look like magnified sets of the Seven Dwarfs, and also makes it quite impossible for the visitor to remember which is which.

These are the real solitaires of the weather service. Resolute Bay is comparatively urban—mail every fortnight, movies every night, beer in the mess, occasional visitors and a permanent population of more than fifty including the RCAF personnel. The satellites have only eight men each, and these see no other soul in the long black night between October and April.

Most of them are young men about to be

Continued on page 109



IRON ORE - New wealth from Canada's treasure chest of minerals

Already one of the world's largest producers of minerals, Canada is well on its way to becoming a major supplier of another essential raw material — iron ore.

Leaders in the iron industry foresee an annual production of 30 to 40 million tons within a decade. This compares with a production of 123,000 tons in 1939 — just 15 years ago.

One of the big producers is Steep Rock Iron Mines in northwestern Ontario. Not long ago, Steep Rock was a lake. To get at the treasure hiding below, a river was diverted and 75 billion gallons of water drained. By 1960, the Steep Rock iron

range production is expected to reach nine million tons a year.

As on other mineral developments, fleets of Allis-Chalmers tractors are playing an important role in Steep Rock's operation — from building new roads to pushing the big ore trucks through tough going . . . from cleaning up around shovels in the pit to leveling waste material and stock piles of ore.

Nearby and in faraway places, Allis-Chalmers construction equipment is ever at the job of helping to develop the Dominion's vast resources . . . to add more and more wealth to Canada's treasure chest.



A LAKE BECOMES AN IRON MINE — A few chunks of iron ore found along Steep Rock Lake, Ontario, led to the discovery and development of Steep Rock Iron Mines. The deposit is said to be all high-grade ore, enough to keep production at a high level for many decades. Allis-Chalmers tractors are shown cleaning up an area of one of the open pits (above), and maintaining a stock pile of ore (right).

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Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The North Surprised Us Too

IN EXACTLY twenty minutes from now start counting, Charley—the older and more weary members of this magazine's editorial department will arrive at a nearby public house and announce their pleasure. The clean-living majority will ask for wild cranberry juice. The others will order either Hootchi-noo (the Yukon original of hootchi: a mixture of yeast, berries and/or vegetable peel) or Lake Laberge Cocktail (half gin, half Eno's Fruit Salts). Whatever the differences of taste, we'll all be celebrating the same thing: the end of a hard job.

It's more than a year since we decided to put out a whole issue on the Canadian north. This is the last piece of copy for that issue, hence the irrational desire to salute a performance that all of us regret isn't three or four times as good as it is.

For the most part, this special issue was written and edited by members of our permanent staff. Pierre Berton traveled 20,000 miles on his general story. Blair Fraser traveled another 10,000 in preparing his report on northern defense. Bob Collins and Dave MacDonald consumed large quantities of time and distance in their respective stories of the Keg River doctor and Sir Wilfred Grenfell. But in spite of the efforts of the people who work here all the time, we'd never have got our northern issue out if it hadn't been for the ready and enthusiastic help we received from dozens of people to whom

the north is not a subject of discussion but a way of life. We can't thank them all here, so for our thanks we'll substitute the observation that if the people who believe in southern Canada believed as firmly as the people who believe in northern Canada then there'd be no doubt at all about our common future.

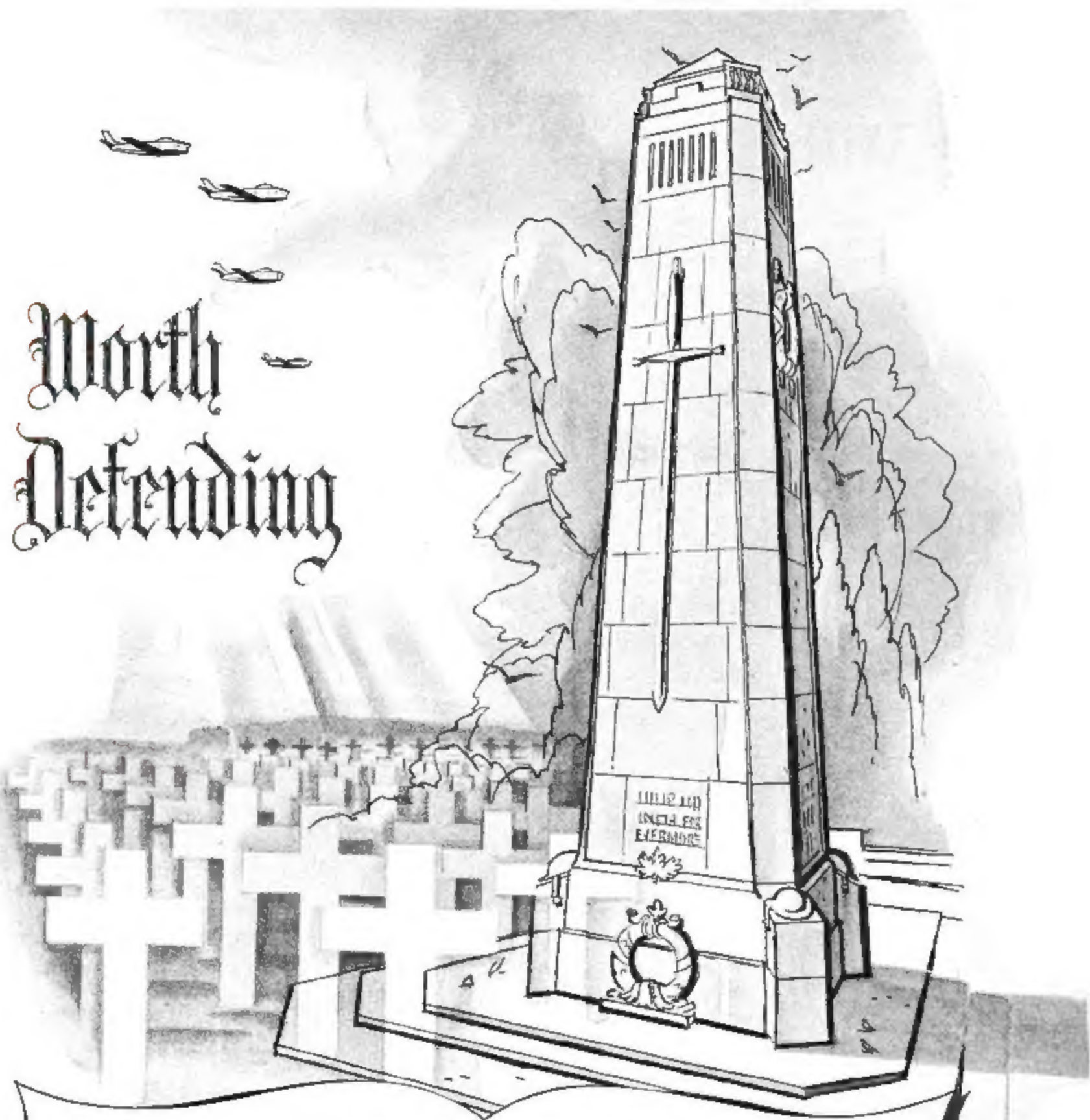
We think there are many surprises in this northern issue for the reader. There were surprises for the writers too. Pierre Berton, who grew up in the far north and has been back many times, had to buy a number of cotton T-shirts after his arrival in Aklavik because he'd brought nothing but heavy clothing and found the temperature 86 in the shade. Later Pathfinder Berton was forced to seek and acquire white shirts and Oxford shoes on the shores of the Arctic Ocean: without them, he'd been on the verge of becoming a social outcast.

Berton swears he was finally beginning to feel pleasantly informal and mildly bushed when he looked up from his camera one day in Yellowknife and spied the scene shown below. He declares he'd been all set to snap an Indian trapper when, without the slightest warning, the Duke of Edinburgh popped up in the middle of the lens. We don't really believe a word of the story and don't expect you to believe it either. Still, there's no doubt that the picture *did* show up in one of Berton's rolls of film. ★



At Yellowknife writer Berton saw a trapper and snapped the Duke.

North Defending



*"To you from failing hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."*

And yet, when the parade is over and the last bugle note fades, it is so easy to "break faith" by being lulled into a sense of "nothing will happen here" . . . to let victory and freedom go by default.

"Hold high the torch" — but will we do it? We will if we respect the sacrifices of our soldiers, sailors and airmen through the great struggles in the past. Think it over in your mind . . . what they died for is worth defending now!



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 15, 1954

CAS-23M

9

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Beyond that, the New Custom Schick has exclusive Super-Honed heads that use this power with peak efficiency—to give you Super-Shaves. The cleanest, easiest shaves a man ever had!

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 15, 1954

MACLE
CANADA'S NATION



This puzzling formation in the Mackenzie River delta is called a pingo. Under the vegetation it's solid ice. No one can quite explain what it is.

The Mysterious North

BY PIERRE BERTON

It rolls endlessly on—a great jigsaw puzzle with half the pieces missing. Our neglect has almost lost it to us. Now we can't take it for granted any longer. Here's a report on the half of Canada few people really know

I AM WRITING these opening words on the deck of a stubby little tugboat bobbing along down the great water highway of the Mackenzie River system on its sixteen-day journey from northern Alberta to Aklavik on the Arctic delta.

It is a good place to begin a report on the north—that vague, unspecific term we Canadians apply to more than half our country—for the north lies all around me. Behind is the Athabasca country: tar sands that won't give up their oil, salt too expensive to mine and the biggest uranium production on the continent. To the west lie the fierce limestone crags of the South Nahanni valley where six companies are seeking oil, and beyond that the Yukon River which in the next generation will yield up twice as much power as the St. Lawrence Seaway. Over to the east, on the rim of the great Pre-Cambrian shield, sits the gold country of Yellowknife, and beyond that the tundra stretches off five hundred miles to

51 more pages of maps, pictures and stories on the Canadian north follow

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 15, 1954



"No one who has not seen it can fully comprehend the size of the north. You could drop the entire British Isles in here and never notice them"



Pierre Berton, managing editor of Maclean's, shown here on Mackenzie River tugboat, covered twenty thousand miles of north last summer.

Hudson Bay. And to the north the broad cold Mackenzie rolls endlessly on, a thousand miles or more to the Arctic sea.

Here is the heart of the north—a land empty of road and rail—and this enormous watercourse draining one fifth of Canada is its only highway. History moved down this river. Before these tugboats chugged downstream the romantic stern-wheelers plied these waters. Before the stern-wheelers came the flat-bottomed York boats, gross with furs. And before the York boats were the explorers' canoes. Hearne touched this watershed almost two centuries ago on his magnificent sweep across the barrens from Churchill to Coppermine. A few years later the dour Mackenzie traced it to its mouth. Franklin knew it more than a century ago before he vanished into the snows.

Entire towns and villages, entire mines, entire army camps have moved down this wet grey highway. Yellowknife came down this river. So did

Port Radium and Norman Wells. The new town of Aklavik is coming down it now—265,000 board feet of it on the barge up ahead.

The name of our tug has the ring of the north to it. She is the Radium Yellowknife and the cargo aboard her five barges reads like a northern roll call: sulphur for the leaching plant at Port Radium, whisky for the oilmen at Norman Wells, a tractor for the reindeer station on the delta, speedboats for the Mounties at Arctic Red, fertilizer for the Oblate's potato patch at Good Hope, and—though this is only August—a crate of Christmas parcels for the Gilbey family who run the experimental farm at Simpson.

From the deck the country unrolls past us like a green rag rug, vast, empty, mysterious. It is the best month for travel in the north. The flies and mosquitoes are at an end, the temperature is in the mid-seventies, the river is comfortably high, the sandhill cranes speckle the cloudless skies. It is

pleasant to sit here on the deck and contemplate the vastness of the north.

No one who has not seen it can fully comprehend the size and emptiness of this country. The Yukon and Northwest Territories encompass a million and a half square miles and less than one percent of Canada's population. Here, on the Mackenzie watershed, is the most densely populated part of all. Yet for almost a day we have scarcely seen a sign of human habitation.

You could drop the British Isles in here and never notice them. Only five years ago an air-force flyer discovered three new islands in Hudson Bay, one twice the size of Prince Edward Island. No one had heard of them before. Where else in the world could a river, 190 miles long, be lost for almost a century? This happened to the Hornaday which flows into the Arctic north of Great Bear Lake. A missionary reported it in 1868. It wasn't seen again until 1948. During that time nobody be-

lieved it existed. No white man has yet traced it to its mouth.

All through the Canadian north there is unmapped land still waiting to feel the white man's moccasins. The idea tantalizes everybody but Canadians. Sometimes the north almost seems to be manned by foreigners. The Roman Catholic missionaries are largely French. The Protestants are largely English. The Hudson's Bay clerks are Scottish. The tourists are nearly all Americans. "Young Canadians are damnably uninterested in the north," says Lt.-Col. Pat Baird, the eagle-faced English explorer who has just retired as head of the Arctic Institute, a scientific society dedicated to exploring the north. Few of them apply for the grants the Institute gives for northern research. Ninety percent of these go to Englishmen and Americans.

Our neglect of the north, besides bequeathing us a native problem that will take generations to untangle, has on several occasions all but cost us sov-

ereignty of the Arctic. Indeed, as one historian has pointed out, "our concern about the north in the past can be correlated with the fear of losing it."

Now once again a Canadian prime minister has talked about "the active occupation and exercise of our sovereignty right up to the Pole." The result is the new Department of Northern Affairs, a new deal for the north and a slowly growing interest among Canadians in the unknown frontier across the top of the world.

It's not surprising, really, that we should have taken our north for granted for so long. We have plenty of frontier at our back doors without trekking north of fifty-five for it. And the north has been jammed down our schoolboys' throats, like Shakespeare, until we are a little weary of it. It is a very real part of our history. Indeed it has a record of sustained exploration that reaches back into the mists of the Elizabethan age, longer than any other world area, for we are still exploring it.



THE SEA

In July, Ungava Bay shivers as its ice pack breaks up . . .

THE ROCKS

but Yellowknife bakes on its stark Pre-Cambrian stone.

THE MOUNTAINS

While ageless snows sweep Baffin's jagged crags . . .

THE BARRENS

fireweed brightens the tundra on site of old Fort Churchill.

"There is no single north, but several, each quite distinct and separate A land of violent contrasts where the very vastness takes on grandeur"

Like the aurora glowing greenly in the August night, the north continues to elude us. It remains as it was in Frobisher's day, a land of mystery. Canada has the largest Arctic and sub-Arctic territories in the world. But we have less scientific information about them than of any other northern lands.

If the north is a mystery to outsiders, it is a mystery to northerners as well. There is a saying in the north that after five years in the country every man is an expert, after ten years a novice. I was born and raised in the north. I've worked in a Klondike gold camp, traveled the Yukon and Mackenzie by boat, driven up the Alaska Highway, ridden an Eskimo sled on Baffin Island, eaten buffalo at Fort Smith, reindeer at Aklavik and moose at Whitehorse, watched gold bricks poured at Dawson, uranium milled at Great Bear and pitchblende staked south of Yellowknife. This summer, to gather material for this article, I've already traveled fifteen thousand miles, with more thousands ahead of me. Yet to me, as to most northerners, this land is still an unknown quantity. Perhaps that is why it holds its fascination. Like the aeronautical maps with their huge blank spots, it is an enormous jigsaw puzzle full of missing pieces.

Men have traveled the northern seas for almost four centuries, yet they still aren't fully charted. Lord Tweedsmuir, son of a former governor-general, traveling in the Hudson's Bay ship *Nascopie*, once asked the captain where they were. The captain replied dryly that by the latest Admiralty chart they were 150 miles inland.

The maps are still a maze of dotted lines and guesswork. I flew last June across the east coast of Baffin Island where the blue sea cliffs are listed at 1,600 to 2,600 feet. When the altimeter read 2,500 the cliffs still towered a thousand more feet above us.

This is a country of unanswered questions, of geological puzzles and scientific mysteries.

What is the purpose of the narwhale's tusk—that single spiraling spear of ivory that gave us the legend of the unicorn?

What is the gestation period of the musk ox—

that prehistoric tundra wanderer, with a bull's body and a sheep's wool, who has no living relative and who dates back to the Pleistocene era?

Who were the mysterious people who came before the Eskimos and left behind nothing more than a handful of strange fluted arrow points to mingle with the bones of sloth and mammoth?

The answers to these northern puzzles are as elusive as Franklin's bones. We still have only a smattering of knowledge about the one great natural phenomenon common to the entire north, permafrost. The very name wasn't coined until 1943. And it wasn't until 1948 that we finally answered in the affirmative a three-century-old question: Does Hudson Bay freeze solidly in the centre?

Small wonder then that our views of the north are conditioned by a tangle of misconceptions. These run all the way from the romantic belief that it is a frozen world of ice and snow to the naive assumption that it may soon become a booming civilized community of cities and farms.

The greatest misconception, of course, is that the north is all of a piece from the Klondike to Ungava. You might as well lump Scotland and Serbia together because they both belong to Europe. There is no single north, but several, each quite distinct in climate, topography, economic and social structure.

The high Arctic, which never knows any real summer, bears little relation to the Yukon valley where the temperature can rise to a hundred degrees. The treeless tundra northwest of Churchill,

where sixty-year-old willows grow no higher than three inches, has little in common with the Mackenzie farmlands where a stem of grass can sprout five feet in a month. The stark, Pre-Cambrian rock on which Port Radium is perched is long removed from the spongy delta into which Aklavik is sinking.

For the north is a land of violent contrasts. It has some of the most breathtaking scenery in the world. There are the deep fjords which bite into Baffin Island, walled by blue mountains and blocked by enormous emerald glaciers. There are the fantastic canyons of the Nahanni where one of the nation's great waterfalls lies hidden away. There is the green finger of Kluane Lake, in the Yukon, curving around the continent's tallest mountain range whose peaks plummet straight out of the clouds to the water's edge.

But the north also contains some of the most desolate and monotonous stretches in the world. The Dismal Lakes, between Great Bear Lake and Coppermine, are truly named. "Anything more unspeakably dismal I never saw," the traveler George Douglas remarked. Another explorer, Henry Youle Hind, stood on the tableland above Labrador's Moisie River and wrote that "words fail to describe the appalling desolation." Indeed, there is so much monotony in the north that its very vastness takes on a sort of grandeur, like the barren grounds that stretch for hundreds of miles, their starkness broken only by those curious geological oddities with the elfin names: the *pingoes* and the *polygons*, the *drumlins* and the *eskers*.

Our north contains more lakes than the rest of the world put together, all the way from little green-eyed Muncho on the Alaska Highway to Great Bear, the continent's fourth largest—so cold that it remains frozen until the end of July. But it also encompasses one of the world's great deserts, the tundra, where the precipitation is no greater than on the Sahara. The fact that thousands of lakes happen to lie in this desert country makes it all the more confusing.

The north is full of such paradoxes. In fact it's possible to prove just about any theory by the use of isolated examples and statistics.

Is it a frozen waste? There are plenty of places where Eskimos wear furlined parkas the year round, where planes land on skis in June and the temperature never goes higher than fifteen degrees above frost.

Is it a sunny paradise? At Fort Smith, which we have just left in our tugboat, the thermometer has sometimes reached 103 above. This is hotter than has ever been recorded at our southernmost city, Windsor. Spring comes to Norman Wells, nudging the Arctic Circle, just as soon as it does to the Gaspé. The average July temperatures in Dawson City are the same as the ones on the central prairies. And it sometimes gets colder in Winnipeg in the winter than it does on some of the

Arctic islands just south of the Pole, where the thermometer seldom drops under 45 below.

The truth of course is that the north is neither paradise nor wasteland. It remains a frontier with only two important resources, furs and minerals. It is still desperately remote and costly to reach and develop but it is capable of supporting if necessary (but only if necessary) a much larger population than it now has.

It is popular to think of the north as booming. This is true only of certain areas. It is true, obviously, of that gnarled and ancient world of Ungava where the iron ore is already moving to the sea. It will be true, presently, of the southern Yukon where Frobisher Limited is in the first stages of a

project to develop five million horsepower.

This will mean a new boom town for the north. Because of the smelter it is likely to have a more stable economy than most northern communities. For most of the booms have been followed by busts, and the north is sprinkled with tragic monuments to these burst bubbles in the form of ghost towns, all the way from the fossil city of Dawson to the unrealized-dream community of Cameron Bay on Great Bear Lake.

There remains one serious flaw in the northern economy: Almost every community is based on a single resource. When the bottom falls out of gold, Yellowknife suffers a slump. When the bottom drops out of furs, the river ports face a depression.



One Thousand Miles Apart . . . But Each a Part of the North

The photograph on the right represents many Canadians' idea of the north. It shows a lonely man in a parka treading through swirling snow. It was taken last winter at the Resolute Bay weather station. The photograph at the left shows another side of the Canadian north. It was taken last August on the south shore of Great Slave Lake at Pine Point, where an enormous ore body of lead and zinc is being developed. The summery little scene looks as if it might have been snapped outside Toronto or Winnipeg. Actually this handful of neat cottages is far removed from highways or even scheduled air services. The nearest railway is three hundred miles to the south. But Pine Point's three housewives have refrigerators, washers and gas ranges.



The Face of the North



NURSE
Hazel Sproule in Yellowknife hospital. Because of isolation northerners often get better facilities than small Outside communities.



SURVEYOR
Cam Dubord works near Uranium City. North is alive with surveyors. Plumb bobs and transits are just as familiar as dog teams.



TRAPPER
George Lush, an old-time trapper on the barrens, wears homemade clothes tailored from skins of caribou. He shoots, furs and sews.



PRIEST
Father Vandeveld, Oblate missionary, lives in stone hut at remotest mission of all: Pelly Bay on Boothia Peninsula in Arctic sea.



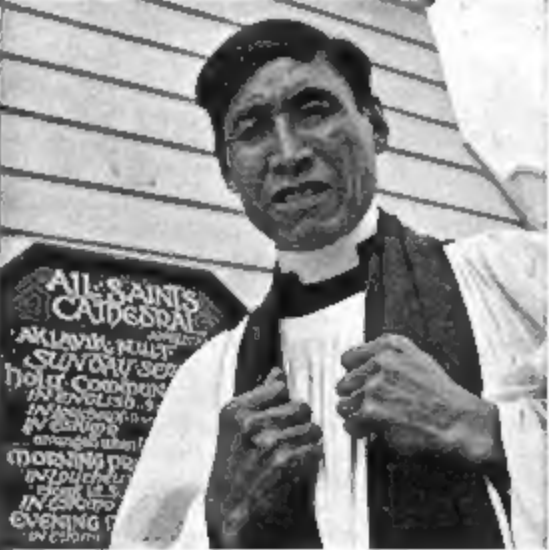
PROSPECTOR
Bill Johnson has taken part in all northern stampedes of past 50 years. He lost hands in a dynamite blast during rush to Yellowknife.



MINER
Al Boucher is one of a handful of men taking out preliminary ore at Pine Point, which is likely to be the scene of a future boom town.



POSTMISTRESS
Sara Newsam weighs out the regular mail at Fort McMurray. Northerners now get frequent letter service except in eastern Arctic.



DEACON
Jim Edwards, an Indian minister, preaches in three tongues—English, Loucheux and Eskimo at All Saints Anglican Cathedral, Aklavik.



ESKIMO
Jim Koiakak, fiercely independent, wears hair in old style. Once he started his own religion. At 80, he lives in a skin tent at Coppermine.

John Hornby, that bizarre and mystic little Englishman who roamed the barrens for a generation, called that stark country "the land of feast and famine." He wanted to write a book with that title but he starved to death before he began it. The phrase remains an apt one and it could well apply to the north as a whole.

Nowhere is this more evident at the moment than in Aklavik, the greatest fur-trading post in the world. I visited it this summer, a romantic little town built on the shifting silt of the Mackenzie delta, so far from civilization that it costs Eaton's almost seven dollars to airmail a catalogue to a customer. A bottle of whisky costs almost double what it does Outside and pork and beef are so expensive the community lives mainly on reindeer meat.

Aklavik, baking in the 82-degree summer heat, looked to me at first glance like a boom town. There had been new building everywhere. Fresh piles of lumber stood in the streets. Not only that but the population had tripled in a decade or so.

Yet the hard fact is that Aklavik is in the middle of a depression as black as the one that hit the outside world in the Thirties. Fur is its only commodity and it is a sad but evident truth that the decision of a few Paris couturiers can affect the lives of hundreds of families on the delta.

Aklavik lies in the heart of the muskrat country. Even the small boys at the mission school have trap lines on the edge of town. Four years ago 300,000 muskrat pelts poured through Aklavik, selling at an average of \$2.02. This year the prices had dropped to 55 cents, and because muskrats run in cycles, only 150,000 were trapped. Thus, Aklavik's income was down to one seventh of what it was four years ago.

This is only half the story of Aklavik's plight; the rest is more ironic. All the building I saw in Aklavik was government construction. It was absolutely necessary to build new wings on schools and hospitals because the native population is increasing so swiftly. The old people are living longer, more babies are surviving, tuberculosis has been controlled by free chest X-rays, mothers are getting better prenatal care, family allowances are encouraging bigger families and old-age pensions have made grandparents a blessing instead of a burden.

This is true everywhere on the river. In the Fort Simpson area last year, to cite a dramatic example, there were fifty births and only one death. The Eskimo and Indian races are finally on the increase. This is Aklavik's problem—more natives than ever before, less income for them. And it is on these natives that the entire fur country rests. The police, traders, missionaries and government men are here solely because of them. If the native is broke, the country is broke, as the Scott Fruit Company of Edmonton found out this year when it had to cut shipments of vegetables to the Mackenzie by one third. Last year Bert Boxer, a white trader in Aklavik, reluctantly closed his post and moved to Yellowknife. His business had been cut in half and he was losing money.

In the boom times the Indians and Eskimos in Aklavik became accustomed to a standard of living that approached the white man's. I met only one who still enjoys it today. This was Fred Carpenter, undoubtedly the richest Eskimo in the world. We sat and talked aboard his shining \$28,000 schooner North Star, while his sister did the family wash in a big new gas-powered machine.

This long-nosed, freckled man in new plaid shirt and slacks bears no resemblance to the traditional grinning parka-clad Eskimo. Like most western Arctic natives he has white blood. His father was a whaler, but he was brought up without schooling in a snowhouse and a skin tent. Now he has \$15,000 in the bank.

Carpenter likes to talk about his home on Banks Island where, in the words of Inspector W. G. Fraser of the RCMP, he is the nearest thing left to a king in the modern world. His house is lit by electricity, has inlaid linoleum floors and is furnished with chesterfield suites bought by mail order. He owns two washing machines, three radios, a sewing machine and another house at Tukuk on Banks Island. His children eat corn flakes, not seal meat,

A new cabinet minister . . .



Jean Lesage, shown at Tuktoyaktuk on Arctic Ocean, is Canada's first Minister of Northern Affairs. He toured the north last summer to study its problems, chief of which is the native situation.

and an old, old problem



This Indian woman and her illegitimate child living, summer and winter, in a tattered grey tent on the shores of Great Slave Lake, symbolize one of Lesage's problems. Eight people live in this tent. Fur prices are so low that they depend almost entirely on government aid. What is their future?

In summer, a not-so-frozen north . . .



In Norman Wells, just south of the Arctic Circle, on a hot August day, tiny Marie Friesen splashes in her swimming pool. The temperature: 86 above. Mackenzie River country is the banana belt of the north.



At Pine Point on Great Slave Lake, Mrs. Larry Driver, wife of a mining official, works in a kitchen as modern as any found in big Outside cities.



Doreen McLean, a shapely airline stewardess, emerges from a plunge in the Mackenzie River and the water isn't as cold as in Lake Ontario.



A Loucheux Indian wedding at Aklavik comes complete with bridesmaids, boutannieres, rice, confetti and white veil — just like the Outside.



Enormous carrots grow in the Oblate Mission garden at Fort Good Hope. Mountie's daughters, Julie, left, and Pat Christianson, munch them.

for breakfast and his two eldest sons are each worth \$10,000.

Carpenter is more provident than the other Eskimos, whose philosophy is to live only for the day. He saves his money, sells his furs for top prices on outside markets, and makes an income from his boat.

There have been times when other natives lived almost as well. In the days of good muskrat prices the Eskimo mothers used to send their children to the Hudson's Bay store with twenty-dollar bills for cigarettes and candy. Eskimo babies played in the streets with fifty-cent pieces for toys. But now the schooners sit on the Aklavik beach, the paint peeling from their hulls, and the natives go hungry. All of them find it bitter and painful to revert back to the old standard of living.

This is one of the knottiest problems facing the new Department of Northern Affairs and is young minister Jean Lesage. He arrived in Aklavik with an official party while I was there, the first minister of the Crown ever to visit the Mackenzie delta.

They held a meeting for him in the federal school one bright evening, and this encounter between the new Minister and the people of the north was a singularly dramatic affair. Here were the Eskimos in their summer parkies and the Indians in their deermos and the breeds in their bush skirts listening to the youngest Canadian cabinet minister, fit and forty, blond and handsome in his freshly pressed double-breasted suit and white pocket handkerchief.

Most of Aklavik was there that night. There in the second row was Charlie Stuart, the old Loucheux half-breed whose father, a Hudson's Bay trader, established the town. He is a wiry, wizened, brown little man, so tough that the last time he needed a doctor he walked thirty miles through the snow to see him. A few nights later I watched him nimbly dancing the rabbit dance on and on through the night until 4 a.m. without apparent fatigue, though he is seventy-three.

There at one side of the schoolroom was Ing Karl Garland the trapper, who set out with a posse from Aklavik twenty-two years ago to lay siege to the log fort in the snows built by the mysterious renegade the newspapers dubbed The Mad Trapper of Rat River.

There at the back was Terry Hunt, the Arctic dentist, looking every inch an Englishman in a blue blazer and white silk scarf, and Johnny Kalman, the bearded young scientist whom the townspeople call Johnny Permafrost. And there was the town doctor, Axel Christianson, who spent twenty-eight years in Greenland and came to Aklavik to retire only to find himself at work again.

All these listened patiently while Lesage, unable to resist a few opening oratorical flourishes, told them that he had always heard that northerners were a grand people, and that in his opinion, the people of Aklavik were "grandier than grand."

Then to business. He told them first that the town would have to be moved. It is built on an undrainable sponge that turns into a sea of mud when it rains and makes sanitation and drainage impossible. More important, perhaps, a modern airport must be built here at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The new town would be fifty miles away, high and dry above the east channel and for a few years at least there would be plenty of work.

But what about the future? For here is the real problem. The Minister talked of a diversification of employment, of vocational training for the natives, of a slow, perhaps painful, program that would lead the people of the north away from the fur trade and into new lines of endeavor. Until 1920 furs were the only income for the entire Northwest Territories. Now, in the

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..... in winter
a sahara of snow

A tiny speck on the tundra, a Barren Lands trapper displays his fox skins



The truth about our ARCTIC DEFENSE

WE HAVE NONE. In spite of all you've heard about all-weather jet interceptors and impenetrable radar screens, Ottawa believes the Arctic is its own best defense and has left it virtually naked to attack

BY BLAIR FRASER



Fraser, left, greets technician G. R. Feisle at Isachsen. RCAF plane almost lost way en route.

FEW CANADIANS realize, because official statements never make it clear, that the Canadian Arctic has no defenses whatever.

This is not mere neglect. Canadian strategists believe that with the armament now available, the Arctic's best defense is the vast empty Arctic itself. Privately they can make a very plausible case for this policy. Publicly they don't need to, for the average Canadian doesn't know the policy exists.

He may think, for example, that since the RCAF has a station at Resolute Bay on Cornwallis Island, therefore Canada's defense system runs northward to a point halfway between the Arctic Circle and the North Pole. It doesn't.

At Resolute, twenty-five officers and men of the RCAF maintain an airstrip and a small fuel dump. They have no aircraft, though a North Star comes up every fortnight with mail and supplies. They're armed with 303 rifles to repel polar bears. (In 1947

a weatherman at Resolute was mauled almost to death by a polar bear; since then no one leaves camp without a companion and a rifle.)

Fort Churchill, about six hundred miles south of Resolute, is much bigger but expresses the same defense policy. Its 670 Canadian servicemen and its 100-odd U.S. Army men include no combat troops. About 150 Navy personnel run a radio station. About 400 from the Canadian Army are all instructors, engineers, mechanics, cooks and so on. Their job is to test equipment for Arctic warfare and, in brief winter exercises, to train visiting contingents.

Defense Research Board scientists at Churchill have been trying to persuade the army to send up a few operational troops, even one platoon, to serve as guinea pigs for experimental work. So far, the army has been unable to spare a platoon.

Of about a hundred RCAF personnel at Churchill, two are pilots. They take turns flying an Otter, a search-and-rescue plane somewhat larger than the familiar Beaver. The Otter is Fort Churchill's only aircraft.

Canada has no early warning system in the far north, although recently both this country and the U.S. decided one is necessary and jointly told radar experts to go ahead with plans for it. Right now, however, the Canadian radar "network," completed last summer, has its most northerly station well south of the Arctic. Radar stations on the coast of Labrador, and in the eastern Arctic islands as far north as Frobisher Bay, are staffed and commanded by the U.S. Air Force. Radar stations in the western Arctic are also wholly American, part of the defenses of Alaska. Canada has none in the sector that lies between.

With the McGill Fence, a cheap type of automatic radar which Canada hopes to string right across the north country for only \$80 millions, our own warning system will be extended several hundred miles north of its present limits and will become continent-wide. It still won't go even as far north as Churchill though.

Canadian defense planners leave the Arctic empty because, for one reason, they are convinced there will never be large-scale fighting in the far north. Occasional surprise raids, yes, but a northern "front," no. Arctic fighting is too difficult, they say, to be worth an enemy's while.

For an attacker, the mere problem of finding his way would be formidable enough. Arctic navigation is a science in itself.

One night last April I set off with an RCAF transport crew from the weather station at Isachsen, on Elles Ringnes Island in the middle of the Arctic archipelago, to fly over to the big U.S. base at Thule, on Greenland almost due east. The magnetic compass which hangs between pilot and copilot showed due west. We were about three hundred miles north of the magnetic pole, so that all directions were reversed.

Instead of a compass the pilot had to use a gyroscopic device set in a given direction before take-off.

It's supposed to keep pointing in that direction no matter how the aircraft may twist and turn. In practice, though, it often doesn't. We got to Thule without any trouble, but on that very evening the boys had difficulties flying up from Resolute Bay to Isachsen.

Half an hour out of Resolute the navigation officer found his gyro off by twenty degrees. From then on he had to take an observation of the sun every ten minutes, determine his position as fast as he could do the arithmetic, and then correct the gyro accordingly. The whole crew were vastly relieved when they picked up Isachsen's feeble little radio beam, and could stop worrying about where they were.

A sudden change of weather in this situation would have been serious. If sudden cloud had obscured the sun, as it often does in the Arctic, the pilot's only recourse would have been to keep his speed, altitude and direction as nearly constant as possible, and pray that his fuel would last until sun or stars became visible again.

Even on a clear day, celestial observations present special problems in the Arctic because an ordinary RCAF transport plane flies about as fast as the sun. At the equator the earth's rotation speed is about 1,000 mph, at the North Pole it is zero. In the latitudes of the Arctic islands it's about the speed of a four-motored propeller-driven plane.

Flying eastward, you find the sun hanging over the horizon in a seemingly fixed position, stopped as if for Joshua. Flying westward, on the other hand, you find its movement accelerated: it seems to plunge below the horizon, and sunrise follows sunset in a matter of minutes. Arctic flights provide a useful laboratory for studying some of the problems of supersonic navigation, anticipating the day when aircraft will fly as fast as the earth turns, even at the equator. Meanwhile though, this is just another headache for the Arctic navigator.

Aside from the vagaries of the magnetic pole, conventional directions mean less and less the closer you get to the North Pole itself. At the North Pole every direction is south, and "true north" is meaningless. Hence instead of conventional directions in the very high latitudes Arctic fliers use a grid system in which the meridian of Greenwich is arbitrarily taken as "true north" and all other directions related to it.

This grid system was devised by Wing Commander Keith Greenaway, the RCAF's leading expert on Arctic navigation. Greenaway is a small dark rather shy and diffident fellow who had only a high-school education, but whose natural gift for mathematics enabled him to fly rings around college-trained navigators. He knows more about how to find his way around the Arctic than does anyone else in the free world. Until he was posted to the United States in an officer exchange a few months ago he was engaged in writing books about Arctic navigation, and teaching other RCAF officers. The RCAF doubts that the

Continued on 51



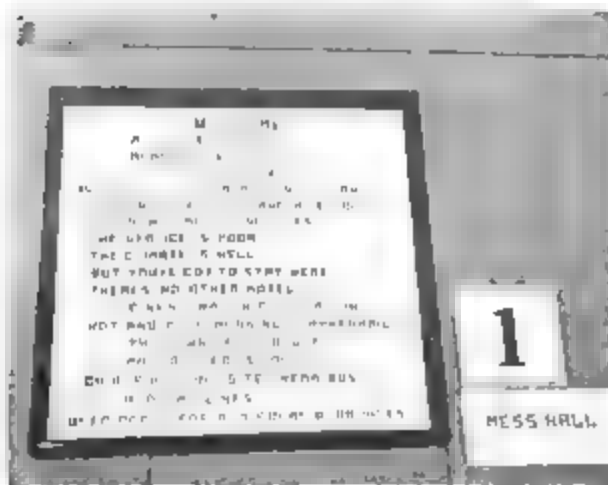
There are only 600-odd Canadian servicemen at Churchill, none combat troops. Their main job is testing equipment on marches across Arctic wastes.



Resolute weather station is no defense base. It shares data with Reds.



Radio at weather post is for diversion, not to warn of enemy attackers.



This sign proves men in remote Arctic weather stations can still laugh at tough conditions.

Keg River's One-Woman Medical Clinic

By ROBERT COLLINS

By tractor, sleigh or on horseback Mary Percy Jackson for twenty-five years has covered her 1,200-square-mile practice in northern Alberta, acting as doctor, dentist, nurse or veterinarian. She's often been paid off in moose meat—handy fare for a family of five

The comb-nest feat of motherhood and midwifery came as no surprise to the six hundred trappers, farmers and half-breeds of the Keg River country. It's the sort of thing they expect from Mrs. Frank Jackson—who is also Mary Percy Jackson, MD.

Day after day this tall robust woman, who is now in her early fifties with greying hair and fresh pink English complexion, juggles the roles of farmer's wife and country doctor. At one moment she's washing breakfast dishes or telling bedtime stories, a moment later she's jolting through the bush in a truck as Keg River's physician, nurse, coroner, dentist, dietitian and veterinarian.

It seemed inevitable that, sooner or later, Dr. Jackson would have Mrs. Jackson for a patient. It was simply another episode in her dramatic double life.

To see her in the apron and print dress of housewife Jackson, you might think she leads a life of boredom. Keg River is a lonely oasis in the bush. There are no telephones, no movies and only one mail delivery a week. In wet weather the nine-mile dirt road that links the settlement with the graveled north-south Mackenzie Highway is fit only for farm tractors and "The Post," as it's called, as cut off from the world.

The Post is a tiny cluster of log and white frame buildings: the Hudson's Bay Company store, government telegraph and weather office, public school, Roman Catholic church and a few private buildings. At the settlement Mary Percy Jackson sees the same friends she has known for ten or twenty years: stumpy Gladwin Harrington, the telegrapher-store manager; Ray Ross, curly-haired Harry Bowe, who's been spinning yarns, running a farm, managing the post office and doing favors for people for a quarter century; and Father Jean, the priest who cheerfully navigates the rutted roads in a half-ton truck.

Mrs. Jackson's five children are no longer home. Three stepsons by her husband's first marriage—Arthur, Frank and Louis—are dairy farmer, oilfield driller and Keg River homesteader, respectively. Her 22-year-old daughter Anne is married to a neighboring farmer. John, now a tall healthy 19-year-old graduate of restaurant management at the Calgary Institute of Technology, works in Revelstoke, B.C.

It could, indeed, be a dull existence if that were the end of it. But one knock and a few urgent words at the Jacksons' back door can topple this



She described her home near Notkwitz, Alberta, as "topping just as in a book or in the films."

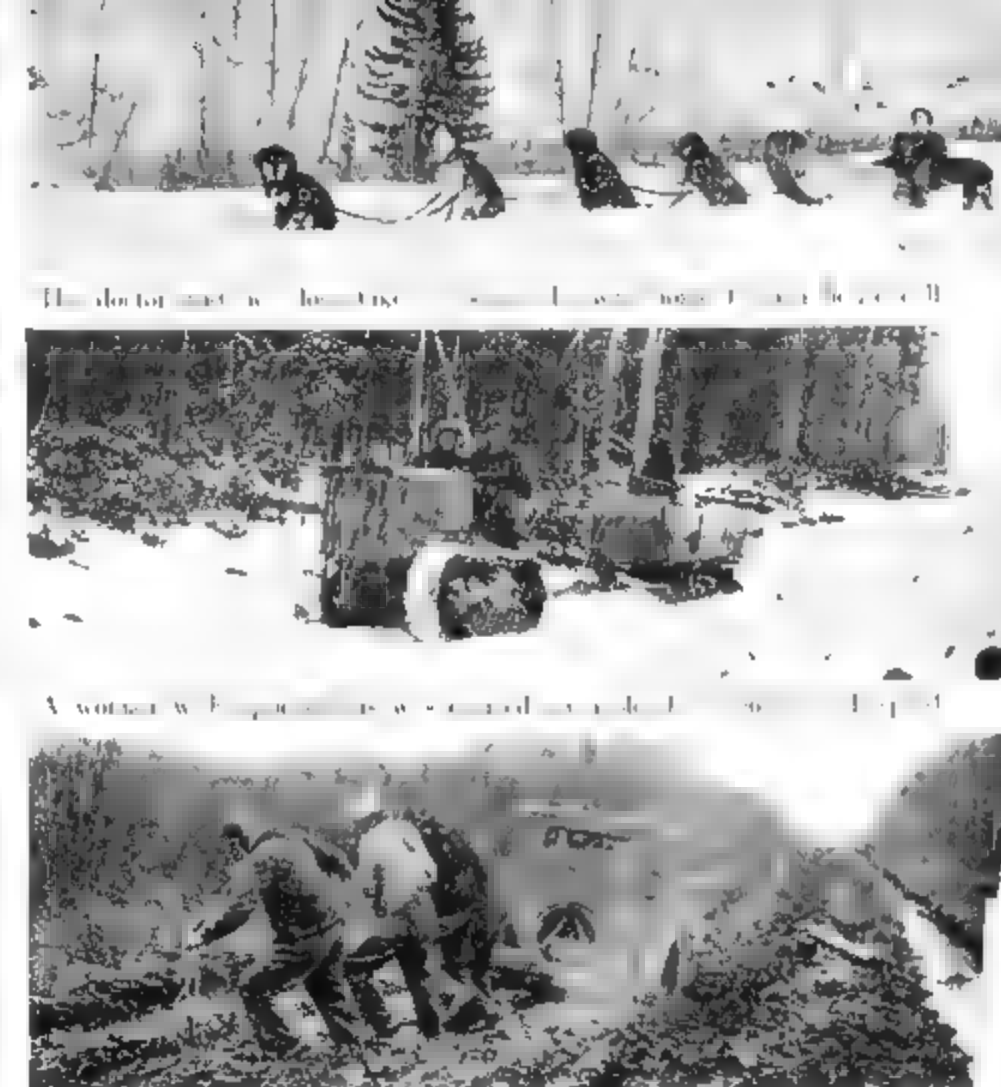
placed routine. Then Mary Percy Jackson becomes a brisk authoritative figure in white smock with familiar doctor's satchel—a near-legendary figure in northern Alberta. For twenty-five years "the doctor," or "Massey Doctor" as some foreign patients call her, has been the settlers' bulwark between life and death.

Sometimes the patients come to her dispensary, a neat white cubicle in the farmhouse basement, with an examining table, thirty-year-old microscope and shelves of medicine reaching to the ceiling. Sometimes she bounces off to see them on the seat of a Massey-Harris tractor. She has also traveled her 1,200-square-mile beat by dog sled, canoe, horseback, auto and sleigh. She has delivered hundreds of babies in one-room shacks and in smoky tents, performed operations by flickering candlelight on kitchen tables, battled measles and rabies, pulled teeth and even treated livestock. One of her first patients was an Alsatian dog with a broken leg.

Of course, I'm not qualified to act as a veterinarian," she said one day last summer. "But if a farmer has a sick cow and can't get out to a



She chopped a tree to clear the trail on a trip out with injured man.



Tag of war helped to get boy with pertussis—apparently—Peace River.

Over bad roads in worse weather the bush doctor had to send her patients to hospital

vet, I can tell him how Frank and I cured a similar case. Yesterday, for example, I treated eight people and one cow!"

In terms of material gain it's a singularly unrewarding practice. There is no carpeted waiting room with gilt lettering on the door; in fact there's no waiting room. Dr. Jackson is paid more often in blueberries, moccasins and moose meat than in cash.

But Mary Percy Jackson loves the north, its people and her medicine. Even after an eighteen-hour day she'll sit up at night poring over a medical journal. She relishes rare difficult cases and like any good physician, is completely dispassionate on the job.

Three years ago she attended a medical refresher

course at the University of Alberta. Though her trips outside, with opportunities for shop talk and sightseeing, are few, she spent her spare time visiting Keg River *méris* patients in an Edmonton TB ward.

One day last summer I waited outside her dispensary while she checked the blood pressure of a young half-breed Cree from the colony at Paddle Prairie twenty-five miles away. It was a routine task but the doctor spent a half hour chatting with the patient about his recent illness, his family, his future prospects. She ended with a crisp, "You're coming along nicely. Come back in a couple of weeks. You owe me two dollars."

"Sure, doctor," beamed the man, and there is a special ring of respect and affection to the way

Keg River people say "doctor." "Thank you, doctor."

Upstairs a moment later Mary Percy Jackson's cool professional detachment gave way to a glow of pleasure.

"What a wonderful thing," she said. "He's a fine young man, one of the decent hard-working types. Last spring it looked as though he'd never work again. Now he's almost well. Things like that make this job worthwhile."

Later, as she sat in her living-room bay window twisting cotton swabs for the next day, she mused, "I know it seems crazy that I should go on practicing medicine here. Perhaps it is crazy. But medicine is such a fascinating thing. And I know I've

Continued on page 5b

Mosquitoes filled the air when Mary Percy rode this homesaker tractor over a Badle River.

THE NIGHT of Jan. 15, 1935, was a savage 60 below zero at Keg River, Alta. Four hundred and sixty miles northwest of Edmonton. In the tangled wilderness of bush and muskeg around Frank Jackson's farm, a man and a half from the Keg River trading post with spruce boughs cracked like pistol shots and wild creatures huddled motionless in the cold.

It was a sombre night indoors, too. In the yellow stucco farmhouse Jackson's wife was about to give birth to a child, six weeks premature and one hundred and forty five miles from hospital. For once in his seventeen years of pioneering Frank Jackson was helpless. He could only stand awkwardly at the bedside with Eva Harrington, the local telegrapher's wife who had come to help, and whisper, "What if something goes wrong?"

Then his wife spoke up calmly from the bed. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll tell you what to do."

And she did. At 2 a.m. on the 16th, with the mother still gasping instructions, Mrs. Harrington completed the delicate breech delivery of four-pound John Jackson.



Keg River built a public school in 1937 in answer to Dr. Jackson's pleas for education as a disease preventive. She wrote letters year after year urging reluctant teachers into the remote community.



Rabies struck stock in the winter of 1952-53 but the woman doctor saved all Keg River inhabitants.



R. YORK WILSON
Mile 804, Alaska Highway

Wilson made the sketches for this painting in fifty below weather while taking a taxi from Whitehorse to Teslin at a cost of \$72. He made

ragged notes with a pencil held in muffled hands, peering through a hole in the inch-thick frost that covered the window of the automobile.

A Gallery of Northern Painting

Four famous Canadian artists and a gifted amateur paint the Canadian north in all its moods from the bustling Alaska Highway to the high Arctic

ON THESE and the following pages Maclean's presents a selection of striking paintings of the north. Some of them are large canvases, done in the comfort of the studio, some are hasty sketches made under trying conditions when the paint froze solid in the tubes. All manage to capture, better than any photograph, what five men felt personally about a lonely land.

The dominant influence here is that of the Group of Seven, the great school of artists which, in the Twenties, determined to paint the hinterland. Three of the painters represented here were members of the Group: A. Y. Jackson, the founder of the school, Lawren Harris, the white-maned scion of a famous industrial family, and Frederick Varley, the erratic but brilliant 73-year-old whose recent one-man

retrospective show at the Toronto Art Gallery won critical plaudits.

The other two artists are R. York Wilson, one of the most talented members of the generation that followed the Group, and Sir Frederick Banting, a gifted amateur. Banting, better known as the co-discoverer of insulin, first got interested in painting after World War I. A canvas by Lawren Harris upset him so much he visited the art gallery six times to see it. He got so mad he went to see Harris himself. As a result a warm friendship sprang up and Banting, Harris and Jackson found themselves going off on painting expeditions. Some of these forays produced the work shown here. Jackson at 72 still treks about the north and rumbles angrily about younger painters who stay home painting away comfortably in the warmth of their studios.



A. Y. JACKSON
Barren Lands

Jackson painted the *Landra* in August 1950 in the wild unmapped land between Great Bear Lake and Coppermine just inside the Arctic Circle. He lived in a tent on the shores of an unnamed

lake for a week, exploring and making sketches. In spite of the season, he had to paint in shelter of boulders as protection from bitter winds that sweep almost ceaselessly across this great desert.

GALLERY continued next page

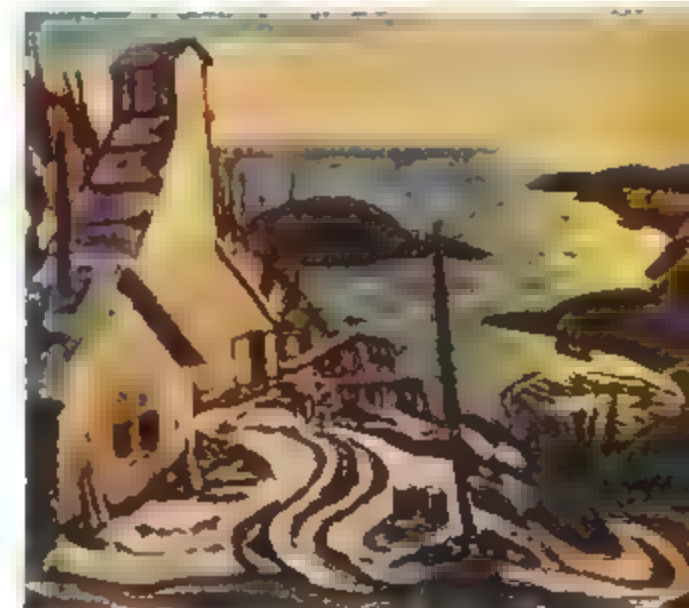


R. YORK WILSON
Main Street, Whitehorse

Like Wilson's other painting, this was made for Imperial Oil which wanted to record movement of refinery from Whitehorse to Edmonton. Artist worked from hotel window to get this street scene in freezing 50-below weather.

A. Y. JACKSON
Port Radium, Great Bear Lake

This painting was made in 1938 in days before uranium was a valuable metal. Jackson went to Great Bear Lake at the invitation of Gilbert LaBine, discoverer of the famous radium mine, who now owns the painting. This was Jackson's first trip to the great lake. Since that journey he's been back many times.

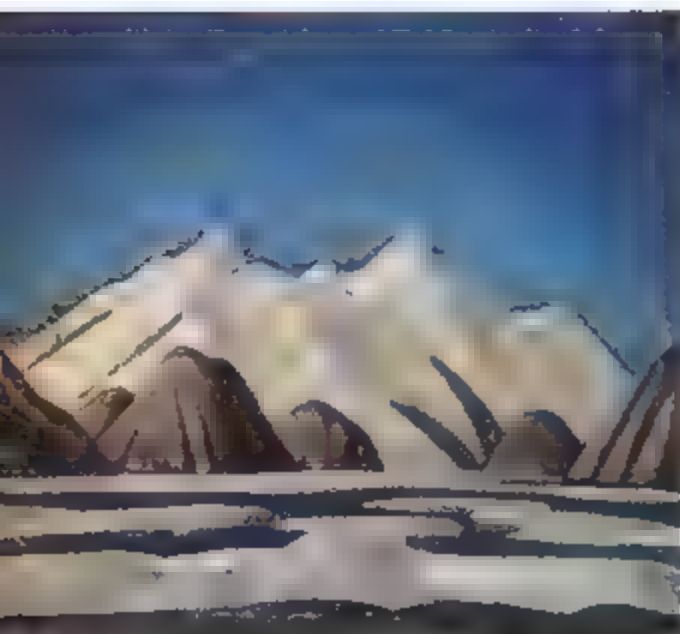




F. H. VARLEY *Summer in the Arctic*

Varley traveled 12,500 miles by boat on "the most magnificent adventure I've ever had" in 1938. This painting was

made at Pangnirtung, northwest of Rolf In Island, "the most beautiful place in the whole Arctic." It's privately owned



LAWREN HARRIS
Mountain, Baffin Island

This austere painting on the left represents the last phase in Lawren Harris' development before he turned to abstract art. Critics feared Harris' early paintings would discourage immigration because they were so bleak.

SIR FREDERICK BANTING
Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island

This is an early Banting work (1927). Later, Banting traveled through the Arctic aboard an RCMP patrol boat with Harris and Jackson. He felt a kinship between scientists and artists and was pleased to discover that Harris did a good deal of research before starting to work.



SIR FREDERICK BANTING
Shores of Great Slave Lake

Trout and whitefish from the lake dry on native fishracks in this painting which Banting did during a trip north with Jackson in 1928. Jackson used to ask him about trapping scenes for art. Banting always replied that when he was fifty that's just what he intended to do. But he was killed in an airplane crash just one month before his fiftieth birthday.



LAWREN HARRIS
Rice Strait, Ellesmere Island

Harris, whom Jackson terms "the most admired and most detested member of any member of the Group of Seven," here captures the coldness of the Arctic sea. Now 69, Harris has moved to Vancouver where he plays, writes, broadcasts, lectures and produces coldly abstract paintings, many of which still contain something of the austerity of the north.





I enjoy a smelt. I eat seal meat at a hut along the trap line. It took me several weeks to learn to eat enough meat to sustain me on a day's hunting.



How I Became An Eskimo

Here's the remarkable story of a traveling salesman who returned to the Stone Age. Adopted by an Eskimo family, he lived for a year on raw meat and slept on skins. This is what he learned — from the inside of an igloo

FROM APRIL 1953 until May 1954 I lived as the adopted son of an Eskimo family. My father was Idlook, a strong and able hunter. My mother was Kuditik, a short woman with her mouth thick with jet-black hair, slanted eyes and dark skin. I was the youngest of five. We were one of the few families living at Umanavik, a speck on the frozen wastes of north Baffin Island. I lived with these people not as a white man but as an Eskimo. I came to them with only my rifle, ammunition, binoculars and sleeping bag. I had only sufficient money with me to buy my share of the communal items from the trading post seventy miles away: tea, kerosene, flour and candy. I lived as a hunter, my highest ambition a full stomach. I existed chiefly on the meat and fat of

By DOUG WILKINSON

the animals I killed: seal, walrus, polar bear, small whale and sometimes caribou. I ate most of the meat raw, but occasionally it was boiled over the slow heat of a seal-oil lamp, or pruned hunter. My outer clothing was made of the skins of the seal and the caribou. In summer I lived in a canvas and seal-oil tent and traveled in my frail kayak. In the fall the tent was as cold as a deep-freeze locker but when the early snows came and I was hunting on the trail, my home was a cozy igloo. That was the season when I killed and killed, helping to fill the caches with meat for the winter.

In winter, much of my time was spent trapping for fur. With dog teams we would cover sixty miles a day in sixty below zero weather. Then I did not see the sun for three months, from Nov. 13 until Feb. 11. Winter is the trapping season in the Arctic. The catch is the white fox, a poor stupid creature of no value in the Eskimo way of life but given value by the white man's desire for its pelt. In short, I was a white man, the product of twentieth-century urban life, living with a people who are ten thousand years old in thought, feeling and action. Why did I go north? What drew me to this vast inhospitable land? Is it true that the Arctic has a fascination for certain people? There was nothing in my background to suggest



I catch seals by watching for holes in the ice.



We return to the trap line after a rest in the overnight igloo we built on our 200-mile journey.

a predilection for Eskimo life. Most of my 32 years were spent in southern Canada—in Toronto, where I was born, or in the other cities of Ontario and the Maritimes where I made my living as a traveling salesman. In the army, during the war, I became interested in photography. I was discharged in 1945, and a year later I was put in charge of the film coverage of Exercise Musk Ox by the National Film Board. In this army air force operation, forty-seven men in ten snowmobiles traveled across three thousand miles of Arctic barren lands. I was awed by the country. It was cold, stormy and bleak. I couldn't see why men journeyed back to this hostile land time and again.

To me then, as to most outsiders in the north, the Eskimo race was as silent and mysterious as the

northern lights. But that was before I had met an Eskimo, before further trips into the north to make films for the National Film Board taught me something about him. I saw my first Eskimo in the outer room of the Roman Catholic mission at, fittingly enough, Eskimo Point. I was warming myself by the stove when he entered, clad from head to foot in caribou skins. He smiled at me across the room, then opened a parcel containing a large hunk of raw caribou meat. Cutting off chunks with a knife, he ate three pounds in the next five minutes. Then he gave a tremendous belch and shyly grinned at me once more. An unlikely meeting perhaps, but it started questions racing through my mind. Who was this man? How could he exist in a land

where the white man had been starving and freezing for the past three hundred years? Why did he choose to live in the Arctic, existing in the same manner as his forefathers of centuries ago? During four trips I made between 1948 and 1952, I studied the Eskimo and the Arctic, searching for the answers to these questions. But this was not enough. I was always a white man living in Eskimo country but not living as an Eskimo. I needed something more. I wanted to become an Eskimo. So I went to Idlook, aged thirty-eight, and asked him to take me into his camp as his son. I had met Idlook before and he had impressed me as an able, intelligent and enterprising man who had a perspective on Eskimo life that wasn't to be found

Continued on the next page



At no time is there any physical privacy in an Eskimo home. My mother Kuditik feeds my sister while father Idlook smokes his after-dinner cigarette.



Kidluk made my first seal skin dresses. She showed my twin to get the first cut.



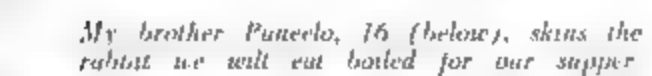
In the fall we sometimes shot some game like stone geese for the winter's larder.



Kidluk is teaching my sister Leah how to sew seal skin. My brother Noahkudlik watches.



Leah and my brother Paulosee help Kidluk by chopping ice to make drinking water.



My brother Paulosee, 16 (below), skins the rabbit we will eat boiled for our supper.

All members of my Eskimo family share the chores necessary to the constant struggle for warmth, food and shelter

among his companions. Others shared this opinion. It was Idlouk who was chosen by the Queen to receive a Coronation Medal for his outstanding ability as a hunter and trapper. I told him I wanted to help his people.

The Eskimo was going through a difficult period because of the coming of the white man and his goods. He was now spending five months each year trapping the white fox and using the pelts to buy white man's food and supplies. This dependency on the trading post had robbed him of much of his initiative to hunt food. Furthermore, the demand for white fox, tied as it is to the vagaries of fashion, was not a steady one. Sometimes a fur pelt fetched thirty dollars, and sometimes only three. "There is some way out," I told Idlouk. "Perhaps I will be able to make some suggestions. But first I must know the Eskimo way of life, his thinking, what he is capable of doing."

Idlouk said he would be glad to adopt me as his son. I returned home and consulted the Arctic Institute of North America in Montreal. This is a private, nonprofit organization interested in sponsoring and conducting research in all phases of Arctic life. I was given a small grant, enough to pay for my transportation and to support my wife and child while I was away. There was also enough money for me to pay Idlouk fifty dollars a month for acting as my parent. Idlouk was not to get the money until after I had left the camp, lest it affect life in the camp.

My specific assignment was to prepare a report on the everyday life and problems of the Eskimo. And so I went back north to live with Idlouk, his wife Kidluk and their children.

Did I succeed in becoming one of the Eskimo people as I had intended? In a physical sense, yes; in a psychological sense, no. I could not comfortably accept many of the Eskimo ways of thinking. The Eskimo accepts discomfort as a normal way of life and doesn't strive hard to make things easier for himself. He lives in the immediate past or in the present, but rarely thinks of the future.

I recall a newborn infant lying on a caribou skin in the snowhouse still attached to his mother by the umbilical cord. No one had thought to keep a knife handy with which to cut the cord. Nor had anything been set aside for the baby. He was simply bundled in a piece of old caribou skin. Every misfortune could be explained by "Iyonamut!" ("It can't be helped!"). Perhaps my failure to bridge completely the gap between my own race and the Eskimo was best summed up by one of the names they gave me, Inoongwah, which means "in the likeness of an Eskimo" and has provided me with a tentative title for a book I am writing. Ordinarily, my Eskimo brothers called me Kingmik, which means "dog." That's the closest they could come to translating my English name, Doug.

I was soon to discover that the daily life of the Eskimo was a constant struggle to keep himself warm and fed. Take a typical day in February—a day that Idlouk and I planned a trip to our trap lines.

Our camp is four snow huts on the edge of the frozen Arctic sea. They are twelve by nine feet and only a bare five feet from the floor to peak. The sleeping platform, made of wood, is about a foot high and covers the rear half of the hut. Here we all sleep in a row. Next to the wood there is a layer of buffalo hide, and next to the body comes caribou skin, bear up.

It is early morning now. Idlouk and Kidluk are getting up. "Ikee," they say ("It is cold"). Kidluk

reaches to the seal-oil lamps and replenishes the fuel. Each lamp is half-moon-shaped and hollowed out of native soapstone, along the straight leading edge is a wick of Arctic cotton grass, soaking up the oil from the shallow centre and burning with a soft yellow flame. The hut now smells of seal oil, but at other times it will be filled with the odor of the whale or of kerosene from the primus stove.

At no time is there any physical privacy in the Eskimo home. Relations between husband and wife, dressing and undressing are carried on when all are present, yet are done discreetly. Only infrequently does one have the hut to oneself. When a baby is to be born, the men will go outside, leaving the mother alone with the midwife. On Saturday nights, when we take turns in having baths in a tin tub containing three inches of water, the igloo is temporarily given over to the bather. But apart from these instances, the only privacy one has is in the mind.

The children are amusing themselves while waiting for their early snack. Pameelo, sixteen, lies quietly reading the daily text from the New Testament printed in syllabic writing. The people of north Baffin are Anglicans, but only since 1930 when the first missionary came into their land.

Mageset, Pameelo's and Noahkudluk's eleven-year-old sister, is acting out imaginary hunts for polar bear, walrus and seal. They have a toy made by their father. For dogs, they use fox paws or seal flippers. Leah, fifteen, is sewing a patch on her brother's seal skin boots. She is worldly for an Eskimo. She has been in a TB sanatorium in Quebec City for seven months. She often talks of the strange things she saw, like the vehicle with two wheels that only carries one man, has to be pumped with the legs. Sometimes the white man puts a motor on one of these and this makes it easier to go but noisier.

The kettle is boiling over the seal-oil lamp and the mugs are lined up in a row. The tea is strong and so hot that it has to be cooled with little lumps of ice before it can be drunk. There is no sugar, for the supply has run out two weeks ago and it is seventy miles to the trading post. The bannock—a kind of rancid tasting bread made of flour, water, seal oil and baking powder—is distributed. Even year-old Susan gets her share.

I dress carefully today because I am going on an eight-day trip with Idlouk to examine the traps. We will cover more than two hundred miles and travel by the light of the moon all the way. The sun has been gone now for more than two months.

Kidluk has put two fish on to boil. Arctic char (trout), each about ten pounds. They were brought in last night to thaw and now they are cut up in sections to be boiled. The kerosene-burning primus stove is used, for we must leave shortly. Too bad, really, for there is nothing so tasty as fish boiled slowly over the flame of the seal lamp. When we eat the fish raw and frozen, it tastes like ice cream without a flavor; when it is unfrozen it tastes very fishy.

Food is not enjoyed primarily for its taste, the pleasure comes from having a full stomach. Almost all the food is meat—especially fat meat. When we eat rabbit meat we must accompany it with slabs of seal fat or else we will feel hungry. We must also eat large quantities of meat. It took me several weeks to get used to eating all the meat I required to put in a day's hunting. Yet even with this high caloric diet, I lost fifteen pounds in a year.

In the few weeks when there is no snow, a few vegetable items that grow wild are added to the menu. There are the

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A Maclean's Novelette complete in this issue by FRANCES SHELLEY WEES



THE GOLDEN DRAGON OF YELLOWKNIFE

THE GOLDEN DRAGON OF YELLOWKNIFE

THE PLANE was moored at the end of the narrow plank dock, its gray wings catching glints of morning sun as the floats lifted and fell on the faintly moving water. The wide centre door stood open, and through it Henry and the boys were loading their supplies. Mary sat on the wharf piling and watched, her hand quieting the shivering excitement in Jennie's small, delicate shoulders as the child stood beside her.

The rolled tent had been pushed into the back of the plane. The canvas packbags filled with their miner's hammers, the red bottles, even indelible pencils for the stakes, lay upon it. The dynamite was in the plane. The paddles had gone in first, to lie flat on the floor. On the far float the men had lashed the long canoe. From the end of the wharf Bert lifted the fat soft roll of the blue sleeping bags and handed it across to Henry. They were the best sleeping bags, water-proof, lined with wool filled with eiderdown.

Jennie whispered, "They'll sleep warm, Mamma."

Here at Yellowknife in the August morning the air was balmy and soft, but Henry and the boys were going north, two or three hundred miles into the bush, and for two weeks. Anything could happen in two weeks, even freeze-up, although that was unlikely so early. The nights could turn literally cold. It wouldn't matter. With these sleeping bags Henry and the boys would sleep warm.

Young Andy was in the plane with Henry, helping stow cargo. He was burning to go, but he couldn't.

Henry came to the plane door, his old felt hat pushed back on his



Henry and the boys flew off on a two-week search for the gold on the dragon's back. But hopes and frantic beckoning could not restore the precious food the pilot forgot



Henry Jason



Andy



Mary



Jennie



Joe



Bert



Morrison



Nell Ormick

ILLUSTRATED BY
BRUCE JOHNSON

head, his face pink with exertion and happiness. He stood looking over the stack of food boxes that Kruger had sent down from the store. He had made up his food list carefully. There wasn't a penny to spare, and Henry had a way of thinking he could go without. There had been much hunger in the past and they all knew how to face it, but hunger was a vicious enemy and not one to harass this dream, this longed-for venture of Henry's. The pile seemed pitifully small. A sting went through Mary's heart, an old familiar pang, to think that she would not be with them to manage, to make the food stretch out, to try to make sure that they ate regularly and that each one got enough. What she had to remember was that for once there was enough—cans of pork and beans, cheese, flour and sugar and coffee, even some cans of milk—and a good supply of meat, eggs and bacon and half a big ham. There was plenty.

Joe came jogging along the path from their cabin down a long the shore at the left. He had gone back for something. He stopped beside his mother and sister, to tweak one of Jennie's long fair pig-tails and show her what was in his hand. It was a block of wood, with a vague shape beginning to emerge from it. "I forgot your rabbit," he explained. "Dad'll likely stop prospecting long enough evenings so as I can finish it." He dropped the half-carved block into his jacket pocket and went on, to lift one of the boxes of food and hand it in to his father.

Jennie turned and looked quickly at her mother, her blue eyes deep. Jennie understood too much of people's feelings. She was like a small clear pool, reflecting everything, moved by everything. She said nothing.

Bert and Joe handed the boxes of food over to Henry. Joe quick and sure, Bert slower, more careful.

Bert was big and handsome, much handsomer than either Joe or Henry, with his half-curly black hair and his black-brown eyes.

Older than Joe, Bert had seen more of the hard years and he was more apprehensive. He didn't understand life very well. Some of the important things he didn't understand at all.

There was a flutter of color and movement at the right, and Mary turned. The young pilot, Morrison, was coming, sauntering down the path from the town, and Nell Ormick was with him, her hands pushed into the pockets of brown slacks, a red sweater above them.

Bert caught sight of them. He stood for a second with the packing box in his arms looking, and then turned to hand it to Henry. He stood as if he were watching his father stow it away, and his shoulders were stiff and square under the grey flannel shirt.

Joe glanced at Bert, caught sight of the pilot and Nell grinned and said, "Well, look who's here. You come down to bring us a horseshoe, or something?"

Nell flashed a glance at him, bright and insolent. She had not come here to see him, anyway, the glance said.

She was a small girl, rounded, with thick curls as black as Bert's, tied back with a red ribbon. Her lips were full, pouting, and she carried her breasts high, flaunting them. The young pilot couldn't keep his eyes off her. He was not much older than Bert, twenty-one, or so, but he had a narrow look, almost shy. Probably he understood this girl as Bert did not. She had no power to hurt him.

She came along the wharf and passed Mary and Jennie. She looked at them briefly. "Hello," she said.

Jennie stared at her. Mary did not reply. The girl had not really been speaking to her, scarcely knew she was there. Her eyes were on Bert. "Thought I better come down and wish you luck," she told him.

Joe said brashly, "Yeah, a good idea. He might come back a millionaire. You got to keep your insurance up."

The pilot said coldly, "You guys

Continued on page 81

The shaggy saint of Labrador



When Wilfred Grenfell first saw the wretched "liveyeres" of Labrador they were dosing pneumonia cases with cold water. He stayed there forty years and with his inspired scrounging and his strong bare hands built the best-known medical mission in the world

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

By DAVID MacDONALD

ON THE northernmost tip of Newfoundland, where that rugged island pokes a finger up at Labrador and the Arctic beyond, sits St. Anthony, a small cluster of buildings sloping down from dark hills to the sea. Its tall schooners, striped wharves and the tangy aroma of dried cod stamp it as a fishing village. But St. Anthony is much more. As headquarters of the International Grenfell Association, the world's best-known medical mission, its chief industry is mercy.

From this remote outpost a dedicated band of men and women—doctors, nurses, teachers, crew-cut college boys and last year's debutantes—go out, as they have for half a century, to carry help to the isolated peoples of northern Newfoundland and Labrador. In the short sub-Arctic summer they travel by boat, plane and on foot to hospitals, lonely nursing stations, orphanages, schools and libraries that have risen along the bleak coastline. In winter, when the mercury shivers at forty below and the coast is trapped in ice, they make their rounds by dog team, ski and snowshoe.

The trails they follow today were blazed more than sixty years ago by one of the greatest figures of the north-land: Wilfred Thomas Grenfell, the Labrador Doctor. For forty-two years as a country doctor in one of the most forbidding countries on earth Grenfell nursed, fed and guided it towards health and hope. In that cold sunken land he lived one of the warmest stories of human charity this world has known.

When Grenfell first came to Labrador in 1892, as medical missionary to a fleet of visiting Newfoundland fishing schooners, he did not plan to stay long. He was a restless young Englishman of 27 with a shaggy head of hair and a scraggly mustache. Just six years out of Oxford and London universities, he was searching for a life of adventure and service. He found it in Labrador, which explorers had called "the land God gave to Cain." Like many a man before and since, Grenfell felt the lure of Labrador: the sight of its ruddy cliffs frowning through Atlantic mists, great mountains marching down to the sea and mysterious fjords cutting deep into unknown frontiers of forests, lakes and . . .

Continued on page 38



For 2,200 miles the Yukon River writhes to the Pacific. The map shows how it will be converted to a billion-dollar power plant for industry.

The Yukon's coming alive again

A river that most people thought of as a has-been is back in business. When it's through flexing its muscles it will produce twice as much power as the St. Lawrence Seaway and foster a northern city of twenty thousand

By GRATTAN GRAY

THE BIGGEST news in the north this year is the story of what is happening on the headwaters of the Yukon River. In that romantic land of jagged mountains, slender green lakes and a legendary gold-rush history another stampede is in the making. It promises to overshadow even the turbulent days of the Klondike. An industrial and mining colossus, Froisher-Ventures, plans to harness the Yukon's waters, turn them back in their tracks, flood the Trail of '98, and develop enough cheap hydro-electric power to dwarf both Kitimat and the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Work will begin next year in the Yukon and in northern B.C. By 1962 the company expects to spend \$270 millions on the first stage of its venture. That's almost as much as it's costing to build the Trans-Canada pipeline. By then the north will have a new boom town with a potential population of twenty or thirty thousand. Sixty thousand square miles of new country will be opened up. And smelters and refineries will be producing iron, steel, cobalt, nickel and manganese alloys at the rate of 400,000 tons a year.

This is merely the beginning. The water storage of the upper Yukon is enormous. Next to that

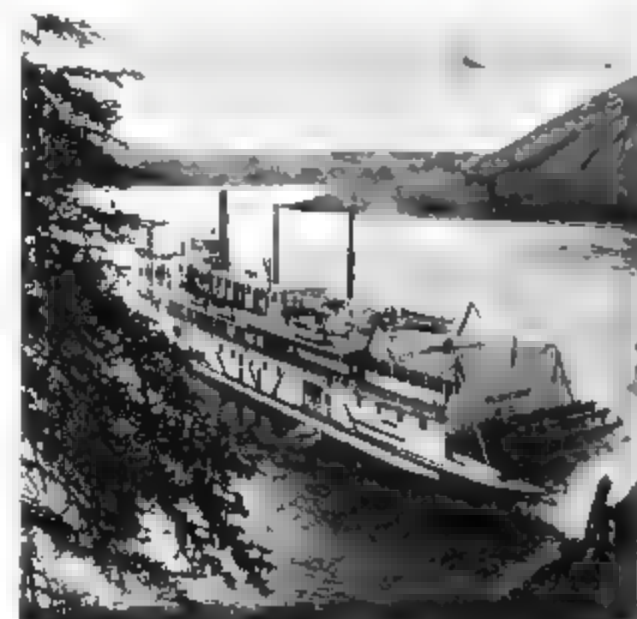
of the Great Lakes it is the largest in the Western Hemisphere. This makes the Yukon one of the last great untapped sources of cheap power. Present surveys show that almost five million horsepower can be developed cheaply enough to make it pay. That's twice as much as the St. Lawrence Seaway will produce.

Froisher-Ventures expects ultimately to spend \$700 millions to produce the first 4.3 million horsepower. To do this it will back up the river with a series of dams and then spill it back over the mountains in a thousand foot drop through a series of tunnels to generating stations near Taku Inlet on the Pacific Ocean.

The operation is similar to the Aluminum Company's enormous tunnel through the mountains at Kitimat, B.C. But the Yukon development will be much larger than Kitimat, whose potential is less than two million horsepower.

The over-all plan for the great river stretches off into the mists of the future; it will probably take half a century or more and cost upwards of a billion dollars. Fifty . . .

Continued on page 46



S.S. Klondike carries tourists where river steamboats were once a life line to gold towns.

Should this man save for his future? protect his family? do both?

You probably know many men like this. Maybe you're like him. Your income is growing—but so are your responsibilities. In the face of these facts do you know whether or not your insurance is doing all it should for you?

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET 7 BRIDES FOR 7 BROTHERS The womenfolk of a sedate Oregon town are delightfully invaded by a tribe of bawling bachelors in this fast and funny CinemaScope musical, one of Hollywood's best in that department. Synthetic outdoor backdrops look oddly out of place in some scenes, but the show happy brims with gusto and melody. Howard Kee and Jane Powell top the cast.

THE GAMBLER FROM NATCHEZ A sword-and-bosom melodrammer of the Old South, with a couple of exciting action scenes. But the manly hero (Dale Robertson) and the sneering villain (Kevin McCarthy) are empty stock characters.

THE GREEN SCARF A rather contrived and jumbled courtroom drama from Britain. However, the story, based on a French novel, has a compelling situation: a man on trial for murder is blind, deaf and dumb. An eccentric old lawyer (Michael Redgrave) defends him.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS Sharp widescreen photography and clever use of stereophonic sound help to atone for the frenzied music and some silly overacting in a CinemaScope item adapted from Sir Walter Scott's novel, The Talisman. As Saladin, jaunty Sultan of Araby, Rex Harrison performs with enjoyable bravado.

PUSHOVER It's the sort of thing that has often been done before, but usually with less competence than in this hard-boiled little suspense yarn. A provocative gun moll (Kim Novak) and a restless policeman (Fred MacMurray) are the principals.

WHITE CHRISTMAS Danny Kaye and Bing Crosby at their best are funny enough together to deserve a sequel, although not all the production numbers in this big Irving Berlin musical are successful. Rosemary Clooney, Dean Jagger and Vera Ellen are also on hand. The Technicolor camerawork, in the new VistaVision process, is uncommonly bright and pleasing.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

About Mrs. Leslie Drama. Fair.
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe Adventure drama. Good.
Apache Ind. on western. Excellent.
Broken Lance Western. Excellent.
A Bullet Is Waiting Western. Fair.
Come Mutiny Navy drama. Good.
Cornwall Story Sexy melodrama. Fair.
Cease Fire Korean war. Good.
Concert of the Stars (Russian) Arias and ballet. Fair.
Daughters of Destiny Three stories. Fair.
Down at Sacama Western. Fair.
Demetrius and the Gladiators Sem. Biblic drama. Fair.
Dial M for Murder Suspense. Good.
Doctor in the House Comedy. Fair.
Drive a Crooked Road Crime. Good.
Executive Suite Drama. Excellent.
Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy. Good.
Final Test: British comedy. Good.
Francis Joins the WACs Farce. Fair.
Front Page Story Press drama. Fair.
Garden of Evil Drama. Fair.
Golden Coach Farce-fantasy. Good.
Gypsy Colt Form. le drama. Good.
Heidi: Children's story. Good.
The High and the Mighty Drama. Fair.

Hobson's Choice Comedy. Excellent.
I'm a Stranger British mystery. Poor.
It Should Happen to You New York satirical comedy. Excellent.
Johnny Dark Race car drama. Good.
The Kidnappers Drama. Excellent.
Knock on Wood Comedy. Excellent.
Magnificent Obsession Drama. Fair.
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Man With a Mission Comedy. Good.
Men of the Fighting Lady War. Good.
New Faces Broadway revue. Good.
On the Waterfront Drama. Excellent.
The Pickwick Papers Comedy. Good.
Prince Valiant Adventure. Fair.
The Raid Action drama. Good.
Rainbow Jacket British comedy. Fair.
Red Window Suspense. Excellent.
Red Garters Western comedy. Fair.
Riding Shotgun Western. Poor.
Riot in Cell Block 11 Drama. Excellent.
Sabrina Romantic comedy. Excellent.
So! of the Earth Labor drama. Fair.
Scotch on the Rocks Comedy. Fair.
Secret of the Incas Drama. Fair.
Student Prince Musical. Fair.
Them! Science fiction thriller. Good.
Three Coins in the Fountain Romantic drama. Fair.
West of Zanzibar Jungle drama. Fair.

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

The Shaggy Saint of Labrador

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

gigantic waterfalls. In summer it was ruggedly beautiful; in winter, when perched on ice and snow, it was equally defiantly hostile.

But what held Grenfell there was the plight of a forgotten people. As doctors, he and I knew that men are born neither free nor equal. Among the natives of Labrador, the Indians of the interior, the Eskimos of the north and the white "livewoods" who live here, the ones who had been up the rocky and cold coast for a century, he found widespread poverty, illness and ignorance. He devoted the rest of his life to making the difference.

Grenfell made his rounds of the coast on a tiny hospital ship or, more often, on an Eskimo *kamook* baited by eight harnesses. He treated patients and performed operations in snow houses, skin tents, sea huts and on the trail and in spruce lean-tos.

Though he worked in an obscure country, the Labrador Doctor caught the world's imagination. Newspapers in Britain, the United States and Canada found him colorful copy. They reported that he wore furs and seal boots, fished out on the trail with his dogs and sometimes dined on whale blubber that once, when skin grafting was needed to save a Labrador fisherman's shattered hand, Grenfell had another doctor remove flesh from his own back to patch it, and that when he got lost on his first visit to New York City, he found his way by following the North Star.

Whenever Grenfell came out of the north on lecture tours to raise money for Labrador—to build the hospitals, schools and orphanages that stand along the coast today—hundreds of thousands of people in North America, Europe and Australia paid to see him and to hear him raising stories of his strange land. Over the years they gave him millions of dollars. Wealthy men underwrote the cost of a hospital or a hospital ship, school children, to that Grenfell was caring for the crippled blind, orphaned and unwanted children of the north, sent him dresses and quarters from sidewalk fudge sales.

A U.S. magazine once called Grenfell "the most useful man in the North American continent," and his work so impressed the British government that in 1927 King George V made him a knight.

Moved by Grenfell's selfless example, many people followed him to the north. British, Canadian and American doctors and nurses volunteered as they

still do, to work in the Grenfell mission. Some for a token payment. They were joined by a great army of Grenfell "wops"—from workers without pay who served in Labrador and returned to Newfoundland and forced the crown to pay for the privilege of a part in his story.

Born in 1865, Grenfell came from a comfortable English family of scholars. His grandfather had been a house-master at Rugby in Ardenland. His father, Augustus, an Anglican minister, owned a private boys' school at Parkgate, near Chester. Educated at his father's school and at Marlborough, Grenfell decided at sixteen to study medicine. He earned it as a Livermore student at the Earl's way as a student at a school to London Hospital and the slums, sun and poverty of the East End.

While studying at the hospital, he spent evenings at London University and Oxford, where he read and played football. One night in his second year he wandered into a tent meeting held by two famous evangelists, Moody and Sankey. His upbringing had been strict Anglican, but Grenfell was impressed by the sincerity and zeal of the revivalists. "When eventually I left," he later wrote, "I was with a determination to enter to make religion a real effort to do as I thought Christ would do in my place as a doctor, or frankly abandon it."

Sermons in the Saloons

Soon he and another young student began holding Sunday night services in the dank underground lodging houses along the Rathbone Highway. It brought him into touch with real poverty. Grenfell once said, "A very grave and of life I had never surmised. Often, while one interned his services, the other had to sit on a drunk to keep him quiet. Several times while they were on duty, honesty and virtue their surface pressed closer and picked their pockets."

Grenfell invaded waterfront saloons with total abstinence sermons. In one a band of toughs grabbed him and tried to force whisky down his throat. He fought his way out without losing it.

When he graduated as a doctor at twenty-one, Grenfell joined the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, a private but church-supported organization whose motto was, "Heal the Sick and Preach the Word." For five years he sailed about in a small schooner visiting fishing fleets from Iceland to the Bay of Biscay, patching fishermen's injuries and, in a quiet way, preaching to them. It was a hard life. He was at sea in all kinds of weather and he received little pay. Some of his friends considered Grenfell a religious



MACLEAN'S

"Ice?"

MACLEAN'S



London, painted for the Seagram Collection by Clare Bice, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

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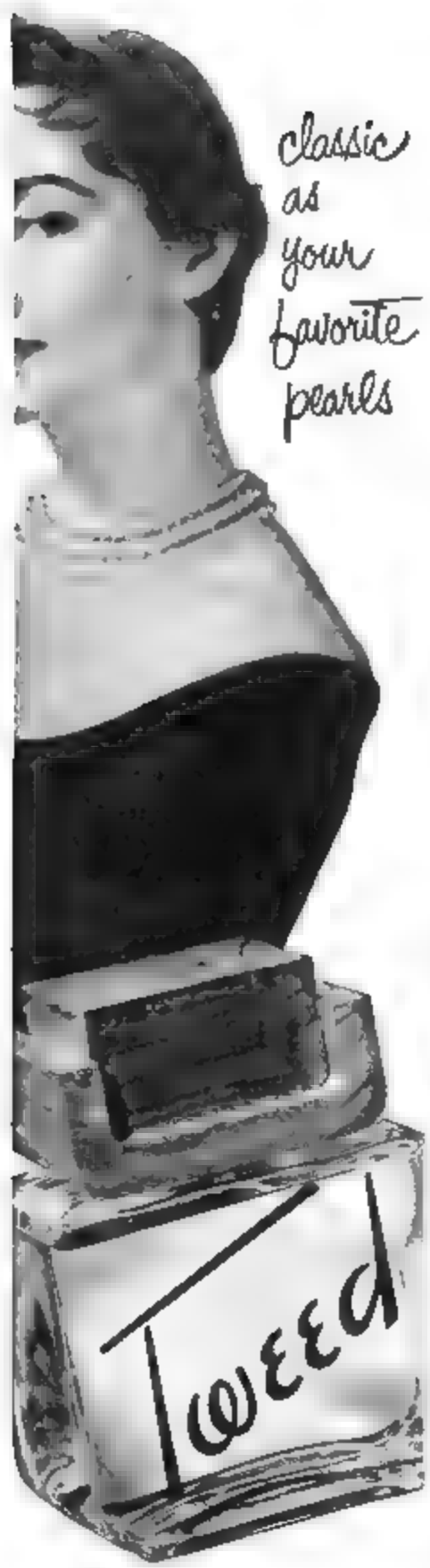
ROUTE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOUR: SAN JOAN, HAVANA, MEXICO CITY, CARACAS, RIO DE JANEIRO, SAO PAULO, ST. PAUL, MONTREAL, BOUL, LONDON, PARIS, GENEVA, STOCKHOLM, THE HAGUE, MADRID, AND A VISIT TO THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES IN GERMANY. WEST GERMANY. ROUTE OF THE CANADIAN TOUR: OTTAWA, MONTREAL, CHARLOTTETOWN, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN'S, SAINT JOHN, ANNEBOURNE, TROIS-RIVIERES, TORONTO, QUEBEC, LONDON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, GALLATIE, SASKATOON, WINDSOR, HAMILTON, KINCARDINE, HULL.



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fanatic who fed on discomfort. He disagreed. "I have always loved" he said, "that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man just because he wanted to."

In 1892 at the Mission's request Grenfell fitted out the small hospital ship *Albert* and crossed the Atlantic to investigate conditions among the thirty thousand men, women and children who came each summer in a thousand Newfound and schooners to fish for cod along the rocky Labrador coast.

The *Albert* picked her way along the iceberg strewn coast and slipped into Domino Run, a bleak fishing village huddled against the rocks where a hundred schooners were moored. The fishermen ran up welcome flags on their masts, and, for the cut of her sails, the *Albert* was a stranger to Labrador. Some came aboard and met Grenfell. His own, it was strange in a striped Oxford University rowing blazer he looked proudly out of place in Domino Run.

"That night an incident occurred that changed Grenfell's life and life in Labrador. He was pacing the *Albert's* deck when he heard a voice. 'Be you a doctor or not?' Below he saw a man in a rickety dory. 'That's what I am, my self,' he chuckled.

The doryman weighed the fact for a moment. 'I haven't got no money,' he said. 'But there's a very sick man ashore, if so be you'd come and see him.'

Grenfell went. In a tiny sod covered hovel that turned his stomach with its stench he found a laborer who man in the last stages of pneumonia. His wife was feeding him cod water on a spoon, the only medicine she knew of, and in one corner of the dark but six then children in rags were asleep.

"My heart sank," Grenfell wrote later, "as I thought of how little I could do for the sufferer in such surroundings." He did what he could, then left. "I could only pray for him," said Grenfell, "when what he needed was a hospital and a trained nurse."

In the next two months his heart sank many times. In a land that offered little food but fish and wild berries, it was called Starvation Coast, scurvy, beriberi, rickets and tuberculosis took a fearful toll. There were no agencies of mercy to care for the sick, blind, crippled and orphaned except the German Moravian Brethren who ran trading posts and a few clergymen whose influence was weakened by an inter denominational rivalry for souls. There were a few scattered sectarian schools, no hospitals and rarely did a doctor come ashore on Labrador. Hundreds of families, underfed and poorly clothed, made their homes in crude wooden shacks, skin tents and earthen hutsches. In short life in Labrador was even more primitive than the Elizabethan dialect of the "Iveyers" fishermen.

Before he left that fall, Grenfell called again at the hovel in Domino Run. The tubercular fisherman was dead. His wife and children were destitute. Grenfell gave them what food and clothing he could spare and vowed to come back.

In St. John's, the Newfoundland capital, Grenfell embarked on a career of attacking people and scrounging. Said a friend, "He has a genius for generating sympathy and he can simply wring tears from people's pocketbooks." To officials of two large fish companies Grenfell told harrowing tales of a crippled child whose only dress was her father's cut-down trouser leg, of a fisherman who had killed his three youngest children and himself the winter before so that his wife and the two eldest would have enough food until spring. He told them, too, that he was hoping to open two cottage hospitals



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on islands two hundred miles apart, one at Battle Harbor north of the Straits of Belle Isle and the other at Indian Harbor near Hamilton Inlet. They donated the buildings.

Back in England, he told similar stories of suffering of an Eskimo, both forearms blown off by the explosion of a signal cannon, who laid him on his back for two weeks with the putrid stumps wrapped in wet rags until, for lack of a doctor, he died. Grenfell's friends gave him money to buy an X-ray machine and a small steam launch, the *Princess May*. He recruited two doctors and two nurses to go back to Labrador with him and begged money to pay them small salaries. His own skimpy wages, paid by the National Mission, went for medical supplies.

One of the doctors, Arthur Hobardt, an Australian, took charge of a 15-bed Battle Harbor hospital. Labrador's first, while Grenfell, who had studied navigation on the North Sea, took the *Princess May* to the far north where no doctors had gone before.

All along the coast, wherever people lived he found he was needed. At first he had to combat age-old superstitions. Whites and Eskimos alike treated dysentery by tying a split, dried codfish around the patient's neck. Dried and powdered bull's heart was prescribed for TB and fishermen brewed medicinal potions by boiling old pulley blocks in water. Gradually they came to accept Grenfell's strange medicine with reservations. One woman agreed to let him cut a tumor from her leg, but refused to take ether. Five men sat on her during the operation.

No Money for His Dreams

To the Labrador people Grenfell was a miracle man. Simple cataract operations made the blind see. Five minutes of surgery on an ingrown toenail and a cripple walked erect. Often he performed his wondrous works on rough kitchen tables, by lantern light. He delivered babies, pulled teeth, tried to instruct mothers in proper child care, treated everything from chickenpox to cancer, broke and reset crooked legs.

As his fame spread along the coast, hundreds flocked to his two hospitals. The Mission expected him to charge each patient twenty-five cents; he seldom did. But grateful patients repaid him with what they could spare: sheep, butter, a chicken, goose feathers for hospital pillows or a day's work.

As Grenfell's work grew, so did his plans. He had visions of a network of hospitals and nursing stations along the thousand-mile coast, of schools, orphanages and a larger force of doctors and nurses who would remain in Labrador all year. Since the Mission Society couldn't finance his dreams in the winter of 1893, Grenfell and Hobardt came to Canada to beg. In Montreal they called on Lord Strathcona, president of the Hudson's Bay Company, the CPR and the Bank of Montreal. Strathcona, who had once lived in Labrador as Donald Smith, donated a steamer, the *Sir Donald*, to the Mission and agreed to be chairman of their first public lecture. To keep expenses down, Grenfell and Hobardt both did duty at the ticket window before going on stage.

Grenfell continued to make lecture tours until the year of his death, 1940, though he claimed an abiding hatred for them. He said he preferred a *komatik* to a train, a sleeping bag to a posh hotel room and seal boots and parka to a dinner jacket. But lectures brought in what his mission needed: money and interest, and they were too good to pass up. Once on stage, talking about Labrador, his uneasiness fell away.

In New York, years later, the Metro-

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portan Opera company staged a beautiful performance for the mission. Between acts Grenfell was asked to say a few words. He responded with a few thousand "The great bell for the next act rang. Grenfell walked on. The out-raged stars were stamping off their dressing rooms where he had stopped. Absent in mind about matters that seemed unimportant to him. He crossed the street and a car was waiting. He was wearing a patent leather shoe on one foot and an old sneaker on the other.

The people who knew Grenfell's lectures responded in a variety of ways. They gave him money, clothing, tools, books, batteries, boots and food for Labrador. They brought him, as they said, for the Great Mission. Over the years, thousands of "wops" volunteered to go down north on the Labrador to help him.

Slowly Grenfell's dreams began to come true. In the fall of 1899, after his two Labrador hospitals had closed for the winter, he crossed the Straits of Belle Isle to St. Anthony. Cold and isolated it was Labrador all over again. Here, too, he found hunger and resultant diseases. That winter his first in the north. Grenfell lived and worked in what he called "a guarded cupboard." Finally he told the fishermen, "I can't carry on here another winter without a hospital."

They acted swiftly. In the spring of 1900, before fishing season, a hundred men and three hundred dogs entered the woods. Two weeks later they emerged with enough lumber to build a roomy hospital. St. Anthony became Grenfell's headquarters.

From there he and his volunteer doctors and nurses traveled by boat and dog team. They camped out in freezing weather. Sometimes, out and hungry, they had to chew pieces of green seal skin cut from their boots, or to boil their skin gloves for supper.

On one occasion at least Grenfell nearly perished. A sudden spring break-up left him stranded with his eight dogs on an ice pan in the middle of a huge bay. His frozen raft drifted slowly out towards the sea where a thousand shifting pans were grinding themselves to snow. At night Grenfell killed three of his huskies, skinned them and wrapped their bloody fur around himself. Stuffing his clothing with unraveled rope, he piled the bodies of the three dead dogs to make a windbreak, made the others he close to him for warmth and went to sleep. In the morning he tied the frozen legs of the dead dogs together with harness rope, to make a crooked staff, then hoisted his flannel shirt to the top of the staff and began waving to the fading shoreline. Fishermen saw his signal. By the time their boats reached him, both his hands and feet were frozen and his ice pan was on the point of disintegrating. Later, on the shore, Grenfell erected a bronze tablet:

To the memory of three noble dogs Moody, Watch and Spy, Whose lives were given for mine on the ice.

On one of his trips into northern Labrador, in 1904 Grenfell was summoned to see a sick family. In a hut on a lonely headland he found the mother and father dead. Grenfell took their five young children back to St. Anthony that winter. A few months later an anonymous donor provided funds to build a Children's Home. Grenfell had no trouble filling it.

At Eskimo Bay he found a family of neglected children. He bartered food and clothing with the father for two of the children. One of them, educated at St. Anthony, later became a nurse. Later one of Grenfell's "wops," Frank Sayre, a son-in-law of U. S. President Woodrow Wilson, doubled the orphan-

age and maintained it to thirty. On the front of the orphanage, which now has seventy, was the text: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

As he had done as a young internist in London, Grenfell employed a staff of a work with religious teaching. Whenever he went to the Sunday services and he read that offered him support and evidence as true to show men that God was not one of his lie and domination but a kindness and mercy. He might by example. Once on a schooner near Cape Foully, he found an unmarried girl cook who had

just given birth to a child. She was hemorrhaging to death. "I want to see a doctor," she said. "I can never go home again. When she died Grenfell rowed her body ashore to a rocky headland. On a cross over her grave he wrote:

Suzanne
Jesus said: "Let her do I condemn thee."

On the subject of liquor, his pet prejudice since college days, Grenfell was less tolerant. Appalled by the

Newfoundland government to be a revving magistrate, his court was generally the after-look of his ship. He waged war against traders who sold rotting whiskey to Indians and Eskimos. On one occasion he discovered that the only other magistrate in the district was a bootlegger. By displaying his boat one day with flags and white bunting to look like a wedding party, Grenfell sailed right up to the other jurist's home on the shore of a small cove and nabbed him red-handed. He went to jail.

But neither prohibition nor religion

nor medicine alone could reform the north. "How can one preach the gospel of love to a hungry people by sermons," Grenfell said once, "or a gospel of healing to underfed children with pills?" Rickets, scurvy, TB, the scourges of the Labrador "Inverness" Indians and Eskimos arose mainly from malnutrition, not reason of poverty.

Poverty came easy in this hard land but it was helped along by feudal, cold barons, village merchants and traders. Many merchants wouldn't sell nets or traps outright. They rented them for a heavy share of every catch. Trappers

and fishermen rarely got cash for their catches. The Hudson's Bay Company paid off in colored bone counters. One large lumber company paid its wages in tin money stamped "Valuable only at our store" and charged exorbitant prices at the store.

At first Grenfell had the Eskimo and Indian trappers turn over their furs to him. He sold them for cash and returned the money to the trappers. At the fishing village of Red Bay in 1905 he got fishermen to start their own co-operative store. After seven years, a year-seventeen families had a total of

only \$85. Grenfell lent them money to bring in their first boatload of supplies. Within thirteen years the original \$85 shares in the store were worth \$104 each and the village was debt free. In three years Grenfell launched ten co-ops. Most of them flourished but when one failed through mismanagement he sold one of his boats and many personal effects to square its debts.

In the spring of 1909, after spending the winter lecturing and raising money in Britain, Grenfell sailed on the Marjorie for the U. S. where he was to get an honorary degree from Harvard Un-

versity. One of many awarded to him. On the second day out he met a tall blue-eyed brunette named Anne, a graduate of Bryn Mawr who had once spoken down in invitation to hear him speak. She thought he would be "too dull." The doctor fell in love. Four days later, before the big liner reached New York, he proposed and was accepted. By the way, he added, "I'm afraid I don't know your last name." It was Maclean.

Married in Chicago that November, the couple arrived in St. Anthony two months later. The fishermen met them with cigars and flags and patients in the mission hospital gave them a picture of a fleet of fishing schooners, inscribed: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, My brethren ye did it unto Me."

The doctor's young wife adapted herself quickly. She took a special interest in the orphanage and the grade schools that Grenfell opened in Labrador and northern Newfoundland. She set up an education fund and wheeled schoolships. When TB patients, housewives, children and elderly fishermen were put to work hooking rugs, weaving, carving ivory and tooling leather goods, she opened Grenfell handcraft stores in England, the U. S. and Canada. She arranged the sale of easels, depicting Labrador scenes, around the world and in one year added \$10,000 to her education fund. Soon some of the mission's brighter children were enrolling at McGill, Upper Canada College and other leading schools and universities in North America. They returned as teachers, nurses, ministers and mechanics to become leaders among their people.

His Books Paid the Bills

Before Grenfell's time education in Labrador was entirely sectarian. While most villages and settlements had no schools, in a few others there were as many as three. Roman Catholic, Methodist and Anglican each presided over by a clergyman who vied with the others for converts and students. Religion is tied up in bundles, Grenfell said, "and its energies are used to divide rather than to unite men." When he failed to sell the missionaries on a more sensible distribution of learning, Grenfell began to open his own non-sectarian schools.

With money coming in from lectures, large and small donations, government grants and his own books, between 1905 and 1938 he found time to write more than twenty. Grenfell extended his medical services. A hospital was opened at Harrington, on the south coast of Labrador and two nursing stations, three-bed cottages were built farther north. The sister of one of Grenfell's most famous co-workers, Dr. John Little, raised \$10,000 to expand the St. Anthony hospital. Sir Donald Smith donated another large hospital, the St. John's. In 1917, at St. John's, a \$200,000 mission home for visiting fishermen and sailors threw open its gleaming new doors. The cornerstone was laid by King George V. by telegraph wire on the day of his coronation.

Some of the nurses and most doctors who went north to work with Grenfell were given small salaries. Many skilled surgeons, and Grenfell himself, took less than \$1,000 a year but then as now, most mission helpers were unpaid "wops." They came from many countries: Canada, the United States, Austria, New Zealand, Newfoundland and Britain and from every rank in society. They were doctors, dentists, social workers, nurses, architects, professors, engineers, teachers and clergymen. Many college students, having no

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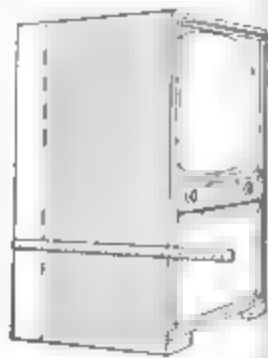
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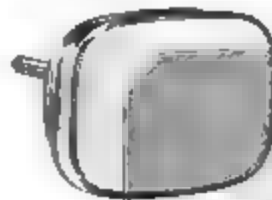


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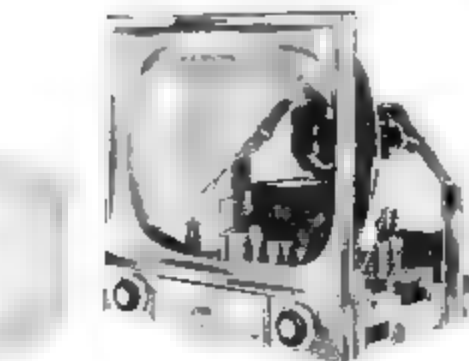
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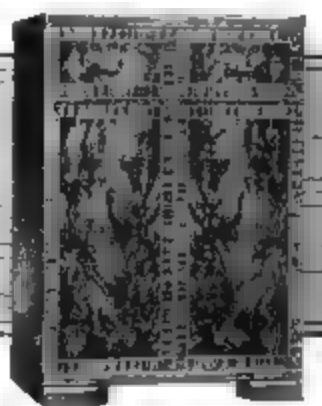
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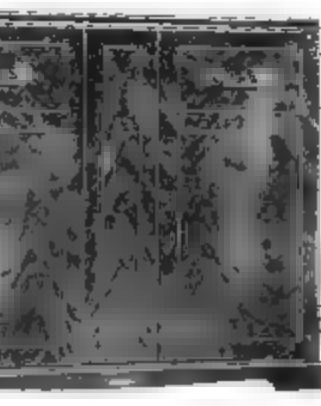
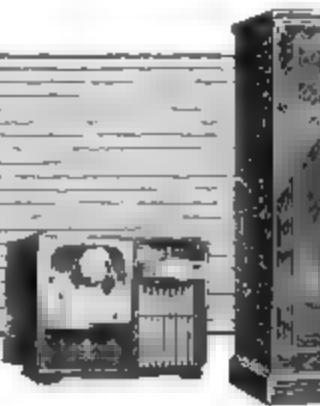
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HUDSON'S BAY
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SCOTCH WHISKY

money, worked their way north to
spend a summer with the Grenfell fam-
ily. It is most "wops" came from well-
to-do families because they had to pay
the travel expenses. A Grenfell could
offer them a taste of adventure and
the joy of service.

Every spring for 18 years Dr. Joseph
Andrews, a wealthy and famous eye
specialist in California, got a wire from
Grenfell. The wire is breaking up
short. Each time he closes his office,
went to Labrador or northern New
foundland and spent two months treat-
ing Grenfell's fishermen and half-breed
Indians. For years before Mrs. A.
P.H.D. received a letter from a doctor
named who gave up the practice to
teach in middle schools along Labra-
dor's fjords.

When Grenfell started the women of
the north weaving a carpet for him
all the way from Kentucky at his own
expense to show him how to make
things. Once a "wop" was who had
worked with Grenfell in the north, he
signed and left for the U.S. I want to
earn some money, she said, "so I can
volunteer again."

Hundreds of students from Canada
and U.S. colleges paid their own way
to Labrador for the short summer.
Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown and
Johns Hopkins all sent hospital ship
cruises and the Yale boys donated a
boat. Some of the western "wops"
adopted mission children, took them
home in the fall and paid for their
education.

Stockings Run to Labrador

Grenfell's "wops" mended buns
rolled bannocks, taught art, cooked
pounded, filled teeth, de-voiced and
christened babies, hundreds were
named for Grenfell, built wharves,
dams, night houses, drove dog teams,
mixed fertilizer on the experimental
farm that Grenfell started at St. An-
thony and strung telegraph wires link-
ing his hospitals and nursing stations.
They did whatever they were asked to
do. Grenfell, once saw two men strip-
ped to the waist building a road. One
was a professor of higher mathematics
at Princeton, the other the head of the
department of religious literature at
Scribner.

In 1912 a group of former "wops"
and mission friends met in New York
and formed the International Grenfell
Association, with branches in Britain,
Ireland, Canada and the United States
to finance Grenfell's work. The Royal
National Mission to Deep-Sea Fisher-
men was now neither willing nor able
to do so. Smaller regional and city
organizations developed to send food,
money, clothing, books and more
"wops" to Labrador. Housewives all
over North America contributed their
sock stockings, slips and old dresses to
be turned into Labrador hooked rugs
and money. "When stockings run,"
quipped Grenfell, "they run to Labra-
dor."

In 1915 another hospital was opened
at North West River, near Goose Bay,
and two more nursing stations were
built. Grenfell went to France with the
Harvard Surgical Unit for a short time
in World War I, then headed north
again to plan still more hospitals.
When he wrote his autobiography, A
Labrador Doctor, in 1919, it was chiefly
to raise funds to replace the over-
crowded St. Anthony hospital.

By July, 1927, a new eighty-bed hos-
pital and TB annex was ready at St.
Anthony to serve the whole coast. One
of his Labrador orphans who had stud-
ied engineering at the Pratt Institute in
Brooklyn designed and directed con-
struction of the concrete building. It
was complete with X rays and radium
equipment and had been built entirely

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How to say Hello to a GARGOYLE

AFRAID OF HEIGHTS? Then you
wouldn't want to be one of the
men who recently did repairs up
among the gargoyles of the
Peace Tower atop the Parliam-
ent Buildings in Ottawa. The
scaffolding, rising 280 feet, was
the highest ever erected in Cana-
da. We were pleased, but not
surprised that it was made of
light, strong, easily assembled
aluminum tubing—37,000 feet
of it. Saved a lot of time putting
up and taking down. And
incidentally saved Canadian tax-
payers a tidy sum of money.
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by local men. The opening was the
proudest moment in Grenfell's life.

He nearly missed it. Hurrying back
to St. Anthony with a boatload of
patients for the new hospital, the
Stratforda stalled a reef and began
to fill with water. Grenfell and the
crew helped the patients into lifeboats,
then abandoned ship. For an hour they
rowed in the fog and unknown by a
circle. Suddenly Grenfell heard ship's
bell. A dark ship broke through the
mist. It was the Stratforda. A large
wave had fled over the shore into
clear water. Recovered, bailed and
temporarily patched, she hauled into a
flag-bedecked St. Anthony on the day
of the hospital opening.

The governor of Newfoundland Sir
William Alfordyce officiated at the
ceremony. When it was over he made a
surprise announcement. King George
V wanted Grenfell to come to London
to be knighted. Grenfell went but with
one message: "I only pray," he said,
"that this tag to my name won't be any
barrier between me and my friends on
the coast." It wasn't. He was soon
known there as "Sir Will."

As the Grenfell Association grew,
more nursing stations and another hos-
pital went up along the coast. Now
past sixty Grenfell could look back and
see many changes. Tuberculosis still a
major problem, no longer mean, cer-
tain death. Infant mortality was down
sharply. Rickets, scurvy and beriberi
had been checked by better diets, agri-
cultural workers from the Grenfell Mis-
sion had shown people how to raise
vegetables in co-op greenhouses in the
brief northern summer and how to keep
cattle, sheep and pigs. Many fishermen
and trappers, shareholders in co-op
stores, gained a stake in their own future.

Grenfell's five co-op stores, six nursing
stations and four hospital boats meant
proper care was at hand for those who
needed it. His scattered schools and
Ladies Grenfell's education fund meant
that the sons of fishermen in George's
Cove or Eskima Bay no longer had to
spend the winter in a dory if they had a
talent for something better. Orphans
were cared for and the blind and crippled
found useful lives.

Labrador, too, was better dressed.
Five scattered distribution centres
dispensed cast-off garments that came
from all over the world, and looked it.
A visitor once saw two Indians coming
out of one of the centres, one wearing
hunting pinkie, the other a cavalry
officer's greatcoat.

In 1934, at the age of sixty-nine, a
weak heart forced Sir Will to retire.
"I'm getting too old to drive dog
teams," he said, "and I'm afraid I must
take it easy until the time comes to
cash in my checks."

But he didn't take it easy. Sent to a
sanatorium in Michigan to rest, he
skipped out through a window and
went on a lecture tour to raise more
money for his missions, now running
smoothly without him. Too tired to
stand, he spoke sitting down. In 1939,
after his wife died, Grenfell returned to
St. Anthony for the last time to bury
her ashes there. As he came ashore he
walked under a weeping arch of green
spruce boughs and, though the occasion
was a solemn one, the people cheered.

Those who were there saw tears in
the old doctor's eyes when he was leav-
ing again. Back in Vermont, where he
now lived in retirement, Grenfell grew
restless and he told a friend that he
wanted to start a settlement house on
the teeming Lower East Side of New
York. But there wasn't time. On Oct.
18, 1940, he lay down before dinner for
a nap and died in his sleep. At the time,
oddly enough, he was wearing the same
old Oxford blazer that he had worn in
Domino Run, on his first day in Labra-
dor. ★



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The Yukon's Coming Alive Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

years from now the river will be dammed for three hundred miles and it's a fair guess that by then as much as ten million horse-power will be in use.

Why this sudden new rush to the Yukon—a country that has been slumbering for half a century? The answer lies in the world's hunger for

cheap and easily available power. The Yukon has both kinds: cheap power because of its staggering abundance; available power because the tunnels and generating stations need only be about forty-five miles from salt water.

Within a decade ships from all over the globe will steam up the Alaska-B.C. coast to reach the Yukon water, just as they did in the days of the Klondike. The freighters will go to Taku Inlet, a long narrow arm of the sea that cuts through the Alaska Panhandle near Juneau, Alaska, and into B.C. Burges will freight the ore

up the shallow water to the town of Taku, just inside the B.C. border, where smelters and refineries will process the metals. Because sea transport is still the cheapest kind, it will pay to ship unprocessed ore from thousands of miles away, refine it, and then ship the finished product Outback.

Northwest Power Industries Ltd. and Quebec Metalurgical Industries Ltd., the two companies undertaking the project, are both part of the great interlocking tangle of enterprises that come under the general purview of Froisher Ltd. and Ventures Ltd.

These sprawling world-wide giants are controlled by that brilliant legend of Canadian mining, Thayer Landsley, the giant, 73-year-old geologist who has his finger in so many mining pies. There is no doubt that Landsley is the imagination behind the whole plan.

Landsley now has B.C. government approval for the B.C. part of the plan. He and his associates have been asked to put up a two-and-a-half-million-dollar bond which he forfeits if he doesn't spend \$75 million in four years. He'll need federal government approval for the Yukon side of the project. The hadn't been given at this writing but it's long been considered a foregone conclusion.

Landsley's own network of companies controls enough raw ore to keep the project busy in the first stages of its development. He plans to bring nickel-cobalt from New Caledonia, the Philippines and other South Pacific islands. Manganese ores will pour in from South Africa. Zinc and iron will come from the Pacific Coast area from Vancouver Island and Alaska. By 1962 the nickel output alone will be nearly one third that of the giant International Nickel Company.

Later on, it is hoped that on bodies in the Yukon now too costly to develop will be mined.

The series of dams and tunnels and man-made lakes planned for the Yukon will sprawl over some of the most picturesque country in the world. The rising waters will reach almost to the edge of the White Pass railway that follows the old gold-rush trail through the mountains from Skagway, Alaska. A dam will be built at the head of Minto Canyon, where dozens of Klondike stampedeers lost their lives. Tagish Lake, a emerald finger of placid water that saw the sails of twenty thousand homemade boats in 1898, will be fringed in size.

Tunnels to the Ocean

A much later series of dams will back up Laberge, the lake made famous in Robert Service's ballad "The Cremation of Sam McGee." The treacherous Thirtymile River, scene of old-time steamboat wrecks, will probably merge with the lake. Five Finger Rapids, the most spectacular navigation hazard on the river may vanish. The eventual plans call for a dam just below Fort Selkirk to capture the muddy waters of the great Pelly River.

To most Canadians it's a huge surprise to learn that the river they've always thought of as a mighty outdated and slightly unreal motion picture set is as real, snappy and modern as the industrial age itself. But then the Yukon has always been a surprising river. Its headwaters, for example, rise just fifteen miles from the Pacific Ocean. But it takes 2,200 miles of steady flow to reach that ocean. The tunnels through the mountains, of course, will make use of the shortcut.

The river rises in these mountains near the B.C. border, where the tunnels are to be built. Then it sets out on its long tortuous course, describing a gigantic crescent that swings through the whole of the Yukon and Alaska, neatly bisecting both territories and crossing the Arctic Circle twice. It ends, finally, in the cold Bering Sea at the tip of Alaska. It is a boatman's dream. All but fifteen miles, near its source, are navigable. But by the time the power project is complete all major navigation will be at an end on the Yukon.

Although it is the oldest part of the north from a mining point of view, the Yukon is far younger from an explorer's standpoint. Seventy years ago it was an almost unknown river flowing

through a dark land as silent as the moon, unmapped and all but unexplored. Back in 1789, when Alexander Mackenzie traced the great river that bears his name to its mouth the Yukon was only a legend on the Indians' lips. Another century elapsed before the Yukon had its own Mackenzie. He was a U.S. cavalry lieutenant named Frederick Schwatka who went down the entire river by raft and skin boat in 1883. He named every feature he saw and most of these names still stand, with one notable exception. The little salmon stream he called the Reindeer is better known today as the Klondike.

The Russians were actually the first white men into the Yukon valley, but they didn't explore the whole river. In 1842 they came over from Siberia across the Bering Sea and upriver from the mouth, to trade for furs. There's no written record that they went farther than six hundred miles upstream although there is little doubt they did. In 1898 a Klondike prospector named Deebole Thompson, in the course of sinking the shaft that gave him his nickname, made a curious find on the thirty-foot level. Here, in frozen mud, was an ancient Russian flintlock pistol. It had obviously worked its way down from the surface over the years. Undoubtedly the Russians had explored this very valley in the years before other white men rediscovered it.

The Hudson's Bay Company, which had opened up the rest of Canada from Frobisher Bay to Vancouver Island, left the Yukon to the rest. Over the mountains from the Mackenzie in 1843 came a remarkable man named Robert Campbell. At the point where the Pelly joins the Yukon he built Fort Selkirk. It did not long survive. The fierce Chilkat Indians came up from the coast and destroyed it.

Campbell then made an incredible journey by foot, canoe, snowshoe and dog team 4,200 miles to the nearest railroad at Crow Wing, Minn. From here he traveled to England to persuade the HBC directors to rebuild the Fort. They decided against it. Soon after the company withdrew from the Yukon valley leaving it as silent as when Campbell first arrived.

The first hint of the gold-inspired drama that was to come drifted out of the Yukon in the winter of 1885-86, when a dying prospector named W.L. James arrived at Dyea on the Alaska Panhandle. He had performed a feat then considered impossible. With an Indian boy he had traversed six hundred miles of frozen river in the dead of winter. The man and the boy had suffered dreadful hardships. Their dogs had died of cold and exhaustion. They had cowered in a snow hut at the top of the storm-tossed Chilkoot Pass for ten days, living on dry flour. The boy had had to carry the man down the mountains and drag him by hand on the trailing post at Dyea. Here the prospector died. The handful of men in the vicinity crowded around the corpse. No one had ever walked out of the Yukon in winter. What would bring any man on such a journey?

The Indian boy had the answer. He reached into a sack of beans on the counter and flung a handful on the

floor. "Gold," he said. "All same like this!"

This was the first real news of riches along the Yukon. The strike had been made at a place called Fortymile on the Canadian side of the Yukon-Alaska border. Fortymile was the first of the Yukon gold towns. With about three hundred men, it produced a million dollars in gold in the decade that followed. Living in Fortymile was like living on a desert island. It was visited once a year by a tiny stern-wheel steamer from the Herring Sea. One year the boat didn't come and two

hundred men had to leave on foot for the Outside. Without supplies they would have starved.

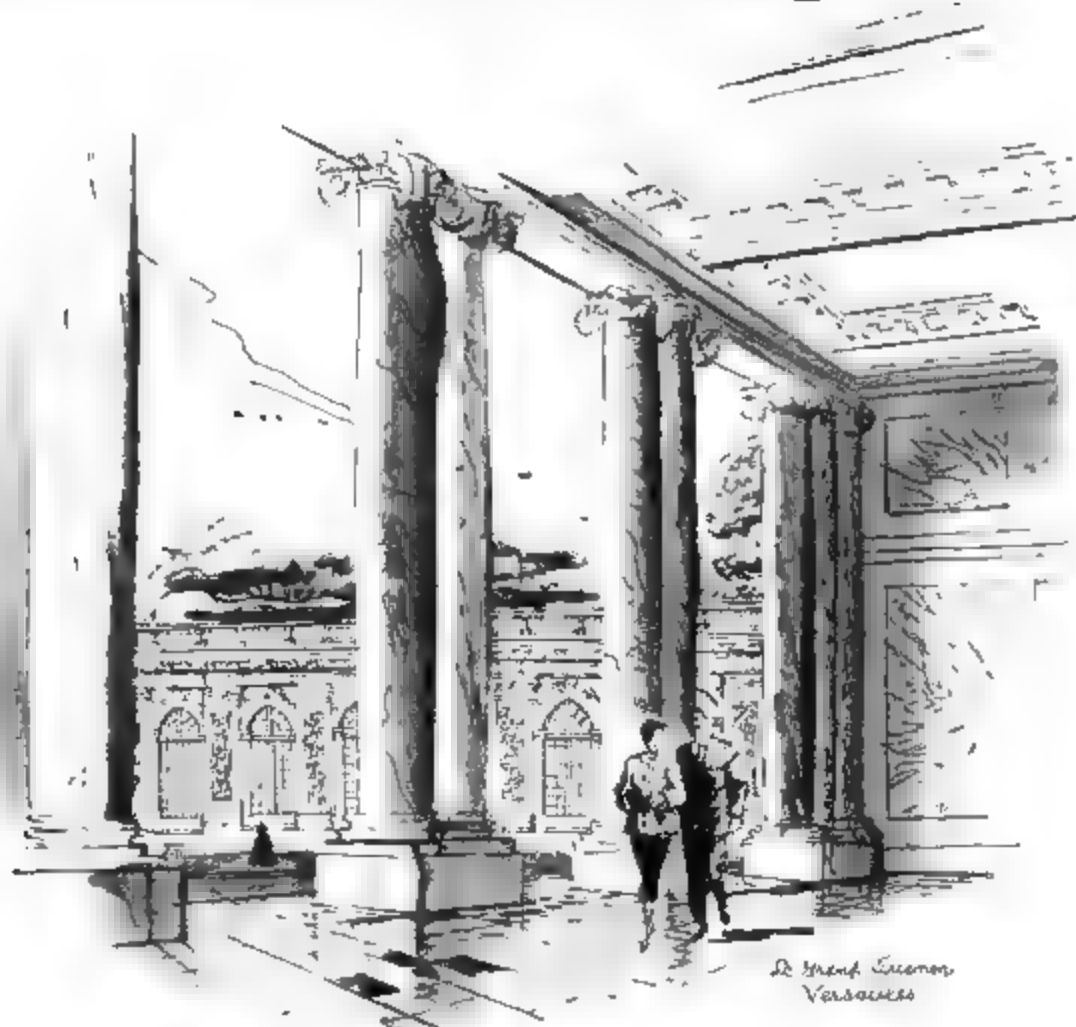
Fortymile was an American island on Canadian soil. Its population was almost entirely American, and the Americans administered it more or less by default. Its supplies came from the U.S. without benefit of customs, for there wasn't a customs man on the entire length of the river. It had an American post office selling American stamps and the big holidays were Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July.

Yet it was in no sense a blood-and-thunder town. None of the Yukon towns ever were. Many of the miners were educated men with a taste for literature. Fortymile boasted debating societies and Shakespeare clubs and an Anglican church presided over by Bishop William Bompas, one of the most famous of the northern missionaries who slept anywhere in a hole in the snow or a corner of a boat or cabin, but spent his evenings reading the Bible in English, Hebrew, Greek and Syriac.

In 1894, nine years after the Forty

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mile discovery, an even richer strike was made some three hundred miles down river. A new town, Circle City, Alaska, sprang up on a curve in the river at the head of the great Yukon flats. These flats are the bottom of a prehistoric lake and the river snakes its way across them shallow as a lily pond and often several miles wide. Circle City boasted it was the largest log town in the world. Certainly it was one of the strangest. It had no taxes, no courthouse, no jail, no post office, no churches, schools or hotels. It had no sheriff, police, mayor or

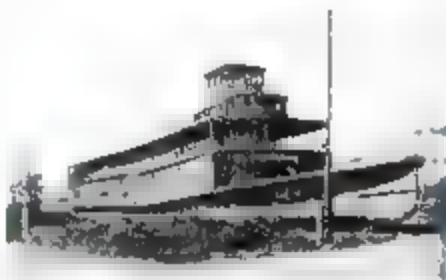
council. It had no dentist, doctor, lawyer or priest. There wasn't a lock in town nor a piece of dressed lumber. Everything was made of logs, including George Snow's Opera House which produced such tips as Rip Van Winkle and Uncle Tom's Cabin. The miners were the law in Circle as they were throughout all Alaska and most of the Yukon until the Miners arrived on the Canadian side in 1894. A miners' meeting in Circle once acquitted a man of murder on grounds of self-defense. The verdict was sent to Washington, and upheld, thus giving

these unique meetings a certain legal status, in Alaska at least. The great gold rush of 1898 changed the Yukon River almost overnight. From a lonely waterway flowing through a silent unpeopled country it became the main highway down which thousands of boats plunged recklessly. The word Yukon became an international word. Jack London, Rex Beach and James Oliver Curwood all came down the river during the stampede and made fortunes writing about it. So of course did Robert W. Service, ten years later.

By the summer of '98, the entire river from the Bering Sea to Miles Canyon was alive with stern-wheeled river boats of every shape and size. This was its golden age. There must have been close to a hundred of them, ranging all the way from the tiny fifteen-ton A. J. Goddard to the three great 1,100-ton sister ships, Hannah Sarah and Susan, all flat-bottomed with less than a four-foot draft.

Most of the steamboats reached Dawson from the lower river. They were usually built in Seattle, shipped to the mouth of the river and proceeded under their own steam 1,600 miles to the Klondike. But a few small vessels were trundled in pieces over the mountains. The little A. J. Goddard was the first to reach Dawson from the upper river. Capt. Goddard and his wife packed the boat in sections over the Chilkoot Pass, assembled her on Lake Bennett and ran her through Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids. Her passenger list on this maiden trip included the famous singing-and-dancing Oatley sisters, soon to be the rage of Dawson, and Confess Curly Munro, a notorious Yukon character who never wore a coat, winter or summer, but often sported four suits of underwear. So great was Goddard's feat that when he returned he was carried through the streets of Skagway on men's shoulders and tendered a civic reception. The little boat later sank in Lake Laberge, with all on board.

The Yukon today is a vast graveyard of these old steamboats. You can still see many of them along the riverbank or sitting on the ways at Carcross, Whitehorse and Dawson and at St. Michael near the mouth of the river on the Bering Sea.



The Yukoner saw hi-jinks and mutiny.

The most notorious boat of all the old Yukoners, can still be seen in faded splendor, high and dry on the bank at Whitehorse. Some idea of the flavor of the times can be gained by a brief glance at the highlights of her heyday.

Her first captain was John Irving, one of the best-known steamboat men in the Northwest. He was a man of fixed eccentricities. In the lounge he always had an enormous picture of a bulldog. A huge golden eagle was fastened in front of the plothouse. A gigantic Negro body servant never left his side.

He had a unique method of docking his boat. His system was to charge the bank or dock at full speed ahead, his whistle blaring. At the last possible instant he rang for full speed astern and the vessel would shudder to a stop in the nick of time, while passengers dragged themselves to the saloon bar to calm their frayed nerves. Occasionally Irving would miscalculate slightly. He once almost tore another ship apart in the Bering Sea by charging it in a moment of exuberance, and all but wrecked the dock at St. Michael, the port near the mouth of the river, after another charge.

On her maiden voyage in the summer of 1898 the Yukoner puffed up the river for Dawson City, crowded with dance-hal, girls, musicians and gamblers, and loaded to the Plimsoll line with champagne.

Every time the boat stopped to take on wood, Irving would call the musicians out on deck to play and the girls to dance while he charged the bank. Then the woodchoppers would be invited on board for champagne cocktails.

Irving undoubtedly felt that it was impossible to top this voyage. He sold the boat on his return to St. Michael and departed with his bulldog painting, his gold eagle and his huge body servant.

The purchaser was a former U. S. marshal from Helena, Montana, who had struck it rich on Bonanza. His name was Pat Gryan and in his black suit, black hat and black tie with starched shirt and high stiff collar he

looked like a movie villain. Looks were deceiving for he was a hospitable man. He never entered a barroom without treating everybody and pressing small nuggets on all strangers present. Just to make sure no one was missed, Gryan would send messengers out onto the street to round up strays. One such foray cost him \$1,000 a sum he considered chickenfeed.

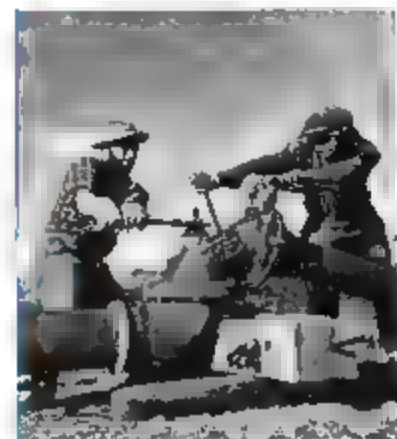
After Gryan bought the Yukoner, he proceeded to give away all the cash he had on his person by bringing up everybody aboard and presenting a twenty-dollar gold piece to each man. As a result he left on the trip without money to buy fuel or hire men.

This second voyage of the Yukoner wasn't as happy as the first, but it made

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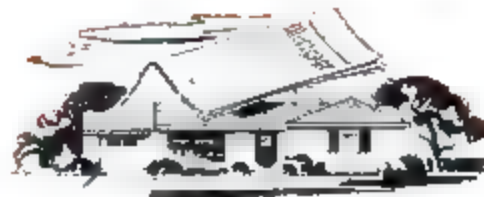
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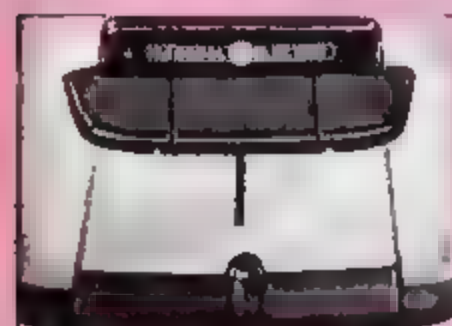
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history Galvin left the ship early for it was obvious she wouldn't reach Dawson before freeze-up. She froze in sand at Minook Creek, along with several other stern-wheelers. Indeed in that hectic winter boats were imprisoned in the ice for the whole length of the Yukon. Their passengers subsisted on the ship's stores and quickly soaked up the ship's stock of whisky.

After eight months' confinement, the passengers and crew of the Yukoner got cranky, mutinied against the captain and took over the vessel. This was the first and only mutiny ever recorded on the river. The court proceedings that followed when the ship reached Dawson were complicated by the fact that the mutiny had taken place in U.S. territory. Finally the charges were dropped. After a few desultory trips the Yukoner was abandoned. As for Pat Galvin, he ended up broke, to no one's surprise.

After the Nome and Fairbanks rushes in 1900 and 1906 the Yukon slipped slowly back into the doldrums. The towns began to shrink in size until even the biggest, Dawson City, dropped to 450 people. (It had once boasted between thirty and forty thousand.) Only Whitehorse, at the head of navigation and the end of steel, has thrived. It has a population of 2,500 today and, with an enormous power development in the planning stage, its future looks rosy.

River Travel Must End

There is now only one steamboat left on the Yukon. Like the modern town of Whitehorse, she is more a symbol of a prosperous future than a relic of a golden past. She is the S.S. Klondike, operated by Canadian Pacific Airlines as a luxury tourist boat.

The Klondike would make Pat Galvin and John Irving turn green with envy. CPA spent \$100,000 refurbishing her with a promenade deck and a night club. As the boat chugs down the historic old waterway passengers fish for grayling with willow rods, stake claims, pan gold and re-cromate Sam McGee in a mock ceremony.

This venture on the river, sparked by CPA president Grant McConachie, a former Yukon bush pilot, is the first real large-scale attempt to develop the immense tourist resources of the Canadian north. If it's successful, similar ventures will probably start up elsewhere and a whole new natural resource, in its own way as valuable as water power, will be tapped.

But whether the S.S. Klondike can continue to ply the Yukon River for many decades depends on the dam to be built between Whitehorse and Dawson. For sooner or later all water navigation will probably have to end.

The money Thayer Landsley and his associates plan to spend eventually will make even the Klondike Kings look like small timers, but most of them, if they were alive today, would applaud this enormous outlay—especially Pat Galvin. A tenderfoot was once heard to mutter something about needless expense in his presence, whereupon Galvin delivered himself of a brief unprompted address on the subject. With a billion-dollar project in the offing it might easily serve as a Yukon slogan.

"Expense! Expense!" Galvin shouted. "I am disgusted with you. Don't show your ignorance by using that cheap Outside word. We don't use it here. Never repeat it in my presence again. You must learn the ways of the Yukon. That word is not understood in the north. If you have money, spend it, that's what it's for, and that's the way we do business." ★

The Truth About Our Arctic Defense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Red Army has enough Keith Greenways to make the Arctic an easy route of invasion.

Not that anyone argues it can't be done. After all, it will soon be twenty years since a Red Army crew flew to the United States and Canada across the Arctic stopping to take each other's pictures at the North Pole. But there will always be other routes that present fewer problems.

A lot of special equipment is needed for Arctic flying. The Royal Air Force has specially adapted some of its Hastings transports for northern service; one of them bears the proud title "Arctic Queen" stenciled in red on her nose. Last spring, when the most severe Arctic weather had been over for some time, two RAF Hastings dropped in for overnight at Resolute Bay.

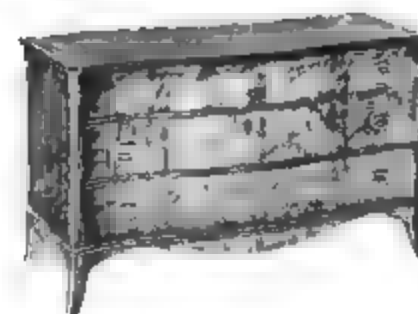
Hastings engines are not equipped with the pre-heaters that are now built into the RCAF's northern planes. In the morning they had to be pre-heated with a current of hot air carried through a hose—an old-fashioned device which the RCAF has abandoned. It wasn't good enough. The RAF crew started their motors before the frozen oil was adequately thawed. Two engines seized on one aircraft and one seized on the other. Both planes had to sit at Resolute Bay for a fortnight until new engines could be flown out from England. As an ironical postscript, one of the planes that brought the new engines had a narrow escape from a similar fate when it took off for England again.

During the past five or six years the RCAF has learned, the hard way, various tricks for avoiding such calamities. Special lubricants, dilution techniques and pre-heaters have been designed that are better than anything we had before. But it still takes a long time to get a cold aircraft off the ground, and in this climate an aircraft is cold within minutes after the engines are cut.

Jet fighters at Thule, the U.S. Greenland base, can take to the air in ninety-four seconds after an alert is sounded, but they are housed in enormous heated hangars. Both ends of the hangar can be raised, the front to let out the aircraft and the rear to let out the gale of its exhaust. Though jets can thus take off from indoors and need no warming up, the cost of the installation is colossal.

Nowhere in the far north, not even at Thule, is there an airport with four-directional runways. So far, apparently, it has been impossible to find enough reasonably flat and dry ground to build more than a single airstrip long enough for jets and four-engined bombers. This means that a crosswind of only 30 mph. is enough to ground all aircraft at any station in the Arctic islands. In an emergency no doubt this safety rule would be ignored and the fighters would try to take off in any weather. But at really high winds it might prove impossible to get them off the ground, and wind speeds at Thule have been recorded several times above 100 mph.

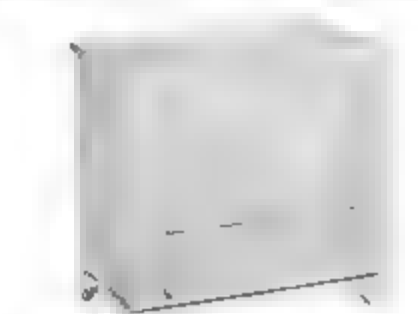
Wind is hard on human beings as well as on machinery. In extreme climates temperature alone means relatively little. The real measure of cold is "wind-chill." Scientists at Fort Churchill have worked out a scale for wind-chill based on the rate of heat loss—so many calories of heat per square metre of surface per hour. Wind-chill is 100 on a calm summer



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day, with the thermometer at 75 degrees Fahrenheit and no wind. When the weather is "very cold" in a forecaster's terms, wind-chill is 1,100. That means 30 degrees below zero on a calm day, but in a 45-mile gale it's "very cold" with the thermometer at 35 above. Exposed flesh freezes at a wind-chill of 1,500. That you can be anywhere from 50 below on a calm day to 15 above in a gale. At wind-chill of 2,400 the weather is so cold that it used to be considered impossible to do anything at all out of doors.

Arctic excursions have since proved this judgment to be defunct. Men can live and do some work in any weather yet known. One day last winter during an Arctic exercise a soldier went to gather spruce boughs when the wind-chill was 2,460. It was about 60 below with a blinding gale blowing. He got lost. His unit sent out a search party which covered the district thoroughly for about two hours. It failed to find the missing man because he, too, had done the right thing: dug himself a snow cave and holed up until the storm moderated. But even the most ardent Arctic enthusiast will admit there isn't

much a man can do outdoors when the wind-chill goes above 2,100. He can live, and with difficulty and discomfort he can move, but he can hardly fight effectively. No one has yet contrived a glove with which a soldier can pull a trigger at extreme temperatures for more than a few moments at a time. Next winter the Defense Research Board plans experiments to prove that in weather conditions relatively commonplace at Churchill it's a waste of time to post a sentry. DRB scientists already know this to be a fact. From personal experience they can testify

that on a cold night with snow blowing, a sentry can neither see nor hear an intruder even a couple of feet away. Now they intend to determine exactly what point of temperature as wind velocity a human sentry becomes useless. If the experiments prove the expected conclusion they will do things save individual soldiers a lot of needless discomfort, and demonstrate the need for a mechanical sentry of some kind. It might be some light portable adaptation of radar, or a field burglar alarm, but in any case it would provide some method of standing watch when human eyes and ears are powerless.

Indoors of course none of these hardships exist. Indeed the casual visitor remembers the Arctic not as cold and bracing but as hot and stuffy. At Churchill the heating system is so relentlessly efficient that rooms are comfortable only when the outside temperature is 20 below or colder. In the married quarters some wives turn off radiators even in the depth of winter, and still find their rooms overheated by the steam pipes underneath.

But these comforts are costly, the costlier the farther north you go. Thule cost an estimated \$350 millions to build—and even that figure may not include the full cost of transport. Thule lies within present bomber range of Moscow and most other Soviet industrial centres. As a deterrent, therefore, or as a springboard for "massive retaliation," Thule is obviously an important part of North American defense. But to construct a fully interlocking system of radar-operated fighter stations we would need dozens of Thules, spotted all over the Canadian Arctic. The cost would be staggering.

Nothing Like a Dame

Almost equally staggering are the physical problems of keeping large numbers of men active and happy in Arctic conditions. Thule offers its 4,100 U.S. Air Force troops every conceivable amenity of the American way of life except, of all things, the flush toilet. Thule is equipped with navy-type "hends" that have to be pumped instead of flushed, in the cold weather the pumps often fail to work. But this was no mere admiral's whim. Thule's toilet system is designed to economize on water. When the base was planned the U.S. Air Force decided it would have to distill fresh water from Haffin Bay. Three enormous distilleries were installed, any two of them big enough to supply the whole base. Then for some obscure official reason this decision was changed, and fresh water is brought in by truck from a lake several miles inland.

Because it's so difficult to provide even such necessities as water, Thule is intended to have no superfluous personnel. Hence it is an all-male community with no married quarters. The effect of this on morale is best described in the song from South Pacific, "There Is Nothing Like a Dame." In spite of all the efforts of the U.S. taxpayer to provide him with every luxury, the GI is unreconciled to the celibate life. To the casual glance it appears that Thule's recreational facilities rather exasperate than relieve this particular hardship. In the officers' club a beautifully appointed building the most prominent feature is a large empty dance floor at which a five-piece orchestra plays dance music each evening.

At Churchill, the only Canadian base remotely comparable to Thule in any respect, about two hundred married quarters have been built and about fifty civilian girls are employed as stenographers. One result is that in

bill the Canadian Army has had build and staff schools, kindergartens and playgrounds. The total resident population at Churchill is more than two thousand, almost equalling the number of Canadian soldiers who receive training at Churchill for brief periods each winter.

Defense spokesmen say all this is worth while—that you can't keep men at remote stations away from their families long enough for them to learn their jobs properly. No doubt this is true but the cost is substantial. The defense department doesn't compute how much it takes to maintain each man each day at Churchill, but construction costs are just double those in the settled areas and it's probable that other costs are proportionately high.

This in spite of the fact that Churchill is relatively accessible. It's a seaport, open for several months every summer. It has real service the year round. You can imagine what it would cost to put such an establishment as Churchill in a place where most or all supplies would have to go in by air. This is the case at Resolute Bay, where a ship calls once a year. At the satellite weather stations which are supplied from Resolute, ships may never get in at all.

Life at the satellite weather stations is real isolation. Eight men go into each for a one-year term. Except for the spring and fall air lifts, and in some cases the summer supply ship, they have no direct contact with the outside world for the whole year. An aircraft goes out from Resolute to drop Christmas mail by parachute, but that plane doesn't land.

A few years ago one of the men at Eureka, on the west coast of Ellesmere Island, developed blood poisoning. A ski-equipped plane went up, carrying a doctor who was willing if necessary to parachute into Eureka, treat the patient and then stay there for the rest of the winter. As it turned out, the plane found a natural landing field on a lake about twenty miles away. It was then necessary to wrap up the patient, strap him to a sled and drag him to the plane with a "weasel," the track-propelled snow vehicle that is the light work horse of the Arctic.

RCAF officers told me about another occasion when the RCAF got a distress call to send a helicopter to Resolute Island, in Hudson Strait, and take out a man who was paralyzed. Since the RCAF didn't have a helicopter near enough to send, the U.S. Air Force took over the mercy flight. When the helicopter arrived the "paralytic" came running out to meet it, hopped in and cried, "Come on boys, let's go." There was nothing wrong with him except that he couldn't bear to stay on Resolute Island another minute. So far as my informants knew, nothing ever happened to him except that he was fired.

But cases like this are rare. In the main, morale seems to be good, not that the boys enjoy their time on isolated stations, but they put up with it cheerfully. Many of them are about to be married, a year in the Arctic is a good way to save the down payment on a house. Each Canadian gets an isolation allowance of \$100 a month with food, quarters and Arctic clothing free. U.S. weathermen get slightly more.

These stations serve both U.S. and Canadian weather bureaus and are jointly financed, but all are under Canadian command. As a gentle and almost facetious reminder that this is Canadian territory, each weather station has two signs outside the door of the main hut: "Canada Post Office" and "Canadian Customs and Immigration." Should any immigrant happen

across the polar ice pack from Greenland or Siberia, the officer in charge at Alert is legally empowered to stamp his passport and examine his luggage.

Life on these stations is quiet but not wholly unattractive. In each man hut is a large bookcase full of books. Most stations have good phonographs and record libraries. Radio keeps them in touch with the outside world. But even for these little groups life has its rough moments. At Mould Bay on Prince Patrick Island they stuck the drinking water outside the kitchen door: blocks of ice chopped out of a

nearby lake. At Isachsen the crew must melt sea ice for drinking water. They use old ice, identifiable because it's blue, from which at least one spring thaw has leached some of the salt. But to the uninitiated it still tastes terrible, even in coffee.

These conditions can be shrugged off by a small group of volunteers, all busy every day at an interesting job. For a large garrison occupied only with the dreary routine of standing guard, they would create a forbidding threat to morale.

Because the RCAF carries supplies to

weather stations, many people think their work has some connection with defense. It hasn't. Weather information is useful to the Air Force, of course, but weather information is also the only thing that we still exchange freely with the Russians. Russian data on Arctic weather have been more extensive than ours, but they give us all they have. Now they too will get the benefit of improved weather reporting in northern North America.

At Churchill only the thinnest pretense is made that the "airborne enemy landing" on which each winter



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exercise is theoretically based, is really apprehended by anyone. Staff officers will tell you, bluntly, that "the possibility of an enemy landing has not been ruled out." They will add, unofficially, the personal opinion that the chances of such an attack are about one in a million.

The doesn't mean that the training and testing that go on at Churchill are worthless. On the contrary, they're regarded as valuable even by Ottawa and Washington. Land fighting may never occur in the Canadian Arctic, but lessons learned there could be useful in many other parts of the world—northern Norway or Sweden, for example, or Manchuria, or Siberia, or the wintery plains east of Moscow. If Allied armies should ever be frost-bound as Hitler was frost-bound beyond Smolensk in the winter of 1941, they would expect Canadians to know how to carry on under those conditions.

Most Canadians don't, of course. That's what the annual exercises at Churchill are for. To teach some of our soldiers how to cope with the climate that foreigners suppose to be normal in this country.

Together about 2,500 men take winter exercises at Churchill each year. They spend days on the trail with the thermometer at maybe 50 below and the wind-chill anywhere up to 2,500. Each man carries a total of about 70 pounds—14 pounds of clothing, a 35-pound rucksack containing bedroll and rations, a eight pound rifle and five or six rounds of ammunition. He also takes his turn. Two men at a time, pulling a supply sled that weighs 110 pounds for a five men and 165 pounds for a ten man tent.

How a Man Gets Tired

He learns that it's possible not only to stay alive under these conditions but to be fairly comfortable. He learns that a tent is kept warm by small stoves burning two gallons of naphtha a day, a test team last winter cut that ration to three pints without discomfort. He tries out better and better types of Arctic equipment and clothing. The white man has not yet devised anything as good as the Eskimo costume of caribou hide, but he can't count on clothing a whole army with Canada's 650,000 caribou.

Aside from what the soldier learns, there's a lot the defense department hopes to learn from him. Researchers are trying, for example, to find a way of measuring fatigue, some index to help a commanding officer decide when his unit has reached the point at which further effort is likely to do more harm than good. They have invented a curious device that looks something like an oversized telegraph key. You're told to put your right hand on a long flat blade and wiggle it up and down as fast as you can for one minute; the machine records the number of strokes. The first 45 seconds are child's play, but in the last fifteen your forearm begins to feel it.

So far, they're quite hopeful that a man's speed with this little machine will prove an accurate measurement of his fatigue. It correlates well with such rule-of-thumb tests as whether or not a man looks tired, and with elaborate physiological tests too complicated for use in the field.

Another experiment is designed to find a way of measuring morale. In this case the instrument is a pack of 180 cards. Each card contains a statement one sentence long. The statements are made in rough soldier's language (there was some trouble persuading the lady-like stenographers to take them all down, when the list was being compiled) but each is very carefully com-

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posed, and each is graded as an expression of morale.

Here's one, for example:

The bastards in charge of this exercise don't know any more about it than we do.

This indicates morale at a rock bottom low—total loss of confidence in the leadership, under conditions that might lead to panic.

At the other end of the scale are expressions of high morale such as these:

This exercise isn't as tough as I thought it would be.

You can get by all right in the Arctic if you use your head.

For form's sake the pack includes a few outbursts of ardent enthusiasm like the "having wonderful time, wish you were here" sort of thing, but no one really expects any soldier to echo these. In practice, either of the statements just above would indicate that morale is first class.

The test itself must be given by a man working with the troops and sharing their living conditions. He takes into each tent a pack of cards for each man including one for himself. He asks the men to read the statements printed on the cards, and to throw into a blanket in the centre of the tent whatever statements they agree with. Statements with which they don't agree are to be kept in the pack and finally put back in an elastic band and turned in that way. The blanket, gathered up at the end of the test, contains a consensus of the men's views—but nobody could ever prove who put in which statement.

Generally speaking, and without benefit of figures so far, the morale on these winter exercises is pretty good. At the outset the average man is afraid of the Arctic. Once there, he finds to his astonishment that he can get on in relative comfort, and he reacts by feeling wonderful. In fact, instructors have to be alert lest overconfidence lead to neglect of necessary routines and precautions.

Not long ago a group of southerners came up from the United States for a test exercise in cold weather. The objective was to find out how men would behave who had never seen snow before, much less slept out at fifty below. On the morning they were supposed to go out on the trail, ninety percent of the group reported sick. But when the exercise was over and it lasted only a week or so, the southern boys were just as competent as Canadian troops.

No one proposes that an entire Canadian army or even a whole Canadian division, should be made up of men who have all taken courses in Arctic warfare. But it is planned quite seriously to have enough officers, NCOs and seasoned men to stiffen, reassure and instruct any Canadian unit that might ever have to wage war in hard winter conditions anywhere. That is the whole purpose of Fort Churchill, and the basic principle of northern defense policy in Canada. The RCAF is flying up there simply to learn how. And the soldiers are learning to live there, both indoors and out.

Some critics think this isn't enough. They don't accept the calm belief that the Russians won't open a major front in the Arctic. They recall the artillery of Singapore, which could be fired only

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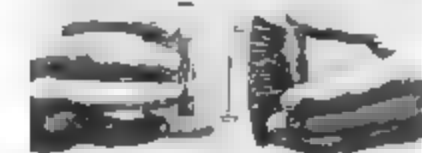


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FLORIDA Orange Juice

Keg River's One-Woman Medical Clinic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

always been doing a necessary job." She made this country fit for settlement," says Theodora M. Paul, a middle-aged English school teacher who taught at Keg River five years before returning to England this fall. "I'm sure I would have died if I hadn't settled in Keg River if she hadn't been here."

Back in 1928 the people of Bannockburn, England, expected great things of Dr. Mary Percy, specialist in obstetrics. But they were expecting she'd become a bush-country heroine, part-time dentist or nursemaid to a cow.

Her academic career was quite distinguished. Professor A. P. Thomson, dean of medicine, wrote from the University of Birmingham recently: "In the final examination of June, 1927 she was awarded the Queen's scholarship as the best all-round candidate of her year. It seemed a little remarkable at the time that a girl of such academic promise should throw her immediate opportunities aside in favor of life on the frontier."

But the Alberta government was looking for doctors who could double as nurses in the north. Since women doctors were more plentiful in England the government advertised in a British medical journal for "English well-qualified women doctors, physically strong and capable of taking complete charge of any type of emergency with no hospital. The ability to ride a horse would be an advantage."

The Lessons She Learned

The ad intrigued Dr. Percy, a vigorous girl with unflattering round-rimmed spectacles that gave her an owl-like look. She loved to ride horseback but rarely had the time or money. She decided to take the job for one year.

Aglow with adventure she boarded the *Empress of Scotland* in June 1929 and a month later traveled one hundred miles north of Peace River, Alberta, on a river barge. Then the romance began to wear off. She disembarked for a bone-shaking eleven-hour eighteen-mile wagon ride with her 29 pieces of baggage. The temperature was 95 degrees and the air thick with mosquitoes.

Her home, at her first practice near Notikewin, was a fourteen-by-twenty-foot shack. Her drinking water came from a river in which a woman upstream washed shirts and a bridge-building gang took baths. Her horse, a temperamental creature frequently broke loose and galloped thirty or forty miles away overnight.

She often had to ford rivers and often fell in, to the glee of the natives. At first she rode out impeccably attired in breeches, riding habit and boots. After an average twenty miles a day she couldn't pull the boots from her swollen feet at night, so eventually she changed to more practical moccasins and buckskin jacket. When winter came her moccasins froze to the stirrups, her groceries froze in the shack while she was on the trail and her nose and fingers froze and peeled with monotonous regularity.

Once she rode 90 miles on a sleigh in sub-zero weather with a fractured skull patient. The delirious patient occasionally tried to get up and walk, but they reached hospital in nineteen hours without mishap and he recovered. An auto trip to hospital with an appendicitis case took her twenty hours in deep mud. During one eight-

day period she spent one and a half nights in bed, rode 180 miles on horse back and made a 100-mile trip to hospital with a patient in a sleigh headed by enterprising tractor.

But she took everything in her stride. Her letters to England bubbled with good humor. "My shack is snug as a pig." "We're going to have a secretary. They'll need one if I go on at this rate, three deaths in two months." "I'm more in love with this country than ever. It's just like living in a book—in the films."

The settlers flocked in from miles around, sometimes with ailments they'd seived up for years. After a day on the road she usually found clusters of notes fluttering from her door—somebody had had a baby or chopped off a toe or caught pneumonia.

She never refused a case. One of her first patients was a half-breed with an aching wisdom tooth.

I bared my brawny right arm, gave a colossal pull and nearly went back wards through the window but I got it," she recalls. Her reputation as a dentist quickly spread. One man walked twenty miles, had ten teeth pulled, then walked home in a blizzard. Another came 140 miles for dental work. Nowadays she tries to send all dental cases to qualified dentists.

In her spare moments that first year she shot grouse, ate moose, skated on the river, attended her first rural dance (and came away with feet well tramped by hobnailed boots) and suddenly realized that she didn't want to leave the north.

Once she wrote home: "The snow is a mysterious sort of deep-blue color under the northern lights. The stars seem nearer and brighter and sparkle fiercely in the cold. The silence here is different from any quietness one gets in England. You can stand and listen for ten minutes without hearing the slightest sound. I love the sleigh drives, too, and the jingle of bells and the squeak of runners on the packed snow."

One day in 1930 Frank Jackson, a widower who had farmed at Keg River since 1918, came to the doctor with an infected finger. The two had much in common, including their enthusiasm for the north and their ability to cope with its rigors. Jackson, a lean leathery man with a wry sense of humor, is a master of practically every trade. He built the three-bedroom farmhouse himself, even to chopping trees and sawing planks. He installed hot-air heating, electric lights, plumbing and a green-tiled bathroom. He made canoes and bookcases and finished them off with ornamental carving. He's a self-taught taxidermist and mechanic. In 1953 he was named a Master Farmer of Alberta, an annual award for general proficiency given only to five farmers in the province.

Jackson and Mary Percy were married in 1931 and the doctor dropped her government job.

"I didn't intend to keep on with medicine," she says. "I don't really hold with married women having another job. But when people were ill I couldn't refuse them."

Jackson, who often refers proudly to his wife as "the doctor," didn't object to her double life. Patients continued to send for Dr. Jackson, but now the messengers stayed behind to finish the doctor's dinner dishes or baby-sit with her children. Now she reads cook-books as well as the Canadian Medical Journal.

Her two jobs complement each other. Bush doctoring takes the boredom out of housework; indeed, sometimes, it's too dramatic for comfort. One winter night she was called to a pneumonia patient. It was 65 below. She treated the patient (who later recovered) with



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Fred Carpenter, the world's richest Eskimo, plies delta in big schooner



Dorothy Robinson is a delta-land teacher. Her Eskimo pupils come and go like wandering gypsies



Rev. Tom Umack is a delta minister, the only ordained Eskimo in the world. He's at Tuktuq Anglican church.



Beverly Semmler helps her father raise mink deep in delta at the world's farthest-north fur farm.



Charlie Stuart, 73, is the son of HBC man who founded Akavik, the delta's biggest settlement.

The Mysterious North

Continued from page 18

words of Father Lesage, the Minister's cousin, an Oblate priest with a generation of experience on the river, "the trapper is becoming obsolete."
For the next seven days, as he traveled up and down the delta and along the Arctic coast and back up river, Jean Lesage heard the same tale over and over again: from priests in long black robes from Montreal, sweating in a custom-made scarlet from prim earnest schoolmasters in claphood classrooms, from Anglican missionaries over cups of tea from Eskimo leaders, wrinkled and ancient, and Indian chiefs in blue-velvet suits. And always the problem was the same—a land of feast and famine.
For a week I traveled with Jean Lesage and his party in pilot Max Ward's spanking-new Otter aircraft. We flew first over the delta country, that enormous olive-green sponge that stretches for 6,000 square miles between mountains and oceans. From the air it is a land punctured by a million ponds with a network of muddy brown channels winding hither and yon from horizon to horizon—a sight spectacular in its monotony, a labyrinth of water and musk that sweeps on for 125 miles. Here in these ponds and channels the muskrats breed in hundreds of thousands.
The season loomed out of the horizon and below us appeared one of those

Arctic puzzles that make the north so intriguing. Here were the strange cone-shaped mounds, a hundred feet or so high that Eskimos and geologists alike call "pingoes." Peculiar to this delta shore, and they're covered with lake-bottom vegetation and their core is solid blue ice. They seem to have sprouted from the old lake bottoms, like milk squeezing from a frozen bottle.
An analogy as near to an explanation as the scientists have been able to come. Side by side with the pingoes on the green-sader tundra lay the patterns of the polygons, the five- and six-sided cracks in the ground caused, it is thought, by ice lenses forming in the soil and drawing the moisture from the ground into little cracks like desert clay.
On the horizon we could see the ice blink—the odd adverbial glare that is the reflection of the polar cap. Far off in the black sea lay the low bald profile of Richards Island. Here we landed and were treated to a strange sight.
It was roundup time in the Arctic. Walled off in a long corral in the heart of the island was a heavy mass of reindeer. There were fifteen hundred of them, a straggling ocean of antlers and snouts. On the rim of the corral Eskimo women perched with their babies, watching as the herders let the reindeer through, counted and sorted the herd, castrated the young bull

calves, killed those fawns whose horns had been ripped from the scalp. The scene was reminiscent of a prairie roundup. On y-bow the herders and spectators wore parkies and the reindeer had antlers. In place of the prairie grasses, lichens grew with bright patches of yellow daisies and white Arctic cotton and red crowberries, which the Eskimo women preserve for the winter in the stomachs of whales. I plucked a tiny trailing vine from the muskeg. It was a birch tree, perhaps half a century old.
There are five reindeer herds in the Arctic now. The original 2,370 animals, trucked from Alaska, at great pain and labor, have increased to 8,000. They supply fresh meat for the delta country and a new way of life for the twelve Eskimo families who look after them. Here, in a small way, is one solution to the fur problem. But it will be a slow and tedious process to turn the nomadic Eskimo into a herdsman or into anything else for that matter: potato grower, boat builder, airport worker or miner.
A day or so later we flew south, following the Mackenzie valley to the little town of Arctic Red River. Below us lay the various natural phenomena of the river country: the blood-red lakes with the bright green borders, the ancient yellow channels and old pond

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bottoms, the "drunken forests" where spindly spruce trees reel like intoxicated men. The red lakes are caused by bacteria which draw the iron from the water and oxidize it into rust. The green borders are masses of *ephorbia*, the red-ke *aristida* that grows so thickly it often fills up the shallow ponds and channels until they vanish. The drunken forests are caused by permafrost. The roots, unable to penetrate the sod, run lazily until the tree grows top-heavy.

The little town of Arctic Red River perched on the bank above us as we landed. Northern villages are all of a pattern, composed equally of police, Hudson's Bay and mission compound, either clustered in groups or stretched in a thin line along the river.

On the hill above stood the fair-weather white flag, the tower of the Oblate fathers, that remarkable order of Roman Catholics whose missions stretch north from Lac la Pêche to the shadow of the pole. Most of them come straight from France and stay all their lives far from civilization's rim. One of them, Father Peter Henry, once lived in a cave at Pelly Bay because no ship could reach him with another. Finally he built a mission house of stone and mud.

I remember one cold February day, years ago, landing on the Laird River in an old bankers' motorboat. Down from the bank came a very little man in a parka, cracking us with a team of huskies, his face hard as leather, his eyes bright and black. He looked as though he had been born to the north but he was an Oblate father just six weeks out of Paris. He and his kind have been in the north for a century. There are sixty of them now in twenty-six missions like the one at Arctic Red

"But as for the Indian's life, carrying him to a happier world. He even gambles to them"

River on the banks of the Mackenzie.

Now down the trail to the beach where our game was mounted came the three symbols of the north: the two priests in their long wool robes, the heavy crosses at their waists, the two policemen in scarlet tunics and wide hats like figures from a new *Cinema-Scope* production, the Hudson's Bay manager in a neat business suit. God, Justice and Commerce all represented on the shores of the Mackenzie. In this little knot was written the history of the three phases of the white man in the north: first the friar, next the church, finally the government. And on the shore, in grayer groups, sat the reason for it all: the young Indian girls giggling softly, the old men impassive as stone. Before the white men came there were 14,000 of these Athapascan peoples, ranging from the Chipewyans on Hudson Bay to the Lule and the northern Yukon. Now there are fewer than 5,000. In a few more years they might have solved the native problem of dying out. But now they are on the increase, and this is why cabinet ministers must venture north of the Arctic Circle.

Merv Hurdie, the young Liberal MP for the 20,000 square mile Mackenzie River district, was bringing some of his constituents forward.

"Come on, Edward," Merv said. "Tell 'em."

Edward Nazon, second chief of the Arctic Red Loucheux, made little marks on the grass with his toe. "Well," he said finally, "it's like this." Then he stopped.

"Please, sir," the Minister said. "Please see free to tell me your problems. Please speak frankly, sir. That is why I have come here."

"Well," the Indian began. "We're having a hard time around this country, you know." And once again we heard the familiar story. Trapping no longer was enough to support the Indians. Some didn't even bother to trap. But there was nothing else to do.

"Look at me," said Edward Nazon. "I got a family of eight. How can I support an on fifteen marten? What am I gonna do? I been looking for a job. Where can I get a job?"

They stood around him, the Indians and the young men from Ottawa in their flannels and tweeds. Gordon Robertson, the 36-year-old Rhodes scholar and deputy minister, Dr. Gordon Sted, graduate of the London School of Economics, Maurice Lamontagne, fresh from the masters of Laval. There was the problem: what were these people to do? The mines don't want to hire them. Neither do the oil companies nor the air lines nor the boats that ply the river. All these at great expense and high turnover, import white workers from the Outside.

They feel they must do this because the native's background and make-up have not fitted him to work disciplined hours. The Indian often vanishes with his first pay cheque which he spends immediately. By white standards he is a child who lives only for the day. He does not stock his larder but buys food enough for on y one or two meals at a time. His first purchases, before food, are likely to be yeast and raisins with which he concocts a potful of "brew." He drinks it before it has time to become potent but nonetheless it intoxicates him. His second purchases are almost certain to be tea and tobacco. Only then, if he has more money, will he buy the flour and baking powder which, mixed in a pan with water, make the staple hannock that he devours with his half-cooked fish.

But sometimes he buys no food at all. His money, his goods, his drafty grey tent, even his wife, all these may have been lost to him in the wild gambling parties which, along with the brew-ups and the drum dances and the casual sex, are his chief amusements.

The skin drums are his life and they transport him into a happier world of rhythm. He dances in a circle, hour after hour until dawn, chanting a wordless tune, his feet executing a nimble step that few white men have been able to follow.

He even gambles to the drums. His game is almost a ritual for every movement of the two teams involved is made to their nascent rhythm. The rules differ from tribe to tribe but the essentials are the same. The facing teams pass a small object from hand to hand. When the drums cease the opposite side must guess where the object is. All night the drums pound, the players

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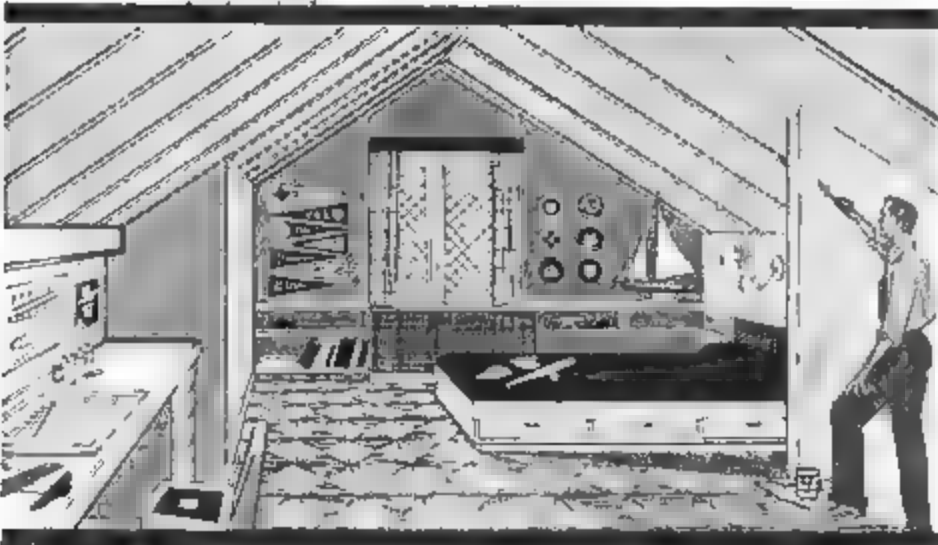
Art classes are held once a week in Yellowknife where residents have learned to invent own fun.



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Blueberries are a delicacy. They dapple Arctic hillsides in September.



The Arctic char, caught in the sea, has a rich flesh resembling salmon.

pass the shortstick, the onlookers sway and make side bets, cheering louder and louder as the drums grow more insistent until the gamblers use their power of speech, ending with their possessions.

Thus then, a strange foreigner in the new Minister of Northern Affairs found himself peeping into the hark of the Mackenzie. He left it with his problems still unresolved, but all noted carefully on truck pads of paper to be translated into various official memoranda. Then he flew off in a new part of the north, the country of the young boom.

In its own way, this country too is a land of feast and famine. Ever since the beginning when Froisher brought back his gold to the Cape of St. James's and Heene dubbed an Arctic river "the Coppermine," the north has been thought of as mining country. This was confirmed beyond man's wildest dreams in 1897 when one of history's strongest movements made the word "Kondike" a synonym for sudden wealth. A hundred thousand miners flocked north. They tripped over most of the country that was to know later stampedes. They found lead in the south shore of Great Slave and gold on the Yukon. They saw the richest bloom on the high peaks of Great Bear Lake and the oil seeping from the banks near Fort Norman. But none profited because, except for the

Yukon placer gold, none of it was worth developing in the days before the airplane.

It was along this trail of the average mining boom that we now flew from Norman Wells to Port Radium to Yelken. It was, as it were, ruled across the forest stretch of the survey lines cut by half a dozen oil companies. There is no doubt now that a vast sea of petroleum lies under the mass and musk of the Liard and Mackenzie, as far north as the Arctic islands where tundra, tundra, still unexplained formations, the salt domes, have been found.

Norman Wells, a thousand miles northwest of Edmonton, is the only river settlement not dependent on Fort. It looks quite different from the other towns with its fat storage tank and gas-hoisted homes trimmed with lawns and lawns. But like the other towns it has had its boom and its doldrums. The first boom followed World War I when an Imperial Oil gusher tumbled off a well stamped. Men poured over the mountains from the Yukon and down the river from Alberta, dragging their sleds ashore and suffering the usual penalties of famine, scurvy and exposure that accompanied all the early rushes. As usual, only a handful made money. A resourceful river pilot Sam Bayne saw one canoe for \$1,000 months before he staked it. A prospector named Billy George made \$25,000 and spent it all in a winter

Norman Wells was back to elm times almost as quickly as Billy George was back washing dishes. Its two wells, drilled by Imperial Oil, were capped in 1925. One was reopened when a drum was found at Great Bear. But it wasn't until World War II that the second boom came. Sixty-one wells went into production. Once again men peered down the river to build the Canol pipeline to carry oil to Alaska and provide the north with another ghost town. There it lies today across the river a tangle of rotting Nussen huts and warehouses jammed with thousands of spare parts long since obsolete. The pipeline road still winds through the mountains, a ghost highway, its trestles washed away, its right of way jammed by slides.

Here is the dilemma of the oil country: only in wartime is it practical to export oil from Norman Wells. Only enough is produced now to supply the north. Production is now only one-fifth of what it was in 1944. Port Radium, just two hundred miles away, is the Wells' nearest customer, and yet even here the price of light diesel is more than doubled by transport costs. Still, the search for oil goes on against the day when pipelines will be practical and new boom towns dot the Mackenzie valley.

Now we were flying up Great Bear River, whose rapids help increase transport costs. Ahead lay the dark blue

expanse of Great Bear Lake, that enormous biological desert, so cold that no plankton live in its deepest waters and fish never leave the shore line. Old tankers are useless here for the water is so cold it would thicken the oil and it wouldn't pump.

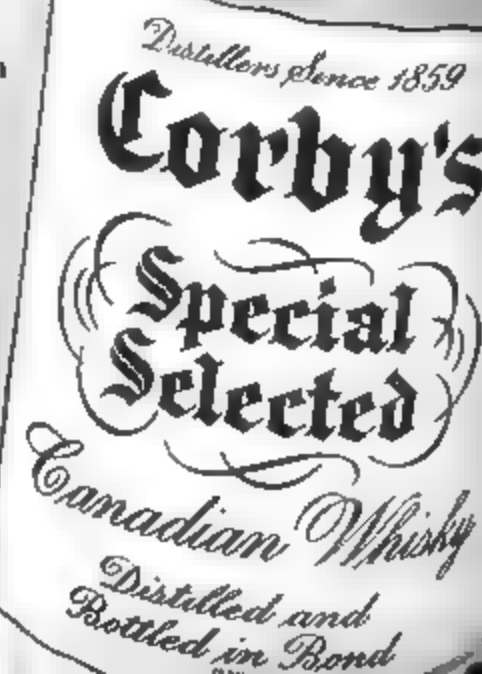
Great Bear is one of a chain of lakes, some huge, some tiny, that was formed in ancient days from water collecting in vast sheets at the edge of the receding glaciers that covered the great Canadian shield. Below us we could see the start of the Pre-Cambrian formation. Here is the oldest rock anywhere in the world, an ancient mountain range sandpapered to ground level by two billion years of erosion. This rocky shield covers two-fifths of Canada and most of the great mineral discoveries of the past half century have been made not far from its rim.

There it lay before us, the spine of Canada, a rocky backbone rising from the cold margin of the lake and stretching off into the far horizons for a thousand miles and more, lake upon lake, rock upon rock, as desolate and empty as a dead planet in a science-fiction novel. The shield is at once the blessing and the curse of the north. The wealth lies here, the gold of Yellowknife, the uranium of Bear and Beaverlodge, the lead and zinc of Great Slave, the iron of Ungava, all these and a host of minerals yet undiscovered. But the shield is also the great barrier to the north.



Grown old gracefully...

Age is a great mellow.
It brings with it a
gracious appreciation
of good friends with
which to share one's
leisure hours.



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may be able to start development. Since leaving Pine Point, I have been traveling down the Mackenzie writing this report and, from the vantage point of a tugboat, contemplating the difficult problem of northern transportation. Now I have reached Fort Simpson the very little century-old town perched high on the Mackenzie where I am writing these present words before taking off on a party across the river. In front of me the wide river rolls past the town in a great unbroken flow to the west its greater tributaries, the muddy Red and Athabasca, join

150 miles the two streams, one blue, one yellow, run side by side until they finally mingle. The easiest way to transport freight is down the river system. It is still expensive enough to make the price of most groceries and to wonder for there are so many rapids that every parcel being shipped must be handled by men on foot from Edmonton. The last legs for a staggering problem. They must be hauled with shallow draft boats or three feet to navigate the rapids and shallows. Even then they often change propellers each trip

from scraping their hulls on the rocks. But in the lakes the shallow draft becomes a liability. The tugs, boats about like corks. The barges heavy and hunk. If a storm comes up all the barges that are normally pushed ahead of the tug must be strung out for half a mile or a mile on a towline. When we crossed Great Slave Lake it was glassy as a mill pond. One morning we rolled badly enough to send the cook to his quarters. But this was nothing to the real storms when waves rise over the decks and the wind blows so hard the 1,500-horsepower motors

can't turn the tug around. It is these delays, at lakes and rapids and portages that raise the cost of freight and help explain why soda pop sells for thirty-five cents a bottle at Simpson. The high freight costs explain, too, why the Mackenzie and Liard valleys haven't developed into rich farming areas as the Peace has. There is farmland here but only a handful of farmers. I met one on the main street, a hunky man in overalls named Postner Brown. For twenty-seven years Brown has farmed thirty acres, grossed as much as \$4,000 a year and never known a crop failure. He keeps thirty-six cattle. One winter at 68 below, seven of them calved successfully. Brown's big crop is not toes but he cuts alfalfa twice each summer and one season he ripened eighty watermelons. At Fort Simpson a federal government experimental farm, John Gilbey, a chipper Englishman, has for seven years grown just about everything that thrives on the prairie. Lilacs, honeysuckle and spirea bloom in his garden among peonies and delphiniums. Crab apples wintered successfully last year though the thermometer recently moved above zero from December to Easter. He has good crops of corn and tomatoes three years out of five and cucumbers almost every year. Such conditions exist all the way down river almost as far as the Arctic Circle.

This does not mean the Canadian north is an agricultural paradise as some enthusiasts suggest. There are one million acres of arable alluvial soil here, not a great amount in a land so vast. It has the further disadvantage of being scattered in isolated pockets of fifteen to 1,500 acres. From these areas unattended tons of potatoes could be mined but there is no use farming on a larger scale for no one can foresee the day when it will be practical to export farm produce from the Mackenzie. All the same there is room for more farms on the Mackenzie. Canadian Army Signals here, for instance, still imports potatoes from California.

An Entirely Different North

So far this report has been concerned almost entirely with the western north, the land of big rivers, thick forests, airports, gold mines, logboats, prospectors and mining and fur towns. Almost all the white population of the Canadian north lives in the western half of it. All the great mineral discoveries, except the nickel of Rankin Inlet and the iron of Labrador, have been made here. If the north has a banana belt, this is it.

But six hundred miles away, on the other side of Canada, lies another entirely different north. The vast wastes of Keewatin and Franklin stretch off to the east and northeast still largely unmapped and unpopulated, devoid of any hope of agriculture and forestry, scarcely scratched by the prospector's pick. Except for tiny isolated communities, this eastern land in the Hudson Bay area is much as it was in the days before the white man.

These are lands that still know starvation and tragedy. On Boothia Peninsula not long ago, an Eskimo youth named Beriykoot camped with custom by garroting his 45-year-old mother at her own request. She was in an advanced state of TB. On Foxe Basin, in the winter of 1948, a man and two boys starved to death slowly and painfully while searching for a meat cache. The wife and daughter survived by eating the cadavers.

I visited the eastern Arctic this June before coming to the Mackenzie country, where I am writing this report. The contrast between one side of the Canadian north and the other is so

sharp that one might be exploring two different worlds.

I set off from Ottawa early one June morning, in a Spartan Airways plane, jammed with scientists. The expedition was one of several sponsored each year by the Arctic Institute. It was headed for Bylot Island a spectacular but almost unknown pin point in the ocean just off the tip of Baffin Island.

The impetus for the expedition didn't come from scientists at all but from three enthusiastic bird watchers. One was Rosario Mazzeo, bass clarinetist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The others were Axel Roan, the vice-president of the Book-of-the-Month Club and his wife. Like many Americans they had always had a yen to visit the Arctic. So they organized an expedition.

Now here they all were, jammed aboard the aircraft, the two Roans, five scientists and one scientist's wife. Only Mazzeo was missing. To his undying disappointment his musical duties kept him home.

Dr. William Drury, the thin spectacled Harvard professor in charge, told me what he and his colleagues planned. They would land at Pond Inlet and take their supplies to Bylot by sled. Few men have been to Bylot which is virtually unmapped and unexplored. Here for six weeks the scientists would try to fit another piece into the northern jigsaw puzzle studying animal and bird life, permafrost, the Eskimos and the mountains.

We were flying over the grey twilight land that skirts Henry Hudson's huge inland sea—a ragged monochrome of grey-green lichen, broken by patches of black stunted spruce and thousands of round little ponds. It runs back from the shore line for three hundred miles, flat and unmaping, the most monotonous country on the continent. No human soul, native or white, lives or travels here. No tell tale pillar of smoke curls up from the land. No trail or trap line crosses it. No hut or cabin breaks the tedium. Even the animals are scarce for this is old sea bottom, a wet, flat forbidding country of silt and moss, lichen and muskeg.

Only from the air does this dismal terrain take on drama. On the edge of the old sea bottom a strange formation showed through the cotton-wool clouds. The lakes changed shape and ran straight as rulers until they looked more like canals. The bays and islands took on similar shapes. Long ridges, straight as Roman walls, appeared between the lines of water. The whole land assumed a grooved appearance like a carefully ploughed field after a shower. These ridges, which are found from Hudson Bay to the barrens are called drumlins. They are the tracks of the great Keewatin ice sheet that once slid southward grooving the land from the Arctic to Minnesota.

The drumlin came and went. There were other odd sights. Shapeless tawny patches with black uneven lines, like enormous tiger skins, began to appear.

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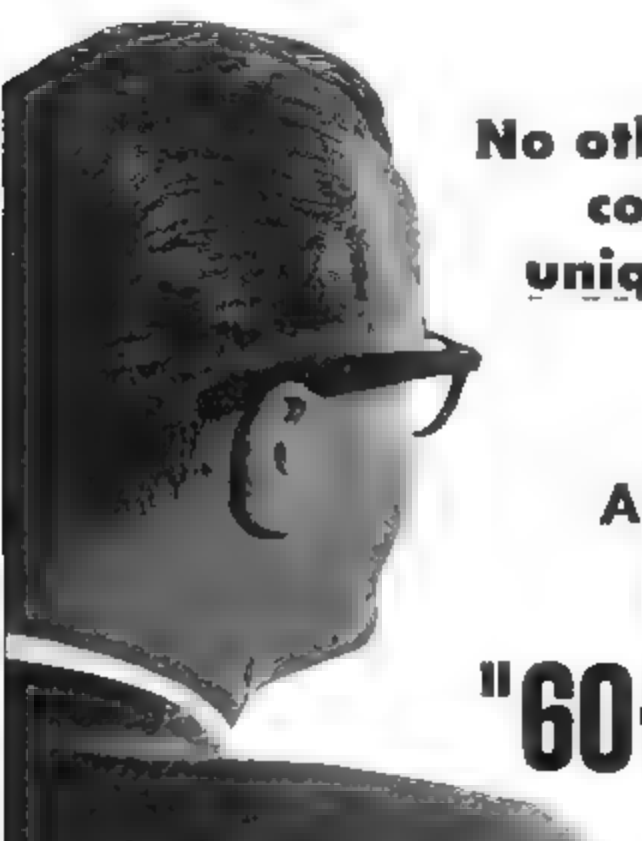
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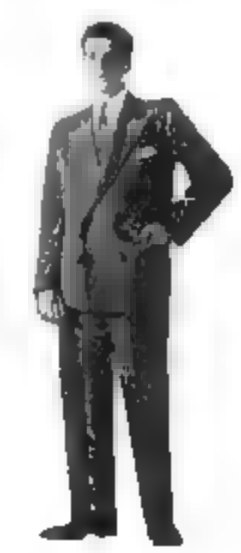
There is no explanation for them yet but most scientists think they are caused by the yellow bogs freezing and thawing and humping the black peat into ridges above the sphagnum. Now the land sloped gently off toward Hudson Bay in a series of terraces marking each successive beach line in the gradual shrinking of the inland sea. For the bay is vanishing. In pre-glacial times it was a great river flowing across a wide plain. The glaciers pushed the land down and when they retreated water filled the hollow. Now the land is rising again like a compressed sponge.

and the waters are retreating. The rise is measurable by the remnants of old Eskimo fish traps built on tide line and now thirty to eighty feet above sea level. Aconia hence the great Bay may once again be a plain with a river flowing through its heart. Suddenly as we flew northwest summer vanished and the lakes below us were frozen white. Below us lay Churchill, the oldest civilized settlement in the north stark as the rock on which it is built. The starkness is emphasized by the grey and white buildings which blend with the monochrome of the landscape. The surroundings are all grey—the waters of the bay are battleship grey, the gravel of the beach is ash-grey, the lichens and grasses which form the only foliage are low-grey and the rock is blue-grey. It is the same ancient Pre-Cambrian rock that skirts the shores of Great Bear Lake, hundreds of miles away. As much as the beaver and the maple leaf it deserves to be the emblem of Canada.

We stayed overnight in Churchill, the historic town founded three centuries ago by Jens Munk, the son of a Danish nobleman. Sixty of his ship-



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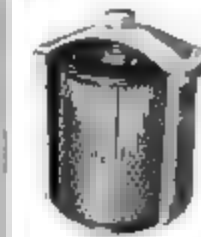
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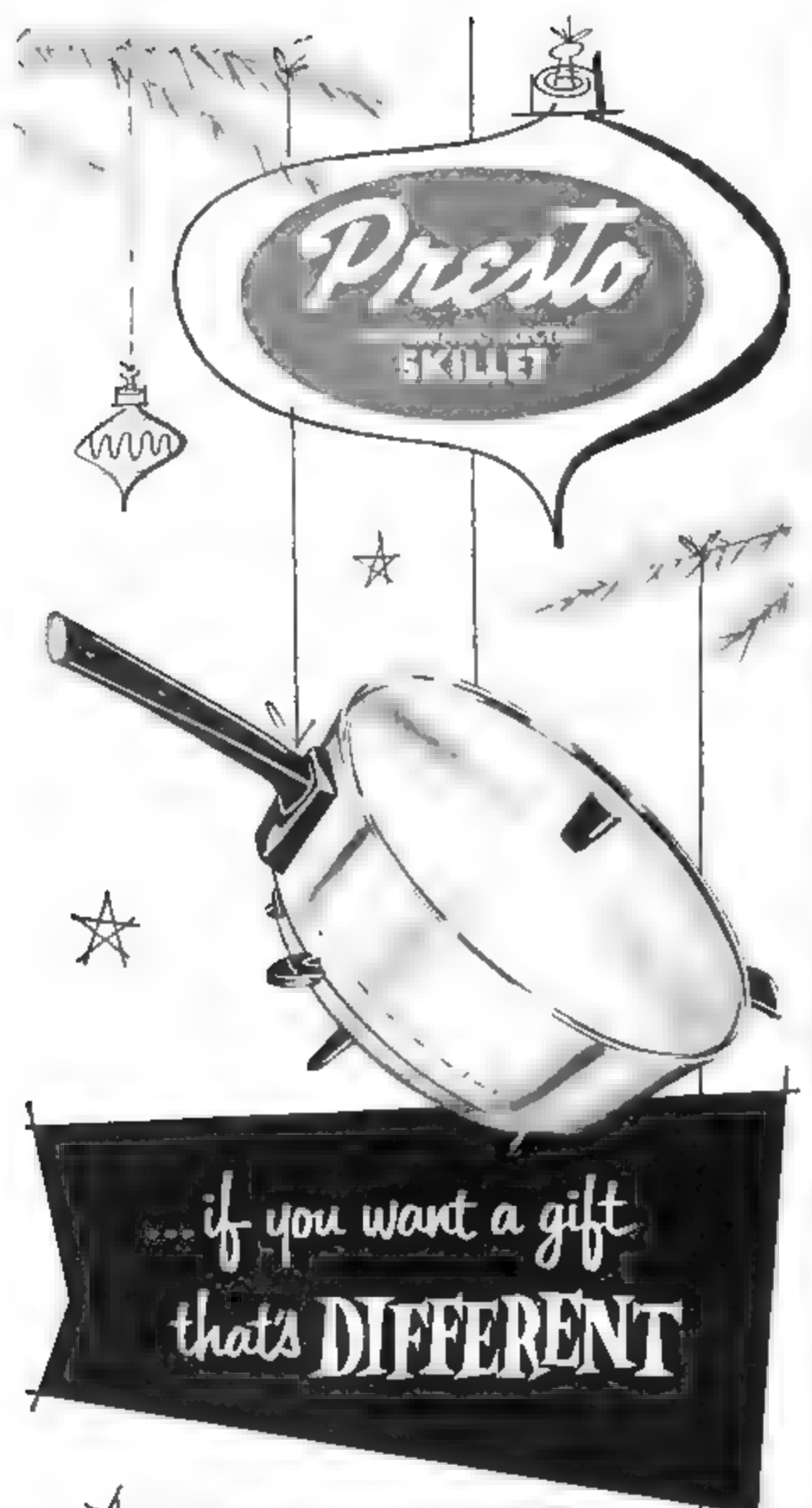
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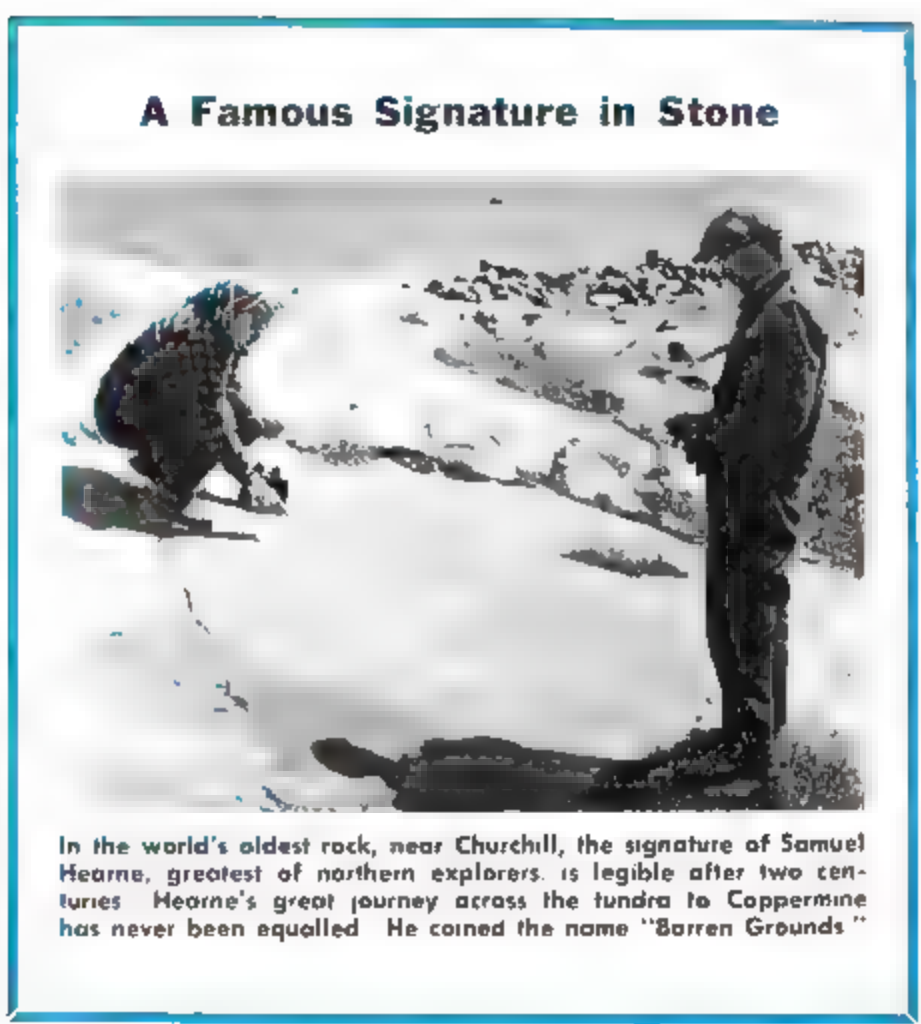
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In the world's oldest rock, near Churchill, the signature of Samuel Hearne, greatest of northern explorers, is legible after two centuries. Hearne's great journey across the tundra to Coppermine has never been equalled. He coined the name "Barren Grounds."

notes that there is a very exposed frostbite and gangrene. It is Samuel Hearne's own tale. It was built as an impregnable fortress, but even the doughty Hearne couldn't hold against three French warships. The French commander was a giant man and a ferocious foe. One of the conditions of Hearne's mission was that his journal of exploration be published.

Today Churchill, with a population of three thousand is a great port and has a very important role in the north. It is a place where the white whale hunt by the Indians on the coast and the Indians and the Eskimos have a very important role in the north. It is a place where the white whale hunt by the Indians on the coast and the Indians and the Eskimos have a very important role in the north.

Next morning we flew northeast across the bleak bay, its ice sheet broken and veined below us, with the line now gliding in the slushy water in the channels. At noon the ice was broken by the desolate expanse of Southampton Island, a solid treeless lowland rising from the mottled sea, the snow lying in long drifts between the ridges of the Canadian rock. Not since the Aleutians have I seen anything more imposing. On the coast larger than I could live twelve men. Right person and Department of Transport employees.

When a summer? I asked the sergeant who greeted us on landing. "He said that is summer," the sergeant answered.

Here at Cape Harlan, her another wartime ghost city equipped for 2,000 men by the U.S. Air Force, now a wreckage of unoccupied buildings, thousands of truck parts, stacks of

"A swirling mixture of dogs and Eskimos, and a little girl crying for her mother"

shot him away. Dr. Drury wanted to start immediately on the RCMP on a slightly better break the news that the sled was eight feet in his way.

There are a dozen communities like Pond Inlet in the eastern Arctic. The population at Pond consists of two Baymen, two RCMP constables, two Orthodox priests, an Anglican missionary and 255 Eskimos. Of these, the two Roman Catholic priests have the most thankless task for all the Eskimos except three families are Anglican and always have been. Both denominations arrived at the settlement the same year a generation ago, but the Anglicans brought their bishop with them and the Eskimos bowed to the higher authority. They rarely change the creed and the priests have little or no chance of making conversions. (Two of the three Catholic families were imported from a predominantly Catholic community.) Nonetheless they maintain the mission. One of them, Father Daniels, a bearded, gnomic little man from Britain, has been here nineteen years and has been outside only once in all that time. He will remain here for most of his life, walled off from the world, nurturing his tiny little flock, and the old man no longer fit for duty.

Three-year tour at Pond when I arrived and had promptly signed up for three years more.

We were sitting in Pete Murdoch's house, built by the Hudson's Bay Company on architectural lines that have become a northern pattern. Like most Hudson's Bay men who aren't Scotch, Pete is a Newfoundlander.

Come on, Pete said. "It's time to go. I'll call a taxi."

A big sled pulled by a dozen dogs sled up beside the door. It was 2 a.m. The sun shone brightly and the little Eskimo children in their parkas were all playing around the tents. The scientists and all gone to bed. Pete said he probably wouldn't go to bed for another day or so. Pond Inlet doesn't run on any scheduled hours.

Off we dashed across the ice to the lug plane, the Eskimos laughing and shouting and pushing each other off into the snow like happy puppies. We had two more passengers, two gnarled little women, both almost blind from an eye infection, bound for an outside hospital. They were quite bewildered and terrified as Pete helped them into the plane.

"Just a minute," somebody said. "Here's Annie. She wants to say goodbye to her mother."

An Eskimo girl clambered into the aircraft and stood in front of one of the little old women, who was squeezed tightly into a corner. They talked for a few moments and then the girl began to cry.

"It's all right, Anne," Pete Murdoch said, "they'll be back soon." He led her away gently, still crying softly to herself. That was my last view of Pond Inlet, the crowd of grinning Eskimos all waving good-bye, the swirling mass of dogs and harness, the thin line of bandings on the shore, the broad expanse of ice glistening in the sunlight, and a little girl crying for her mother.

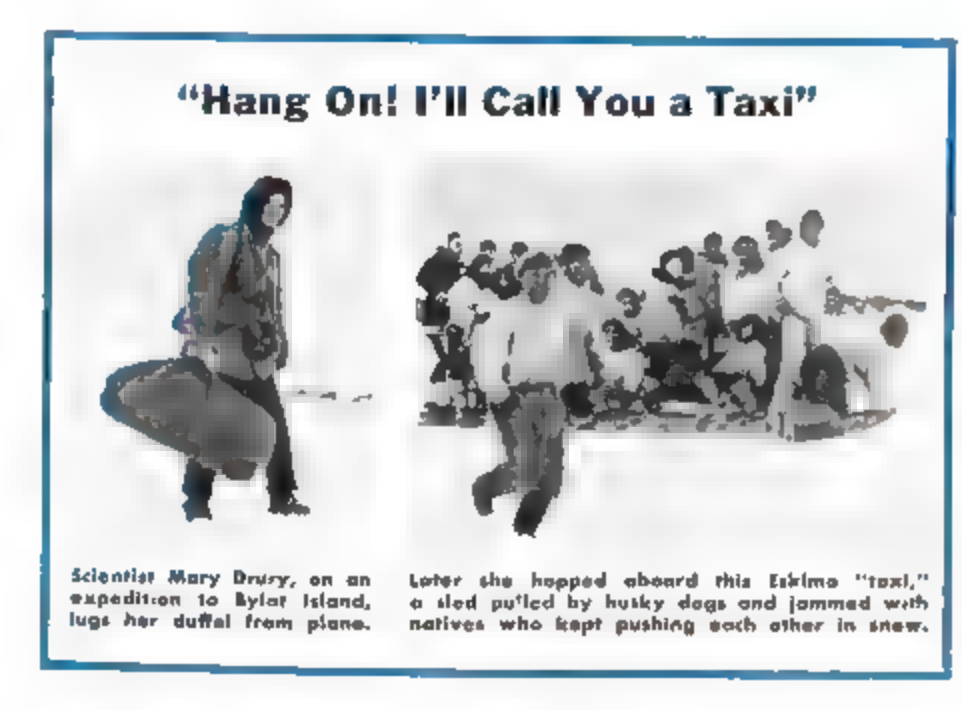
Since writing the preceding words I have crossed another section of the north. This is the emptiest land of all, the vast Arctic tundra that Samuel Hearne named the Barren Grounds. The bulk of the land country lies between the wooded Mackenzie valley on the west and Hudson Bay on the east, but the tips of the Yukon, Quebec and Labrador are also treeless, as well as all the Arctic islands. Indeed, there are

No Cash at Pond Inlet

It is only the Eskimo that keeps any whites in settlements like Pond. The Hudson's Bay is here to trade for fox furs, the only exportable commodity. The police are not here to keep law and order for it is a crimeless community. The tasks are less colorful and consist chiefly of distributing family allowances. These aren't given in cash but in vouchers for certain staples that can be bought at the trading post. In fact there is little or no cash at Pond Inlet. Life runs on the ancient barter system.

In the winter the police go on thousand-mile patrols for fifty days at a time. They live in snowhouses each night but keep on paying board and lodging to the government nonetheless. Like everybody else in the north they are here by choice and the life on this treeless, lonely beach, visited once a year by a supply ship and occasionally by an aircraft, fascinates them. Constable Doug Moodie, a neat good-looking Montrealer, had just finished his

"Hang On! I'll Call You a Taxi"



Scientist Mary Drury, on an expedition to Bylot Island, and a sled pulled by husky dogs and jammed with natives who kept pushing each other in snow.



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enter the Thelon Game Sanctuary. For this great preserve has the toughest restrictive laws in the world. No one is allowed within its 15,000 square miles without a permit and permit is rare. Since its establishment in 1926 until recently hardly a soul ventured here. Now the door has opened a crack and a few scientific parties have peered across the Thelon as a scientific society unique in the world, a land where tundra and tree-line merge. Here robins nest alongside Lapland larks, and martins and wolverines mingle with musk ox herds.

and caribou. Fish lie thick in the waters. When I was in the Thelon a Harvard man caught a two-foot pike using a tomato-can lid as a spoon and a bent nail as a hook. We landed at a point called Grassy Island where a group of eight American scientists were trying to capture musk ox calves alive without killing any animals, a feat never before attempted. Of all northern creatures the musk ox is the most mysterious. It has been said that its clinical record wouldn't fill two pages. John Teal, a big square-jawed anthropologist who

is vice-president of the Vermont Animal Research Foundation, wanted to study musk-ox breeding habits and knew the only way to do it was to rear young animals in captivity. Teal has some theories about the north. Sheep, goats and cattle, he points out, are really tropical animals that need artificial tropical conditions such as heated barns to survive North American winters. Why, he reasons, shouldn't we try to domesticate animals such as the musk ox already adapted to the environment? Musk-ox milk is sweet and nutritious, musk-ox meat is

as good as beef, musk-ox wool is soft as cashmere. So here he was with his party waiting for Harry Baker and his Beaver aircraft. For weeks these scientists had been chasing musk ox until their legs were numb and their faces blue. They discovered that the strange animals ran like antelope. The only way to get them was to herd them into the water and separate the calves from the angry bulls with canoes. But the musk oxen had vanished again into the tundra and it was Harry Baker's job to find them in the aircraft. We got no musk ox that day, though Harry came back a week later and rounded up a herd from which the scientists were able to capture three. But we saw them below us as we flew back to Yellowknife, black as night, glossy as newly shined shoes, mysterious as ever with the sheep's horns and bull's faces, running in swift herds across the brown tundra.

And here, almost at its geographical centre, I had my last real view of the north before returning to the land of traffic lights and parking meters. We were 1,200 air miles from the tip of Labrador and 1,200 air miles from the Alaskan border. The end of steel lay 500 miles to the south, the Arctic islands 500 miles to the north. It is a good place to leave the north behind with the tundra stretching out on all sides, with the caribou picking their way restlessly toward the trees over the pink rocks and the apple-green lichens, with the musk oxen crowding together on the lake's margin, with the green Thelon valley on one horizon and the grey waters of Great Slave Lake just over the other, with summer at its end and the fog of a new winter already rising from the waters.

If the north has a soul, it is here in this empty and which, harsh though it is, has a beauty that no man who has not lived here a lifetime can really understand. But an eloquent old Indian put it into words one day when talking with an Oblate priest. "My father," the old man said, "you have told me of the beauties of heaven. Tell me one thing more. Is it more beautiful than the country of the musk ox in summertime, where the mists roll over the hills and the waters are very blue and the loons cry very often? That is beautiful and if heaven is still more beautiful, then I will be content to rest there until I am very old." ★



Wearing white man's headgear and smoking a white man's cigarette, an Eskimo in the East Arctic takes a white man's photo using white man's camera.

The Golden Dragon of Yellowknife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"Might as well get going," Henry hopped out of the plane, and Andy with a last regretful glance over the damage heaped out after him. Henry's blue shirt was marked with sweat. He hauled up his belt, tightened it. He glanced at Ned Ormuck, standing with Bert and then came to Mary. "Well, all set?" "The pilot moved along. He and Joe checked again the canoe on the far bank and he got in to examine the slings of the cargo. He knew his responsibilities, even if he didn't seem to care too much about his job. He was probably trustworthy." Mary stood up. She was exactly the same height as Henry. She looked into his burning blue eyes, as eager as they had been on the day she had met him. He was young to her, as young as on that first day, with his quick springy step, his never failing energy, his ways of getting around trouble, his eagerness, his love. She said, "You'd better put on your Mackinaw, Henry. And don't lay it down on a rock out there on your dragon, and go off and forget it." But their eyes met for half a second, and everything was said.

THE MEN were in the plane, Henry beside the pilot, the boys in the back. The doors closed. Mary and Jennie and Andy stood together at the very end of the wharf. Ned Ormuck was already on her way back to the town, with Bert peering from the glass door panel after her. Joe worked at Jennie and crossed his fingers at Andy, who answered with the same gesture. Henry was looking with an odd anxiety at Mary, the first hint of anxiety. She smiled at him warmly, and he relaxed. The motor roared. The plane slid away from the wharf, turned, skimmed over the water, hesitated, rushed forward and then lifted. It was above the trees, turning swinging to the north. It was a bird in the blue, smaller and smaller. It was gone. The sound of the engines died away. Mary turned. Her hand was holding Jennie's tightly. Andy looked up at her, and the blue eyes so like his father's were bright with tears. They met hers frankly. "I wanted to go something awful, Mom." "I know, Andy." "There wasn't another sleeping bag. But I didn't care. I'd have made out. Maybe there wasn't enough grub. I'd have fished for them, or hunted. I wanted to go." "There'll be lots more chances for you." He said quickly, "You mean you don't think Dad's going to find his gold after all?" "Even if he does, you've got your own gold to look for." "Yeah," he said thoughtfully. Someone was running down the path from town, a big figure, hurly, carrying a roped box in each hand. It was Kruger, from the store. Mary stopped. She stared up the slope at him. As he came in sight of the dock he stopped too, and let the boxes down slowly. He stood there, not moving, waiting for them to come up to him. His broad red face was miserable. Andy said, "What'd they forget?" "It wasn't them. It was me. I told that damned young pilot to bring down these boxes. I thought he had. He carried them outside, right enough.

But that Ormuck girl came along, and the boys said he walked off with her. I ought to've had sense enough to... a green kid that's what he is. He oughtn't to be up here flying. We ain't got no place for the likes of him." "What's in the boxes?" Mary asked. "Hell, it's all their meat and eggs. I was packing it at the last, getting it out of the ice to pack it." His faded eyes rested on Mary's face. A chapman ran down a jackpine at the side of the path and sat listening, his eye bright. It was Andy who said, "Heck, if it

had to be anything, meat was the best thing. They've got guns. They're swell hunters." Kruger took a long breath. He nodded. After a minute Mary said, "You couldn't help it, Kruger. It's not your fault." "I wish I knew how to fix it. Maybe we ought to send that guy back in tomorrow. He'll be the only one knows where to find them. Maybe that's the thing to do." "He's charging eighty-five dollars one way," Mary said.

"Well, eighty-five dollars if Henry's needing the meat," he stopped. A blank look spread over his face. "What is it?" "He ain't coming back here. He's gone up to Edmonton. He's trying to get into the Air Force. They told him to be down for some kind of test in the next few days. He's been sick all winter. He has to take a lot of tests. Maybe he won't come in again until time to go for Henry in two weeks. And there ain't a soul knows where Henry's gone but him." He took off.

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his checked cap and rubbed his bald head. "Sometimes I think there's too damn much hush-hush up here. This here keepin' things quiet about where the gold is is right up to a point, but it puts an awful load on one spot. Do you know where Henry's gone? He looked at her directly.

"Not exactly."

"I do," Andy said. "Everywhere I could find them, I know. I'm sure of it. I've heard Dad say it so much I said for sure."

Kruger shook his head. "He's big country, lookin' down from the sky."

If they was lookin' for you, wouldn't up smoke you might find them. If they can't, if they don't want no plan to see them, you might as well forget it unless you know within a pretty small territory."

Jennie standing close against her mother began to shiver again. Mary said every day. "They're good hunters. If they've got machines and coffee and bread and the other things, they'll make out. She married simple. Henry always on his own. Kruger."

Mary walked back to the cabin over

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the packed earth of the trail past the poplars, past a stand of fragrant spruce dipping down into a grove of wolf willow and up again to the clearing through the pines. Jennie walked beside her silent.

TWO HOURS out of Yellowknife, Henry bent forward suddenly and looked away ahead of the plane toward a long break in the trees lying on the earth like a ragged blanket. From this distance the break looked like a scar like a tear in the blanket, a long narrow crooked torn place. As he saw it, the

plane veered north again, as if he had let himself get off course and was straightening out. Henry glanced up at the thin dark face, disintegrated a closed face behind which the boy was thinking his own thoughts.

He leaned over and veiled. "Slide over east a few miles. See that break? I want to have a look."

Morrison nodded and swung the plane back. He draped down a hundred feet or so. The plane passed three small lakes in a row, a chain of round heads, moved again over thick evergreens, and then came to the beginning of the break. It was a ridge of rock that lay below, long and twisting, a bare ridge broad at this southern end, tapering off to the north into a bent tail, with two wings as plain as the wings of a bird stretching off one to each side. But it was not the shape of any bird which lay below.

But of a dragon-shaped and broader all of the bare hard rock.

Henry turned and looked at the boys. Both pairs of eyes were started. They knew what he was seeing, what he had seen on that trip two months ago, and they were seeing it too. Bert's eyes had gone black and remote. Joe's were sparkling with excitement.

This thing about the dragon, Henry knew quite well, was silly. But it had always been his particular story about a boy named Jason and a hideous, threatening, dangerous dragon. His father had told it to him when he was not much more than a baby, and he knew well why, out of all the Jason boys, his father had given the legend to him for his own. He was small, the smallest of the family, the youngest, and his father had been trying to give him something special of his own, a special strength and courage that he could use all his life. That dragon in the old story, a Greek story, had been guarding the biggest treasure in the world and he was very strong and clever, but still young Jason had been stronger, and cleverer, and bolder, and he had tricked the monster at last and killed it, and he had taken away the gold.

He stared ahead. There was a good-sized lake at the tail end of the dragon, and just offshore a little three-cornered island, as if the long tail had dipped down under the water and its tip was sticking up.

He edged over on his seat and veiled to the pilot. "That lake suits me. I guess. See that island? You can set us down there."

The pilot peered down at it. In some ways he was careful enough. This green kid. He was a good flyer and he was careful of his plane.

The sight of the dragon, so plain and clear, was almost more than Henry could stand. For two months he had been dreaming of it, telling Mary and the boys about it, but back in his mind he had been thinking secretly that he must have imagined some of it. The rock in this country came up through the overburden in patches irregular and meaningless: a man didn't know where to start prospecting. Men went out and tramped over the country for a lifetime, trying to find something different, some special formation, a streak of rock that came from a particular underground fold or sweep that might carry the hidden gold. Why had no one seen this strange and striking formation until now? Plenty of men had flown over it. He, Henry, hadn't had much chance to fly until last June. His trip north to Johnson Lake had been his first long flight, and he had seen the dragon then. He hadn't been able to believe that Peters, the man from Toronto flying in with a geologist and an engineer, wouldn't look down and see the dragon and say

once. "There it is," set us down there.

Peters hadn't paid any attention to the dragon. He had a folder of maps and notes that had belonged to some prospector who had been killed in an accident. He was a stockbroker and a rich man, and of course anybody would want to make a strike, but his trip down north was nothing urgent. He wanted to look over the country he'd prospect for had thought might be interesting. Henry had been hired in Yellowknife to check over supplies, and then to ride with the pilot in the plane chartered in Edmonton and help set up camp. He, Henry, Joseph had a reputation for a close mouth, and he wasn't supposed to be a prospector. He ran a water taxi in Yellowknife, brought in logs for the electric light poles, built cabins for newcomers, and was a general handy man in the town. Nobody knew that he was a prospector at heart and had just been hiding his name.

This was gold-heavy rock.

THE PLANE circled again over the little island. It was bare, only that spur of rock with a few pines, some clumps of birch, a little grove of spruce trees at one end and on the north at the very tip of the tail, a thin carpet of what looked like wolf willow and a few low bushes. It was only a few rods from shore. It looked perfect for a camp. There was nothing on it to attract bears, so their camp would be safe.

Henry said suddenly. "Turn around and fly back a few miles, will you? I want to get that layout straight in my head."

The pilot gave him a sideways glance and a lofty smile, but he turned the plane. Henry leaned to the side door and fixed the white pattern of the formation in his mind, judging distances, trying to figure trails, the easiest ways of getting up to the knotholed rock and covering it, making a map of the outlying wings. The rock was right for gold, even from here, you could almost see the gold lying along the ridge. He knew gold-bearing rock.

Peters and his party hadn't seen the dragon because their minds were fixed further ahead.

Henry had seen it twice on that trip, once going in sitting with his heart in his mouth for fear Peters would see it too, and once coming back out with Hickson, the grizzled pilot from Edmonton. His mind had been full of ways and means to get in here himself. He didn't have enough money. You had to charter a plane to come and go, and you had to have equipment and food. Three hundred and fifty dollars would do it. He was just getting on his feet in Yellowknife. How soon could he get together three hundred and fifty dollars?

That flight had been around the first of June. In three weeks, Hickson had come back in for Peters and his party, and Henry had seen them and talked to them when they came back to Yellowknife. Henry had a feeling that Peters wasn't really looking for gold so much as sizing up the place and the people so that if some prospector made a strike he'd be able to figure whether he wanted to finance it, back there on Bay Street in Toronto.

He had been a good natured fellow, and in more ways than one his trip had been a godsend. He had unloaded all his gear at Kruger's for a reasonable price, because, he said, there'd be other men needing it and there was no sense his carting it all the way back to Toronto.

It was his tent, his sleeping bags, his dynamite that Henry had got from Kruger. Kruger was a nice fellow. He

was struggling along himself, not on his feet yet. He owed Henry for bringing in a load of supplies in the spring, and he had said, "You take this stuff of Peters and your grub, and I won't have to fork out cash."

Henry had talked it over with Mary, drinking a cup of tea from the lead of the white cloth-covered table in the cabin at Yellowknife. He had been out to take out his right at Kruger's in food and things for her. But she understood. When I get to the dragon and find the gold, she had told her, "We'll fly in a cow. Mary."

He had taken a sip of the strong black tea. "We'll have cream on everything and you can make butter again if you want to."

Mary had said gently. "Milk wouldn't do Jennie any harm. Then she had looked down at her hands as if she saw the butter paddles in them, and Henry had looked at her hands too. They were torn and the bones showed, and the scar on her left wrist was red. Henry didn't like looking at Mary's hands. Looking at Mary he hated himself in a way, in it he couldn't help himself any more than he could



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used to flying with a canoe lashed to the float. But they skimmed over the water and got to the island up against a slab of flat rock pushing out into the water. The engine stopped.

The silence was like a blow after the roar of the engine. It took a minute to feel it. There was not the breath of a breeze, no whisper rustled in the leaves of the white-barked birches.

Henry sat for a moment in the open plane door and looked at the island. Then he got out, stepping on the float and back to the flat grey rock. He tried with heavy grunts farther up to show the high water mark. His heart was pounding but he walked as if this was something he had done a hundred times before.

The boys got out, wordless, and began unloading the plane. Henry walked up the rock across a strip of rounded boulders, and into an open stretch between some pines. Two good-sized spruce trees grew a few yards away. The boughs would make their beds.

The boys brought the duffel up and stacked it neatly at one side of the camp site. Henry checked the pieces over in his mind. Tent, sleeping bags, food, knapsacks, tools, guns, ammunition, fishing tackle. They wouldn't need the guns and the tackle, they had plenty to eat and they didn't want to waste time on hunting. But a man was a fool to travel without guns in the north. Anything could happen when you had to depend on a plane for transportation. A storm, accident, anything. He had been half-tempted not to bring the rifle, the boys liked hunting, and so did he, but he hadn't wanted to take time for it. Still, at the last minute he'd known he was a fool not to bring it.

"Seems to me we got everything," you said, the plane's empty."

The plot put his head into it again. "Canned out," he said, and came back to Henry. He glanced at the pile of stuff on the ground and there was suddenly a quick surprised look on his face. But he rubbed it out. It was something that bothered him though. He turned some thought over in his mind.

Henry put his hand into his pocket and got his money out. He counted out eighty-five dollars. There was exactly the same amount left in the roll as he knew well. Should he give the boys the whole now? With any other pilot that would have been the thing to do. You had to trust him in the north and it was silly to carry the money around for two weeks. Maybe he would take his Mackinaw off and leave it on a rock as Mary had said. He had intended to hand the money all over. But the boys' face was a sight. It had a shifty look now, almost a guilty look.

You coming in years for us on the seventeenth? Or will you leave a map for Savage? He's safe."

I'm not likely to get into the Air Force in two weeks. They say I've got a spot on my lung or something. I had pneumonia."

Well then, Henry said and put the other eighty-five dollars back in his pocket. It's all right to talk to Savage, but you won't tell anybody where we are, will you? We can get along without visitors."

Morrison looked down at him. He folded the money and put it into the breast pocket of his leather jacket. "You guys all have your big secrets. He turned back to the plane. "I won't even be in Yellowknife anyway for a few days. Maybe not until I come in for you. But I'll be back." He stopped. "You guys brought your guns, did you?"

"Sure," Henry looked at him quickly. "You come back on time, we won't need them."

"I've heard you're kind of famous hunters, all three of you." He went on, opened the door on his side of the plane, hesitated with a foot on the step. "I'll be along on the seventeenth. You don't need to worry." He pulled himself up, slid into his seat, slammed the doors. The motor roared, the plane slid backward, turned then hurried forward ruffling up the water. It went into the lake, stopped, and then rushed forward again, to lift in a moment over its own shadow, black and wavering on the clear water. Then, in no time at all, it was gone.

IT WAS four o'clock when the plane disappeared in the sky, heading south for Edmonton. With in the hour the three of them had set up the small tent, cut spruce boughs for a bed, put the sleeping bags on it, got a supply of kindling, put their boxes of food on the boulder behind it and got out their packsacks and some dynamite.

Bert straightened. He ran a hand over his black hair. "I'm ready to go."

"Well," Henry said, and found him-



TON SMITH

self taking a quick breath. It was an exciting, almost a frightening kind of time, the end of something, maybe the beginning of something else. Things kept going through his head as he got his plaid Mackinaw and fastened his Colt to his belt. He never went anywhere without that old Colt. It had saved his life a couple of times, and they might need it now. There were bears in this country, plenty of them.

Bert said suddenly, "I feel kind of unlucky. That pilot had a go-to-hell way with him. We'd be in a fix if he just dropped us out of his mind, come the seventeenth. There's a n't a living soul knows where we are, not even Mom. Not a soul but that scatterbrained guy, and a lot he cares. We could find the biggest gold mine in the world over there on your dragon's back, and what good would it do us if nobody ever came to get us out of here?"

Henry said, "Don't be so uneasy. I had that figured out. He ain't going to forget that money, here in my pocket just waiting for him to pick it up for flying a couple hours. I didn't take too much of a liking to him either. But money talks to his kind. Now let's get to it. We got hours of daylight ahead."

Joe was always hungry. He said, "Maybe we better take a lunch." He went over to the canvas bread bag and got a loaf and a wedge of cheese. He dropped them into his packsack. "That'll hold us till supper," he said.

As they paddled across to the mainland the water of the lake was quiet. The rock ahead was interesting; the

long low ridge of the dragon's back was made up of sharp horny projections and deep divides, more uneven than it had looked from the air. The whole formation sloped down into the lake and dipped under it, with their dot of an island only the tip of the long hidden tail. There was little growth on the harsh rock, a few white-barked birch trees, a sparse scattering of pines, and some stunted small bushes crawling down into the chasms. Henry peering at the mainland as the boys paddled, tried to plan their route. "That ain't going to be so easy to climb," he decided. "It's not so high, but it's steep on this side. Look, Joe, take a curve here around the end and see what it's like on the west. Maybe the slope'll be easier. I sure do intend to see what's on the top of that ridge."

The canoe turned and went along the shore, past the rock sloping down into the water. It looked right, that rock, just right. The sight of it stirred Henry all up inside. They came around on the western side of the ridge and there was a long triangular cove tucked into the bend, a cove with a marshy beach and a stream trickling through it into the lake.

"Then, that's better," Henry muttered. The boys turned into the cove and Bert jumped out, to step to the soggy earth and drag the canoe ashore. Henry and Joe got out. They faced a long narrow ravine, cutting into the fold of the heavy rock. Along its east side the stone was sheer, rising ten feet or so, as if a giant's knife had sliced it. The men pulled the canoe well up on the land and started up the ravine along the stream. After a hundred yards or so the triangle came to a point, then came through a final thicket, to the edge of the rising rock.

Henry got his hammer and squatted down. He hit the rock a smart crack and a piece broke off. He regarded it carefully. "Well, I dunno. I don't like this stretch of stuff anyway. I want to get right up there on the back. I got a feeling there's gold running along that back, like the yellow stripe on a snake."

Joe grinned. "Maybe pure gold, already poured into bricks, ready to be lugged away."

They made their way up the fifteen-foot rise of the rock, clenching and scrambling. A few yards along the formation, Bert, in the lead, stopped sharply. He said under his breath, "Moose, Dad. You want it?"

Across the ravine standing with his back to them, a moose with a wide spread of antlers stood against the green farther slope. Henry felt for his Colt. The moose was within range. It was an easy mark. But killing it would mean making their way across the ravine, skinning the animal, cutting it up, getting the meat back to camp. "We don't need it. It's a good sign, though if we get so we do want fresh meat. Probably plenty more around."

"Well, okay," Bert said dryly. "I kind of hate to see good meat go to waste though, and that might be the only moose in the country."

Joe said, "You sure you don't want him?"

Henry shook his head, and Joe put his fingers into his mouth and whistled like a siren. The moose, who had thought himself alone in his safe wilderness, flung up his head as if he'd been shot and leaped up the ravine and over the top of the low ridge. He was gone.

They scrambled on up the slope. After ten minutes or so they came out on what had seemed to be the top, but was only a fold of rock. Between them and the true dragon's back was a crevasse, dark and slippery, and narrow, but not narrow enough to



THIS IS HAN CHONG YUN

Han Chong Yun is five. He remembers his name and that once he had a father and mother. He was found on the roadside in the village of Ch'ia Pakdo. His parents, he said, were according to some in the village Han Chong Yun had been begging around for a year. They said his parents had been killed by guerrillas. No one could afford to take him in. One day where night overtook him, a bird, under a bridge. For Han Chong Yun, alone and unwanted, there were no visitors. His money was the same in the bag, of the extreme Korean summer as it was in the cold of the hard winter. His little sack, worn on both sides, told the story of unrequited, perpetual hunger, summer, winter, the year round.

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leap over. Joe dropped a pebble into it, it was deep.

"Well," Henry said, "this just wasn't the way to come. I guess we can't get there tonight. In the morning we'll start back at the tail where I sides down into the lake. I'm going to make a way up it somehow. He got a stick of dynamite from his pack-sack. 'I'm going to try this spur, though,' he said. 'I don't have the feeling for it, but you never can tell.'

The boys watched him as he set the dynamite in place and cut a fuse. He

glanced round, marked the spot where they would have to be when the explosion came, lit the fuse and set off rapidly, the boys striding with him. The rock burst open and went up in a shower of pieces.

"They went back. Henry took up a sharp edged chunk with anger. It looked dull but as he turned it and the light caught it there were tiny glittering specks on its surface.

"For a god," Bert said flatly.

Henry spat on the rock and rubbed it with his thumb. The glitter did not dull. He said, "No, it's the real thing.

Not much, but it's the real thing." He turned the rock over and over in his fingers. "I was sure of it."

"Well, I be damned," Bert said, and sat down.

Joe sat down too. He got the bread and cheese from his pack-sack and broke off chunks of each, to hand them to his father and brother. He said comfortably. "No use finding a million dollars on an empty stomach."

It was nearly eight o'clock. The country was warm and still, with the sun not too far down on the horizon, but Henry suddenly felt tired. He said,

"Maybe we ought to get back to camp and cook ourselves something hot. Then we can turn in and get a real sleep and be up at daybreak."

Bert was turning the piece of rock over in his hands. Joe, chewing on his bread and cheese, was looking at it thinking. He said, after a minute, "Dad, I think this really is gold. I mean, erps, I don't think I ever really believed you. It don't make sense in our family, somehow. But if it is gold, the kind some of the others has found, real gold, piles and stacks of it, what're you going to do with it?"

Bert lifted his eyes to Joe. He had been thinking too. His mind was far away. "What do you mean? What do you think people do with gold?"

Henry said slowly, "There ain't many things you can't do when you got a million dollars. But as for the first one, that's a thing I've had figured out for a long time. I'm going to buy your mother a diamond ring, as big a diamond as I can find and a fur coat. That's the first money that gets spent. She had a diamond once," he stopped. He said steadily, "The very biggest diamond I can get my hands on, and a fur coat."

"And then?"

"Well," Henry said, thinking, "I guess we'd go down to Edmonton and buy a house with bedrooms for everybody, and electricity and a bathroom. And Andy and Jennie'd keep on at school, go to high school and on to college, get a real education. They got a fine college in Edmonton. I only had about three years at school myself, before I was ten, and you too, coming through the depression and the dust and the trip north, well, you certainly didn't get much. Your mother feels real bad about that. She had quite a bit of schooling."

Bert got up and walked to the edge of the slope. He stared down into the crevasse. Behind his back, Joe and Henry looked at each other. They were both thinking the same things. Bert would have his problems, if there was gold in this ridge.

Henry got up. He picked up his hammer and put the rest of the dynamite back in his pack-sack. "Maybe it's a little early to count chickens. Let's go make camp."

He had an uneasy feeling as they went back to the island in the grey and yellow dusk, with the night chill beginning to creep over the water. There was no sense in being uneasy. Things would work out. Maybe it was that he kept thinking that if this really was the big strike it was late. But he couldn't have hurried any faster, and it was never too late to find gold, it couldn't be. As soon as Mary had a good house, with flowered wallpaper and soft beds and lots of running water, once she got rested she'd be fine again, not pale and quiet and sort of lost, the way she was a lot of the time now, as if she were giving up. She'd be herself again, full of hope, and eagerness and joy. Money would make all the difference. It always did. Surely it always did.

They beached the canoe against the lengthening shadow. Bert went to chop more wood for morning, mostly because he was turning a lot of things over in his mind, Henry decided, and wanted to be alone.

Nobody else thought the black-haired girl, Nell Ormick, was much good, but Bert couldn't stay away from her. Bert had always been shy with girls before. Mary was sick about the whole thing, but it had seemed, so far, like nothing much more than waiting until somebody with money came along, and then Nell would throw Bert over. It would hurt, but he'd

pick himself up and he'd have learned a lesson. But if there was gold on the ridge.

Joe lit the fire in the stove and put the coffee on so that in a few minutes it began to make the place smell homey and somehow safe. Henry stood staring across at the dog, his back lying under the red rays of the sinking sun, finding and changing shape as the light slipped down and the shadows crept along its sides.

Behind him, Joe was rustling papers, going through the boxes. He said, "Hey Dad, I can't lay my hands on the bacon. There ain't no meat here at all."

"It's there," Henry said. Kruger never forgets anything. There's ten pounds of bacon and half a big ham. There's six dozen eggs in the case too, for breakfasts. Try the big wooden case. It was heavy, it's got the meat."

Joe said, "There ain't no meat in that case. The meat didn't come."

Henry turned quickly and went to him. All the food was spread out on the rocks: flour, sugar, bread, butter, jam, some cans of pork and beans, coffee, tea, cans of milk. Nothing else.

The biggest wooden box, its top barked loose, was behind Joe. "What's in that," Henry demanded.

Joe lifted a board. "It's grapefruit juice," he said. Kruger said to take it along. He made us a present of it for luck."

Henry said slowly, "I didn't hear him. I thought that box was the meat when we was loading."

Bert came back with an armful of wood. He piled it neatly near the stove. He'd heard them talking. He said, "I had a hunch about that mouse. I should've played my own hunch that time. I sure should've."

"Oh, well," Henry said firmly. "It don't matter. Tonight we'll have pork and beans. There's six cans. Tomorrow we'll just have to take along the rifle and pick off a moose or a deer that's all. And the water's full of fish. Kruger's sent the grapefruit juice out instead of the meat that's what's happened. I should have been watching. I sure should have been watching."

They started out before five next morning after a filling breakfast of pancakes and coffee. "Have to go easy on the butter," Bert said, acting as cook. "We haven't got no bacon fat for grease. We better try to get a deer or something, today. We'll sure need meat."

"We'll take the rifle," Henry said absently. His mind was on a way to get up that rocky wall on the other shore.

Joe picked up a lunch. They set off in the canoe in the still morning. There was a light mist rising from the water and no sounds at all, no wind, no bird chirpings, not even the splash of a leaping fish to break the quiet water. The paddles dipped smoothly, and except for their silky whisper, the world was silent. It was deserted.

Waiting.

It didn't feel quite right, Henry thought to himself and knew that he was nervous, tense as a wary cat.

Getting up on top of the dragon's back was simple after all. They drove three pegs into cracks and used them for steps. After the first ten feet the rock began to slope off to the right and left in little side runs, and was not smooth and slippery but scored deep with old glacier scratches, running from north to south where the ice had once pushed forward and then melted. The walking was easy. Here on top the rock was bare, except for patches of moss and lichen, and like a roadway over the top of the world. It was high, here on the ridge, much higher than any other part of the geography around, so that the straggling forest, the lakes

and small streams, stretched away below them on all sides. They walked south, toward the barred head and wings of the dragon, so plain from the air so hidden and unsuspected here. They walked upward toward a central hump, watching the world around them, a world of dark pine and fir and spruce, of lakes glistening in the morning sun, of the brilliant green and white of the birches set in clumps among the darker evergreens. Henry knew the terrain well, there were thousands of miles of it all across the top of the map. His mind slipped over it, he was

thinking of the rock under his feet watching it, considering every change in its color its texture.

"They came at last to the peak of the ridge, and Henry stopped. This was his goal, the place to start. He laid down his axe and his rifle. He put his pack-sack on the greenish rock and took from it his hammer his miner's glass, his bottle of acid, the roll of dynamite sticks.

Bert said, "I haven't laid eyes on an animal since we got up here. Kind of a queer thing. Haven't even seen a squirrel in the trees. I been watching,

too. I wouldn't mind a squirrel stew for supper, if nothing else turns up. But there don't seem to be a thing."

"Too early in the morning," Joe said. "There'll be plenty before the day's out. And if we don't shoot nothing we can catch us a couple fat whitefish for supper."

August ain't the time for good fishing," Bert reminded him. "They'll be all out in the bottom of the lake."

"Oh, not all," Joe said comfortably. He asked at an outcropping of quartz. He said to his father. "What you waiting for? Don't it look right yet?"

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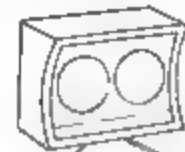


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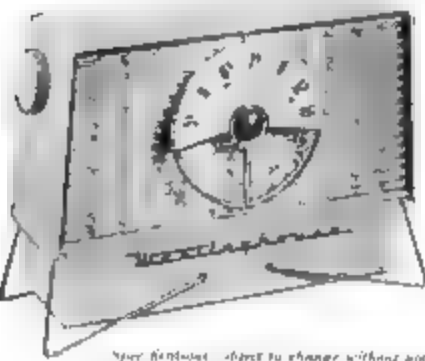
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"Looked right," Henry said. He pushed away the sudden feeling that had crept over him, a thing of fear and anticipation of knowing that one of the first of dynasties was in one stroke of his pick might open up not only the surface of the rock, but the whole stuff and pattern of their lives. His own and Mary's, Bert's and Joe's young Andy's and little Jennie's. Open them up to what? To a new force, something more bigger and stronger than his own? So far he had run this Henry from the centre of the center. The center had been and still he going had been rough and tough. But let's stick together, they were fairly with him carrying the load and meeting the course. New force was gold under his smelter's surface of mottled greenish grey rock under the gaudy patterns woven into the heavy stone now what would happen?

Bert wasn't waiting. He got some dynamite and set a small charge under an overlapping ledge fifty feet away. He turned and looked his father. "Shut it off?"

Henry said slowly. "Might as well. The fuse sizzled. Bert hurried back. The small blast came and the rock snowed it.

They went forward, all three of them together. The blast had broken off the overhang under which the charge was set and split down into a small crevice. Henry put his hand down and drew up the loose slabs lying along the inside of the crevice. He held it out in the sun and stared at it. It was quartz, a big square chunk and in it in flecks and spots in patches as big as a child's fingernail was what looked like a dark yellow glimmer in the sun. The boys held their breaths while he tried it with the acid.

Henry found himself after a while

sitting on a big nail or. He was still holding the crank of a cart in his hand as he dug it in. The sweat was running down his face, but he felt cool. He turned the crank over and over. He looked at his boys, and Bert was kneeling in a funny stiff way with his hands on his thighs, staring at the rock. Joe was sitting on another boulder, his eyes on the flecks of gold patterned in the quartz.

Henry said in a voice that sounded like somebody else's. "I guess we come to the right place. I guess we did."

Bert's voice was husky. "You said it. We're making no mistake about you, Dad."

Henry turned the rock over and studied it again from every angle. He touched the spots of dark yellow. "Don't see how I could. I watched my testing for gold a thousand times ever since I was fourteen. I never knew then what gold was. I been seeing it for the last ten years. So it's gold all right. Only my father's truck, this isn't penetrating the ground just yet."

Bert said heavily. "Maybe we just turned up a little strike a skinny ten years. That's too quick to be true. That's why it don't make no sense. How do we know?"

"There's a lot of gold in that piece, Dad's got. Joe said. If it really is gold and he ought to know. For as that goes I know myself. It sure looks like all the gold rock I ever saw. It sure does, boy. You're hard to get off."

No matter how good it is, if there's not enough of it, it won't get us now. Bert said stubbornly. I've heard lots of prospectors talk. You can find patches of gold and it don't get you nowhere unless there's enough to make some big mining company or somebody with money get behind you. You get to be awfully careful. You can't

carry your gold out in chunks in a canoe or a plane."

What's to stop them getting it out of here? Joe demanded. They could swing barges up to the edge of this here rock and put the stuff on. They don't even need to dig deep, it's laying right on top.

Henry got up. Bert's right in a way, he said. He laid the piece of quartz down carefully and got his pick from beside the boulder. Only one way to find out, he said and set off along the steep harsh ridge.

Every twenty feet or so at first they put down a charge and blew the face of the rock open. The pieces that came out of the solid mass were all the same, flecked and spotted, almost painted over with the shining stuff heavy with it. They went on along the rock over humps and through hollows, around a strip of spruce trees growing in a left, put a gaping pothole away among the dragon's back to the place where one of the spreading wings joined in and flung itself off to the west. They were to find more or more from the lake shore from the top of the ridge into the water and the rock had not changed. The gold did not quite lie in bars ready to be carried away, but it was peppered into that whole strip down the dragon's back just as Henry had thought of it like the yellow stripe down the back of a snake. They set their charges deeper as they went along, down into crevices, poked into hollows under overhanging spurs. The rock was the same. Henry had never seen samples marked so strongly, no matter how good the prospector said it was. Never.

They stopped at last there at the beginning of the big wing. Joe said to Bert. "Well, you old stick in the mud, you satisfied? Maybe we ought to tie a string around this here animal of Dad's and drag the whole thing back

to Yellowknife. Maybe if we got him stirred up, he'd walk back. Maybe his belly is solid gold, laid on like scales. You think we ought to take the whole thing back, prove something or other to you?"

Bert looked at his father. He swallowed. His eyes were black now filled with fear mixed with a kind of crazy believing. "It don't seem as if it's really us," he said.

No, Henry agreed. "Not I don't."

Well, somebody has to find gold some more, always has. Joe said sensibly. "Just because we've always had a kind of rough, well, maybe all that means is that our turn has come. We sure been waiting long enough."

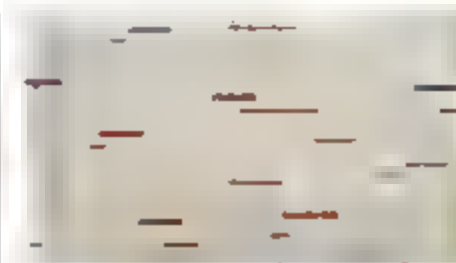
Henry got his things together at last. There was a dead feeling in the pit of his stomach. This wasn't the way a man ought to feel at a time like this. Here was his gold, as he had dreamed it. He ought to feel excited, happy, wild with joy, not numb and queer, just maybe even a little scared. His gold stretched all along the dragon's back as he had known it would. There was lots to be done before it could be got out of here, but the men got through that part of it. Maybe it was just that he didn't know much about that part of it. Other men had to get in to file claims. It would start a thousand new patterns in a thousand lives, this gold of us. But it was good gold found in an honest way and his own gold, here on the dragon he'd always dreamed about. He began to let the exultation rise in him to push the foolish fears away. Gold. It was life, really. It meant everything. It meant planes and houses and diamond rings and rowing boats and automobiles and college educations, silk dresses and good things to eat, places to see and things to do. All of those things were here, everything a



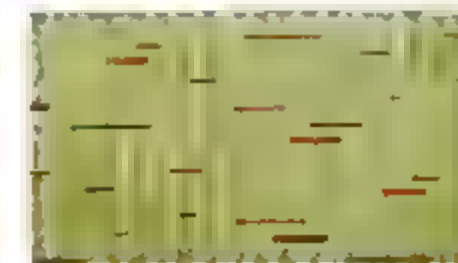
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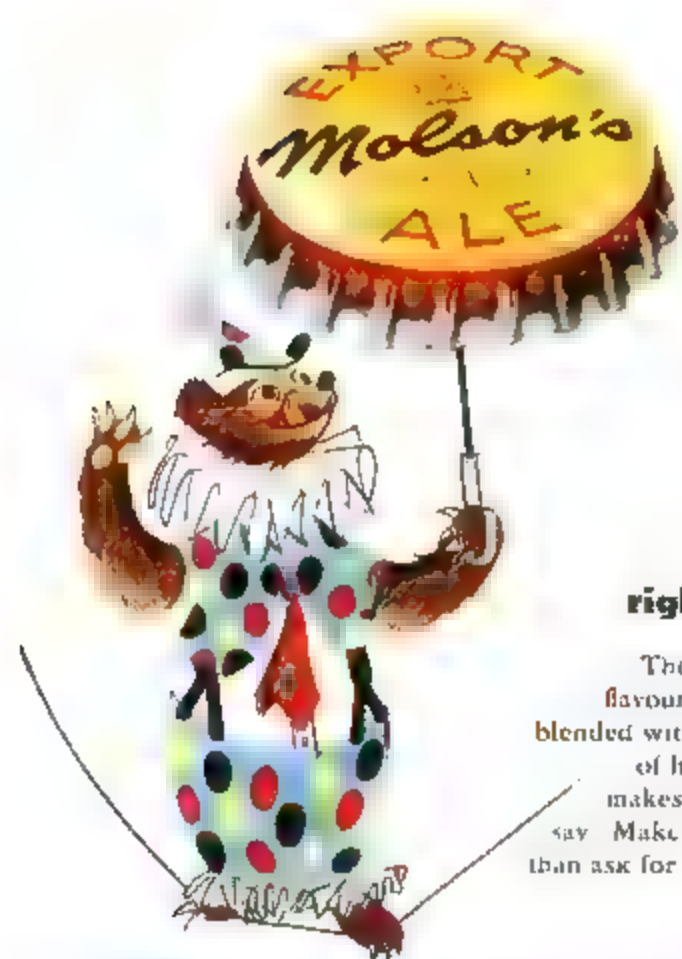
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but could hope for or dream of all in this glittering stuff frozen into the rock gold that had been lying for a million years, sealed, useless, hidden and preserved in the solid grain of stone.

The next ten days and more went by in a dream. There was gold every where up and down the dragon's back under the overhanging along the spurs which Henry Jason had seen from the air as the sprawling buried wings of the defending armored creature, cut beyond them in the flying masses that lay in its off. They made two or three tentative explorations to these masses, and the gold was always there. But it was richest and heaviest along the first central ridge.

"Be there if there worked incessantly tramping and plunging, testing, figuring out where to get them up, changing them again and again to try to compass the best territory. They tried to centre them on the richest deposits, to figure out where the mine shaft might go down to cut into the heaviest veins. Among them they could lay claim to more than two thousand acres. If they chose the right ones, a category of them together, they would own the whole area. Each man had stake six claims for himself and six more for each of two proxies. Henry started his own six right in the centre of the ridge as back with his first stake on the central hump. Next to his was six for Mary. He took great pains with her stakes, printing her name with his neatest pencil strokes. His remaining claims were staked for his mother Rachel lying alone now on the old ranch down at Willow. Bert staked for himself and Andy, and then came to his father with a curious look on his face and said he'd like to take Nell O'Brien as his other proxy.

"Her son? She's had a kind of hard time. Dad. She can't get it folks say. If we let her in on this I mean I have to stake my six other claims for my glory."

Henry sat down on a small boulder. He looked at her. How sure are you of the proxy? You think she you think you want to marry her?

Bert's own face flushed. "Well I can't find nothing to offer her yet. And she's had a rough life. She came up here to Yellowstone to get away from the kind of ways her family lived and lived together."

"I thought you said she didn't have no folks."

"Well, she hasn't. I mean she ain't going to live like them. She wants to be somebody get somewhere. She says she can't carry a whole mass of people like them along with her. Her mother can't talk English, and her father drinks home brew and gets into fights. She don't want no part of them."

Henry looked up at Bert. "You made love to her yet?"

Bert got redder. "She won't let me. She says she's a good girl. She has a time keeping the men away from her."

Henry found himself thinking she's smart that one. But how could you tell a boy when he wouldn't understand?

He ran instead, "Know what I think? Maybe we'd be right to keep this whole set of claims in the family, then come here in the middle. Then when we get back to town when we get these claims registered then you bring Nell out here and let her stake her own, out on the edge of our stuff. That'll do it, Bert. You can let her in on the ground floor that way and still not break up our centre in case you see," he said quickly, "a woman don't like to feel bought. You do it this way,



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she's beholden to you and always will be. Do it the other way, and she's her own boss. She's free. She'll feel a whole lot better about it."

Bert said nothing. He pushed a hand into the pocket of his khaki pants and stared at the edge of the sky.

Henry read his mind. He asked saying one more thing. "You buy a woman son you can't hold her. She never feels she ought to be true. You bought her. She ain't her own anyway. See what I mean? It's dangerous."

After a little Bert nodded.

Joe, sharpening claim stakes on the rock nearby, said curiously. "How do you know so much about women, Dad? Never saw you pay no attention to any except Mom."

"Ain't never needed to," Henry said. "I, s like looking at the back of a mirror, looking at other women. It ain't often a man's as lucky as me. I got what every man wants, but he don't often get it. So he keeps on hunting. He got up again and took off his plaid cap, to settle it over his unruly hair. "I never had to look for women," he said. "So you settled for gold?" Joe said with a grin.

Henry stared at him.

"I guess a man's got to look for something," Joe said. "Maybe what I ought to be doing right now a figuring what I want to find. Maybe I had. If you don't do that maybe you just climb on a horse and ride off and d rections at once, all your life." He looked up at his father. "You sure didn't. You been heading north to this ridge of gold, ever since I can remember. He looked up, his blue-grey eyes half laughing, half a no is.

"But I still don't know what happens when you find what you been hunting for, whether it's women or gold or something else."

Bert waked away, down along the ridge alone. Joe looked after him. "He'll do what you said," he muttered.

He knows that's right. But he's worried about Nell. Mc, I don't think she's any good. In the first place, she knows a lot more than he does. And as far as I can tell," Joe said, his eyes darkening. "she makes the same kind of moves at me as she does at Bert. I ain't told him. But she's got a trick of walking up beside a fellow - well, me - and putting her hand on his arm - you can feel it, warm and kind of soft, through your shirt sleeve - and then her voice gets low and she says somethin' kind of sympathetic like 'you worked awful hard today didn't you you know, something like that.' Joe whittled a slice off his stake. "Hell," he said. "I'm only eighteen. Seems to me she spreads herself out a good deal, laying that kind of thing on when I'm only eighteen. I'm not thinkin' about getting married - so it seems to me - has voice trailed off.

Henry took a long breath and went back to work. There was bound to be a little while now, before the gold really meant anything, when things

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weren't straight. They were all three, even Joe with his high spirits, feeling gaunt, unsatisfied, undernourished. They'd found gold so fast they hadn't thought much about food except to eat hearty meals as long as they could. The pork and beans were gone and they'd been living on bread and jam and pancakes. They had forgotten about hunting two or three times they hadn't even taken the rifle out of camp, although it wouldn't have made any difference. There wasn't an animal in sight. It was as if something had given a signal and every living thing had

vanished when the men arrived.

It was true that Joe had set the fishlines each night when they came in, but there hadn't been a bite. There were no berries in this part of the country. No fish, no berries, no game. It didn't make sense. Something would have to be done.

When they went in to camp that night Bert said. "What do you think of trying some dynamite on the water to bring up a few fish. We're just about down to the bottom of the grub barrel."

"Too bad we can't fry up a mess of gold," Joe said. He went for the

dynamite. Henry built the fire and looked over the remains of the food. This was only the thirteenth. Four full days to go, maybe only three if Morrison came on the morning of the seventeenth, and not enough flour for more than three or four pancakes for breakfast, only enough bread for one meal, only a scraping of jam, no canned milk, a couple of cups of sugar, some tea and coffee, nothing else. The grapefruit juice was gone.

Joe went down to the end of the island and threw the dynamite charge out into the water. In a moment there

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was a muffled roar and then the water gurgled up in a wide fountain. They waited.

Nothing came to the surface — no fish at all. The waters were empty. The darkness fell. "Tomorrow we'll have to take time off for hunting," Henry said.

Joe broke the last half loaf of bread into three pieces. They were all quiet, struck suddenly, almost as if it had come to them without warning by the business of needing food. "They were foolish to have paid no attention until now."

ON THE morning of the fourteenth they woke up feeling weak. Joe was all right and he didn't say anything about being hungry, but he was. Bert looked white and drained and Henry felt as if his legs wouldn't work.

Joe said: "You two better stay in camp. I'll go over to the mainland and find us that mouse. He likes to come down to that stream to drink. I'll see if I can find his tracks and go after him."

"I'll come with you," Bert said. "Two sets of eyes is better than one. We got to have something to eat. He looked at his father, worrying.

Henry said: "I'm all right. But I'll stay here and try the fishing again, really go after them. You boys come back at noon with a mouse and I'll have my big part of fish."

He fished all day, but there were no fish. There were no birds flying over the island, no birds in the air over the mainland, although he watched every where with his sharp, practiced eye nothing moved among the trees. There was no game.

The boys did not come home until dusk. They got out of the canoe silently and they had no mouse. After they were out Bert reached back into the canoe and brought up a thing — a skinny bird, an old hawk.

"There wasn't nothing else," he said. He got the fire going. Bert pulled the feathers off the bird and cleaned it. He cut it up and they put it into the pan with salt. When it began to cook it stank.

Bert put a spoonful of sugar into the stew, and shook the flour in over it. They drank some coffee in silence, waiting for the tough stringy meat of the hawk to get soft enough to eat.

Henry said, leaning against his tree: "It ain't the first time we had it rough. Maybe it'll be the last."

Bert said roughly, as if he had been thinking about it: "I don't trust that pilot."

The acrid smell of the hawk meat hung in the air. Henry thought about it, and then about the dragon's back, and the gold claims, staked out over there on the mainland. Only half of them were staked yet, there would be twenty-one hundred acres for the Jansons, all of it heavy with gold. It gave his heart a warm feeling. Never mind the hawk meat — it was the last of the miseries.

Bert got up again. He poked at the hawk with a fork. He got the big enamel mugs and dipped out the stew, dividing it carefully. He handed a mug to his father and a mug to Joe.

"Well," Henry said, gagging a little at the rank smell. He forced himself to swallow. "It's got strength in it, anyways."

They ate in silence. The broth was bitter, even with the sugar in it, but it would put some life into them. Bert took the empty mugs in silence and went down to the lakeshore to wash them. Joe got out his jackknife and set to work whittling on the block of wood he'd brought with him, the rabbit he was making for Jennie. He had a way with wood and a knife, Joe did.

Henry sat watching the quick thin hands.

Joe's rabbit was beginning to look lifelike. His hands were smart. It was always Joe who fixed things in the house for his mother, mending the table legs and even fixing a shelf out of a scrap of crooked board, making a broom out of a bunch of twigs and a peaced paper. He had made his own canoe, the one they were using.

What would happen to Joe? He talked about business, but he didn't really care too much about them. He didn't hang around them the way young Andy did. How did you find out what boys ought to do?

Henry said: "I don't know. I'd have thought so much about gold. I hadn't been for that — and my brother George bought eight muskrat up at Athabasca, worthless and maybe I hadn't gone up there to look it over, and seen prospecting. I'd have stuck to cutting muskrat or wheat. Funny how things happen. What makes them happen?"

Joe said: "I might've liked farming. I might've asked to go to school and learn about real farming, and settle down to steady living, not moving along all the time, having a chance to read and find out things. But farming the way we seen it. I sure never liked being poor, and any farmer I can remember was dirt poor."

"You seen them in bad times," Henry reminded him. It seemed as if the whole world began to blow up all at once when you was three, four years old. There was something happened down in the States, a stock market crash, and then right away the bottom fell out of the world — the price of wheat went to nothing, and then the dust began to blow and there wasn't any wheat anyways. The cattle starved in the fields and died, and people lost everything. Maybe it's as well that we got started north," he stopped.

Bert said flatly: "Mom would rather have stayed on a farm. Women don't want to go tramping all over the map. They want to get settled and stay there. Have a nice pretty house. Mom's had it pretty tough."

Henry looked at him, knowing where he'd got the words. Nell. The grasping, dissatisfied woman. After a minute he said gently: "She ain't complaining."

"She ain't the complaining kind." Joe looked from one to the other. He was sensing what was going on in Bert's mind, too, and he didn't like it. Joe was a peacemaker.

Lying that night in his eiderdown bag, smelling the familiar good spruce smell, secure against the chill, Henry could not get to sleep. His mind was full of Mary. There was so much he needed to talk over with her, if only the plane would come in the morning! Bert's words, even if they had come from Nell, had made him feel guilty and sick.

Mary wasn't the complaining kind. No. Somehow it hurt to hear it said. She'd had plenty to complain of.

He got up out of his sleeping bag and went out to sit on a rock on the shore, shivering a little in the night chill, but not caring. He just sat there, staring at the faint light lying on the water. If only the plane would drop out of the sky like a miracle, tomorrow. If only he could get to Mary soon, soon to talk to her, to tell her — to say he was sorry for the bad times, to let her know they were all over. He'd buy her a diamond ring like a headlight and a fur coat that would make all the women in the country jealous.

But he couldn't give back to her — he could never give back to her — the baby girl she'd wanted so much, the baby she'd lost there in Meadow Lake, lost because he hadn't brought her enough

to eat or things to keep her warm. She'd got pneumonia there and she had nearly died. The baby was born dead, a tiny little thing with blue eyes and silvery hair — she was buried there in the woods, lying alone.

That was something Mary could never forget or forgive. She had never mentioned it. Could he cover that over with gold?

BACK at Yellowknife, for the two weeks which had to pass before the seventeenth of August, Mary lived in an apprehension that was almost like a spell. She had lived in fear and dread before this, waiting and watching and hoping for Henry to come with food or a job, or just to come home out of the dangers of the life he lived. Often he had gone out into blizzards with the doctor, a Lucky Lake, bundled in buffalo robes in the snow, facing into a storm that would last for three days or more. When Henry had been working in the big dam at Elbow, going down in a diver's suit to clear the mud out of the pump at the bottom of the icy water, there had never been a day when she was sure he would come again.

But this time of fear and waiting was worst of all. Perhaps it was mixed with a little hope that Henry really would find his gold — or perhaps it was colored with a really serious fear of what would happen to him if he didn't. He had always been able to get up and start again from every apparent defeat, but that was because he had never counted any of the battles so far as real. It was his dragon that was real to him, and the gold it must be guarding. If he lost this battle he would lose his dreams, and dreams were all that he lived on.

Yes, that was true. It was never reality that sustained Henry, but dreams.

Morrison didn't come back to Yellowknife with the Norsemans. Nobody else knew where Henry was.

Signals had found Morrison in Edmonton, or found his family, rather, who said yes, he was certainly coming back in a few days. He hadn't come.

Would he come?

If he didn't, what was to be done? The fear had grown and grown that he would not come. He had still not arrived at bed time of the sixteenth, and Mary had tucked Jennie into her cot and then gone outside again to find Andy hanging around outside the cabin, as worried as she was.

He said: "What if we do, Mom?"

He may come first thing in the evening. Or he may go in straight from Edmonton and get them. Maybe that's what's been in his mind.

"Yeah," Andy said. "Maybe that's it. It could be, couldn't it?" It was sensible.

They had gone to bed, and Andy had dropped off to sleep as he always did, the moment his head was on the pillow. But she had lain awake, and then, long after dark, she had heard the sound of the plane's engines, the Norsemans' engines, and had known it was down on the little bay. She had wakened Andy and told him, to make it real.

Now, in the early morning, she was sitting on the doorstep of the cabin, drinking coffee. Everything was all right again. Morrison would be tired and not anxious to start out too early, but that didn't matter. Up at the dragon's back, wherever that was, Henry and the boys would be out of bed, packing up their camp, getting ready for the plane. Maybe Morrison wouldn't get to them until noon, maybe they wouldn't be home until evening. But they would be home today, and all the bad time would be over. She



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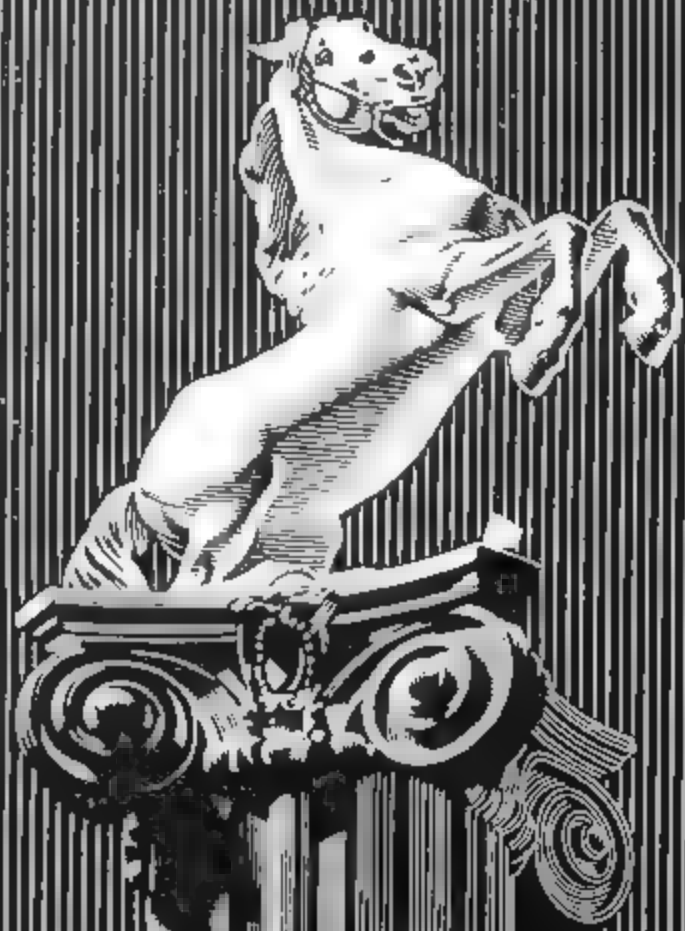


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They spent six months trying to make a hunter and fisherman out of me before they found out I was a girl

had to think what to say to Henry. He had found gold. He would be suffering from something a good deal worse than disappointment. He had to. Disillusionment is a feeling that life had let him down. She would have to make him feel that it was all part of a pattern that he could try again on. He really did succeed.

She leaned her head against the peeled apricot log that was the door post of her big cabin. It was a good cabin, one of the first built here in Yellowknife. It had windows, four of them, and a good chimney, and even if there weren't any real partitions she knew by this time how to divide one room off to give them all a little privacy.

She hadn't really believed, not deep in her heart, that Henry would find gold on this first real trip, but she couldn't help hoping that he would. If he didn't, now that he thought he'd seen the dragon that belonged in his own story, now that he'd lost the whole meaning of his life to it, it wasn't going to be good for him. He was like a child about that story that dragon. In a way, it was a shame that his father had ever told him the tale of the daring courageous young Jason of long ago, of the vicious clever dragon and the treasure of the Golden Fleece. Just because his name was Jason.

back in the old days there had been storytellers, just as Louis L'Amour was a born storyteller, with his darting imagination and a quick easy tongue, and he and his kind had measured the old story out in long long adventures full of dangers and hero promises even with magic and the dark. He had a sort of sorcery mixed up in it. Seeing on the doorstep Mary took deep breaths of the pure, cold northern air. Their log house was set up on a rocky slope, out of the muskeg and the swampy ground and at the end of the bay. The new town was but long farther away. Henry had brought in poles for the electric system and most of them were already up, along the main street and a piping into the new part of town. But these old cabins were going to be abandoned, and sitting here, there wasn't much visible that looked like civilization.

Her mind was still turning over the old Jason story, matching it with Henry's own life. It had had great bearing. It had a way been a challenge and a promise. She thought there've been plenty of dangers and hard tasks mixed up in Henry's life, and most of them he's conquered. Some of the things he's done have been like magic. But there hadn't been any tricky women. It was a thing she was sure of, and it was worth the whole world to her. Never since he married Henry had walked across that dance floor to look at her with the burning sparkling blue eyes never had he looked at another woman.

Jon was like his father. He probably wouldn't see any girl until his own girl came along, and then he'd go straight to her and stay there. But he wouldn't have the gift. He wouldn't be safe. He wouldn't need help.

Her eye caught a sudden cattle movement at the back of the big house over on the ridge. It was Ole Larsen's house, but Ole was not there. He had had to take his wife back to her home in Regina last month. She had cancer. The house was empty. Three of the men who had come north to set up the electric power plant and get it going were there, hatching. They were young men, quick and smart, espe-

cially the job boss, Les Jones. The few Yellowknife girls found lots of excuses to wander long past the places where these newcomers were working, no matter how their mothers tried to keep an eye on them. These young men from outside they seemed to think that Yellowknife white girls were fair prey, as so many men felt the Eskimo and Indian girls were as if they were in the wilderness. Then if they had a good few faces of the rangers in and three or four times in the last month that house of Ole Larsen had been lit up all night.

Now as Mary looked toward it she saw a girl's figure come out the back door and pull it quietly shut behind her. She moved along the back of the house, keeping close until she got to the corner, then she was gone out of sight beyond it, and probably slipping down through the muskeg and the brush to the path that went down to the bay and along the shore. Mary's mind went over the possibilities. This was not good, this girl slipping out of the cabin most of the women of Yellowknife were wives or daughters or sisters.

There were three women in town who might have been expected to be in that cabin but this girl was not one of them. The girl had moved gracefully. She was young. She was wearing a red dress with no sleeves and her arms had flashed white and bare in the morning sun.

BACK in the evening several tips of bed came to a sheet. Mary had hung for a curtain. She heard Andy saying it took him about a minute to dress. He came out from behind the curtain and across the floor, quiet in his bare feet. His hair was tangled, his eyes crinkled with sleep, but his mind was always wide awake. He said, "My Mom was told you were up." Has the pain gone? Did you hear it?

It's only barely six. Mary said, "I wouldn't think he'd go for a couple of years." "Thank God he came in last night. I don't know what I'd have done." She looked at him, this young man, and of her and Henry's. "There's been no baby for years in the freezing rain. Andy. You want to bring it and look it over the grate. It won't be a baby, but it's a sleep some more."

He went back and got the pan with the thick brown soup. He was in it. He set it on the grate near the sleeping camp, over a burning log fire. Let from the one side had to make the coffee and then dashed off down the path to the break below the slope. He came back with his face wet and

shining. "It isn't everybody's got running water," he said, and took down the coarse towel hanging beside the door to wipe his hands and face. He said in a low voice, "See I'm excited." Morrison had to come back. He had to. "See M. M. what I've really have found gold at last! You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to go all the way around the world and see everything that's white. Every single thing there is in the whole world to see." She said even so. "You got school? You can travel in between times." Schools for now.

But his eyes met hers, and he grinned. His thick black brows fringed the eyes as blue as a blue jay's wing eyes exactly like his father's. He turned and set to work cooking the brown over the iron grate. Henry had put up for an outside fire. There was a stove in the house, but they had had outside when they could. It saved fuel and work. The chipmunk sat on the stump, watchful and eyed Andy's movements.

He got two thick slabs of bread from inside the house, set it on a table between them and came out to sit down beside her. "I'd be thinking about the small bits of twigs and pine needles in the dark night."

Andy said, "I sure hope they shot a deer or a moose egg away. Old man Kruger keeps on feeling awful about that meat. I told him, don't you worry. My father will be all right. But Kruger says the hunting isn't so good this summer, and he was awful bothered. He asked that last night. He asked worried sick."

Mary took a deep breath. "I'll be glad when they get safe home. My father doesn't get along so well any more when he doesn't have the right things to eat. His stomach's bad. He's nervous that's part of it."

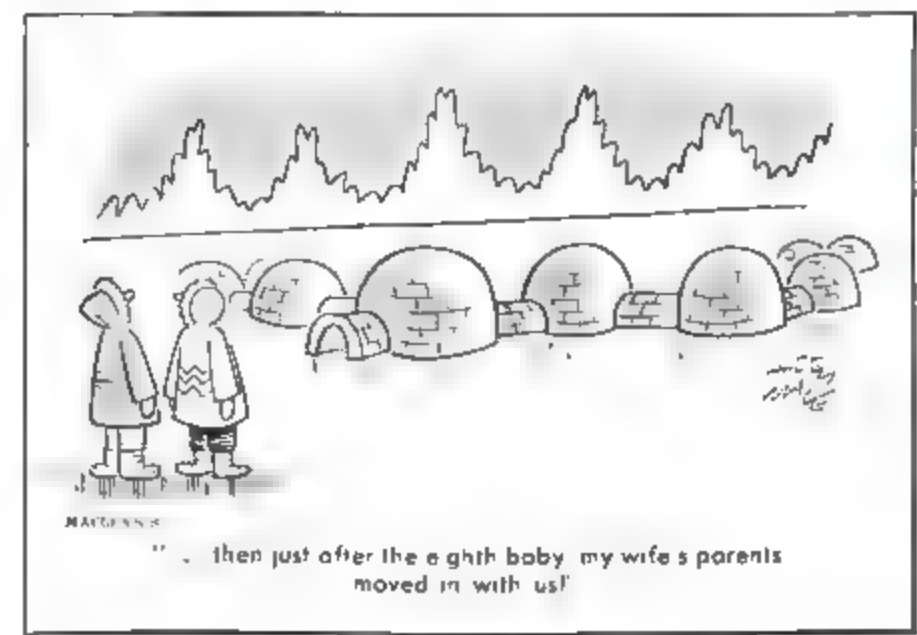
Mom. Andy sat up sharply. "Mom listen?"

There was a quick burst of sound down at the bay and then the steady rum of a plane's engine warming up. The two sat together listening. In a few moments the plane rose above the low ragged rim of trees, circled, and then dashed off brightly, he saw sky.

Andy said slowly, "But it's going the wrong way." He's off south, to Edmonton.

Mary strained her eyes. Andy was right. The plane was on and on straight across the lake, south and south, never veering, until it disappeared. She got a shakiness inside her but she said, "It isn't the only plane. There's another. He must have been Savage wants to go."

But that was the Norseman, Mor-



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rison's plane. Savage only has a little Moth. He wouldn't go after Dad and the boys with all their gear. He hasn't got room. That was the big plane leaving. Anyway Savage can't go. He doesn't know where to go! It isn't as if they were on the map.

"Surely Morrison is coming right back!"

Andy got up. He wiped the crumbs off his face with the back of his hand. "I'm going down to the bay and find out what's what. Don't worry. I won't spill my beans."

He darted off. Mary got up slowly and stood thinking. Her heart was fast and she stood still, trying to quiet it.

There was a sound above her on the pathway from the house and she turned. Jennie was there, slender and pale, wearing striped flannel pyjamas cut from a pair of Andy's, her hair braided in two long nut-blond braids, roughened a little from the pillow. One foot was still out and she looked a little. She smiled sleepily. "Andy's up and gone. Morrison is the same back yet?"

Has Andy gone to meet Daddy and the boys?"

"Not yet," Mary said calmly, "but they'll be along. Here, wet your face in this cold water, Jennie. It'll give you some color."

Jennie bent slowly and dabbed her fingers listlessly in the stream. Her mother looked at her carefully. She wasn't sick, she was just as she always was. Maybe girls were all like this, limp and not too lively, not like boys. Mary didn't know much about girls. She had no sisters, and her other baby girl, she pushed away the memory. Losing the other baby had been such a heartbreak to Henry, she mustn't think about it.

She said briskly, "I'll go and find you an egg, Jennie. Kruger sent down a dozen from the box the men had left behind."

"I don't want an egg," Jennie said dreamily. "I'll eat when the men come. Morrison. When they come home I'll eat Morrison. Will they or not, he gold right back with them?"

Big pieces of it, so we'll be rich right away?"

"Maybe they will," Mary said. "They'll bring gold if they've found gold. . . but don't let's count on it too much. You know how many men go out looking and come back disappointed. Gold isn't that easy to find, Jennie. If it was, everybody would have lots of it."

"Daddy was awfully sure. He said he knew the gold was on the dragon's back. He knows all about that bad dragon trying to keep the gold hidden. Only in the story, her eyes, resting on her mother, were thoughtful.

"Jason had to kill the dragon," Jennie said. "How can you kill a stone dragon? How can you even fight it? Maybe it will come to life and get up and just fall on them, crush them, maybe it will kill them. There's no way to make magic and save them, like in the story. It's what I've been dreaming about that big awful dragon getting up, pulling himself up out of the earth

and then falling on them, catching them between his sharp claws."

"Hush!" Mary said sharply. "You mustn't let your imagination run away with you, child! You mustn't!"

"But they haven't got any magic," Jennie said. Her mother set her arm around the thin shoulders. "They've got us, darling. We love them, and love is magic. You remember that, Jennie. Remember it always. Love is magic. As long as we love them, the dragon can't win. No dragon can win. Never, where there's love."

Jennie stared up at her. She said slowly, "You don't talk like that much. You talk about socks and stove wood, and me not eating."

Up at the clearing, Andy burst through the trees and came tearing down the path. His face was white. "Mom, something terrible has happened! That plane that went it was the big plane, the Norseman and it's gone to Edmonton for a party and then on up to Aklayik. It will be gone ten days or more. It didn't go after Dad and the boys at all and it isn't coming back!"

"Why?"

"Because Morrison isn't here, he didn't come back yesterday after all! They let him in the Air Force at last. And the pilot that came in last night, he's an old man. He took over from Morrison, but he never said a thing to Savage about Dad and the boys, not a word. So Morrison didn't say a thing to him, that's what!" Andy began to cry, tears of rage and fear and frustration. "And Savage is getting his plane ready to go to Resolution, there's a sick missionary's wife there, he has to go in and get her and he says anyway, he hasn't got the least idea of where Dad went!"

Mary started for the path with Jennie at her heels in the striped pyjamas her pants flying. Andy tore on ahead. They skirted the camp of trees at the foot of the slope and ran along the path below the old part of town, toward the sheltered part of the bay where the planes rode at their moorings. Only the small plane was there now, the two-seater. You could get four men into the two narrow seats. It was really an emergency plane. Savage, tall and hony, was standing at the edge of the water, his hands on his narrow hips as he frowned at his little plane, bouncing a little on the water. He was worrying. He turned to Mary with relief. "I sure don't know what to do, Mrs. Jason. I sure don't. I didn't know your men were to come out today. Even if I knew where they are, even if I didn't have to go to Resolution, I still couldn't bring them out. They've got a tent and a canoe and sleeping bags, and I can't carry all that. If they were in trouble now, but there isn't any special rush, is there? I mean, we have to get in touch with Morrison, he'll still be in Edmonton, he only got his letter yesterday, and we'll need his directions. Damned young idiot," he said angrily, "he didn't know much but he ought to know better than this."

Mary said, "We mustn't wait." And knew that what she said was true. She had pushed away the urgency for days, but it was upon her now, heavy and demanding.

"But they've got their stuff" and Henry's a fine shot. So're the boys."

"What do you know about the hunting up there?"

"Well," he said, and his eyes on her face darkened.

"They left half their food behind. They were on skimp enough rations anyway, three hard-working men and all their meat and eggs got left



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She walked into the cafe. She knew how she looked in her old blue jeans and her shabby cotton blouse with the

Bert sat down on his own leg. He said the thing that was in Henry's mind, torturing him. He said, "We should have started off in the canoe."

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Henry got up. His legs were like old potato sprouts, but he got down

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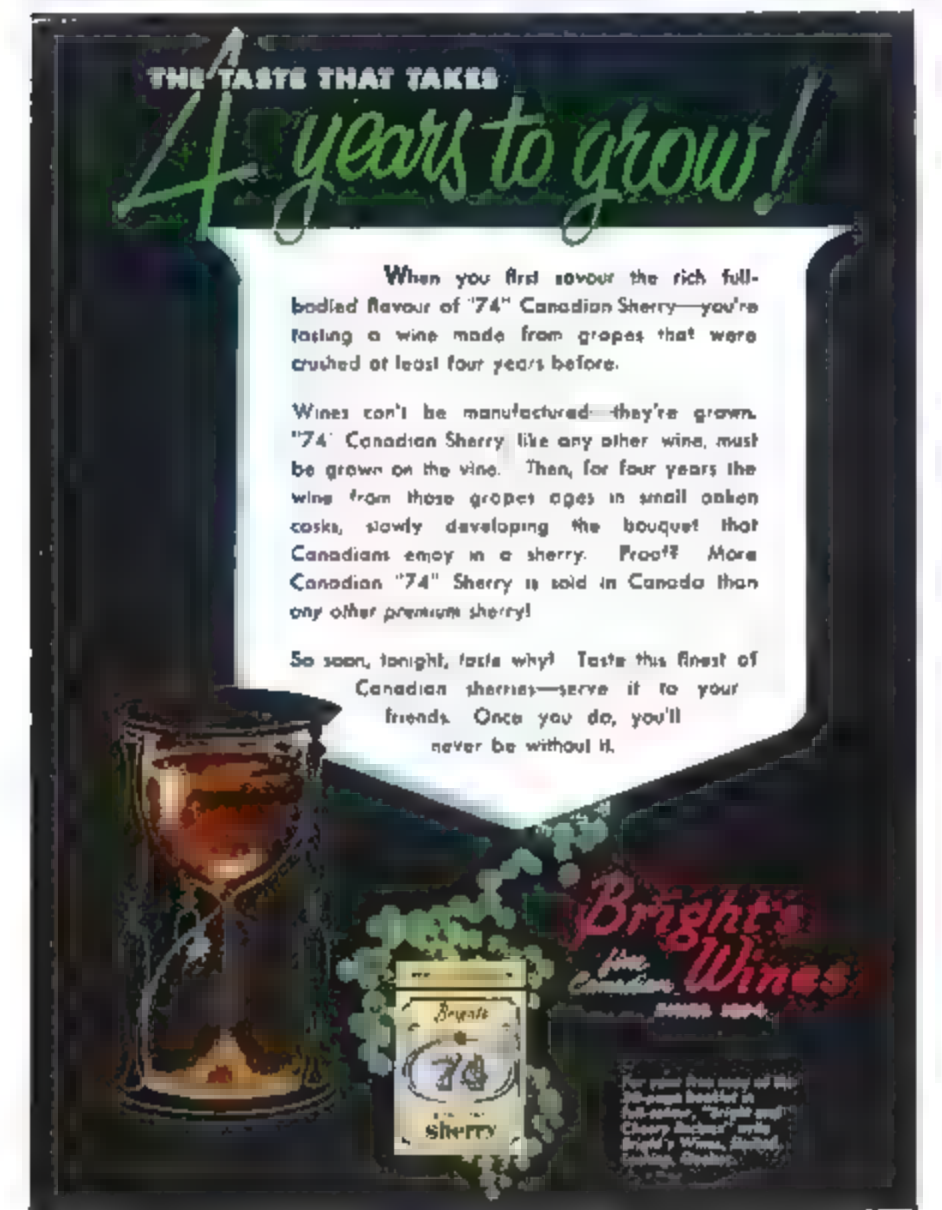
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Mad with hunger he watched the dot in the sky. Did he really hear engines?

to the shore to stand beside the boys. He said, "I want you should go to Yellowknife. You can make it. There'll be lots of portages. You take the rifle. You can make it in four days. And then you can come right back for me."

They looked at him. They weren't alone. These two, but the look on their faces was like now, as if the same thoughts and feeling were printed on their patterned faces.

Joe said, "You think I'd ever dare face Mom, if we left you now?" She wasn't the matter with you, Dad? You quitting?" He put an arm through Henry's and walked with him back to camp. He sat Henry down on the log again, as if he were an old man. He took up his frying pan and poured the hot water from the leaves and grass into three mugs. He gave one to Henry. "Hi Bert, soup's on," he called, and Bert came slowly up the trail.

Henry sipped at the hot liquid and tried not to gag. It wasn't that it tasted bad. It was just that his stomach couldn't seem to take anything.

Joe drank off his hot water. "Not bad," he said, and smacked his lips. Bert sat turning the mug round and round.

THE DAY went on. Three times they thought they heard a plane, and there was no plane. The boys had the fishlines set, but they all knew it was useless. Their last bit of dynamite had brought up nothing, not even minnows. The fish were away out in deep water, lying on the bottom away from the warmed water. There were no fish, and no partridges, no rabbits, no game of any kind. There was nothing.

Night came. They sat around the fire chewing on willow twigs for a while, to ease the gnawing. They weren't really hungry any more, not what you could call hungry. They were sick men now, Henry knew, all three of them. Nothing sounded right or looked right, the world was a haze of confusion.

He heard somebody groan. Then he heard Joe say to Bert, "We got to do something, fella. We got to."

Morning came again and Henry tried to get up, but the minute he moved he had to spit up some drops of blood. He didn't tell the boys. They were already up. Joe came into the tent after a minute and said, "We're going over to the mainland. We're going to find something moving, and shoot it and that's that. I've fixed the sleeping bags for you down on the rocks, right near the fire, so you can watch for the plane."

The canoe slid off through the soundless water. Henry lay on the soft bed and slept, or dreamed, or did something. Mostly he kept thinking about Mary, but he couldn't get to her.

She didn't look at him with soft warm eyes. Her eyes were accusing. She was thinking of all the times he had failed her. Why should any man make any woman suffer the way she had suffered?

He had been lying there a long, long time. He opened his eyes and saw a bird far off in the southern sky. He looked at it. It was a hawk, as all the others had been hawks. Hawk meat was rank to eat. The hawk circled around, away down there in the south, and then came on north. It got bigger and bigger, and if a man didn't know he was out of his head he'd say it had engines.

It came right overhead, following along the dragon's back. It wasn't a hawk. It was a plane.

Henry sat up. He stared away up at it flying off in the pale blue sky. It was a plane. It was gone.

No, no, it circled again. He struggled up. He tried to find the matches, but the box was lost. After a long time he found the box, under the edge of the sleeping bags. The plane was gone.

But the fire, he should have lit the fire. It was too late, but he should have lit it.

He struck a match and held it to the crumple of dry grass and dead leaves the boys had put there under the branches. The first match went out. The second one caught. The flames whispered a little, and then crept along slowly, like a stalking cat's feet, silent and quiet creeping up into the heavier tangle above.

What was the use of lighting a fire? The plane was gone.

He sank back on his bed. He heard the fire crackling. It didn't matter. He heard something like the beat of an engine, but the plane was gone. He heard something like a rifle shot, and that would be the boys, over on the mainland shooting at an elephant. He heard something like Andy's voice, but that was part of his dream.

He had found his gold.

It wasn't his gold. That was what the north was telling him. You fool! You search for what is not your own. You find it. I will teach you a lesson. It is not your gold. It is mine, forever and forever. I set the dragon there and he will never give it up.

DUSK fell. The evening chill began to creep into the air. Mary shut the log door and built a glowing fire in the wood stove. She went to the orange box nailed to the wall, in the corner and surveyed her larder. Savage had emergency rations with him, canned soup, coffee, all the pilots carried them. And Kruger stood ready to give her anything she might need.

It would be more like Henry to bring home half a deer and a couple of fat ducks than to come home hungry. . . but if the hunting was really bad. . .

Suddenly Mary thought, "I hope they have found gold. Please God, even if it's only a little bit!" This child needs help, and Henry ought to go to a doctor. . . and Andy must go on to school. And Bert needs to get away from here, find a place where he feels needed and strong, and Joe ought to get some kind of training. If Henry hasn't found gold this time, he'll still have to go on looking, because that's the way he is made. Even just a little bit. God, not the big strike just enough to give us another start, and keep Henry dreaming. He'll die if he can't dream."

The hands of the round black clock on the table moved slowly. Mary got a dipper of water and poured it into the grey enamel dishpan, to set it on the stove to warm. She got her dishcloth, and then washed the white doilies on the table again. There were some specks of wood ashes on it. She said, "Jennie, it still isn't dark. It's only nine o'clock. Go out and gather a few spruce boughs, nice tidy ones, and we'll put them on the table in a lard pail. They smell lovely and they'll look nice."

That was something Jennie liked to do. She went quickly. Mary put more wood on the fire and put water into the lard pail ready for the spruce boughs. She filled the teakettle again and set it on the front of the stove.

Nine o'clock. They would surely be on their way back. They might be almost here. Savage wouldn't be wasting time loading gear, because he couldn't carry any. They'd have to go back in for it. If they'd find gold there'd be money to pay for the trip. If they hadn't, well, it would come from somewhere. Nothing mattered except to get them home.

It was as Jennie was setting the dark evergreen boughs into the pail on the table that they both heard the tiny far-off beat of the engine's heart. They looked at each other, not breathing. Jennie's eyes were wide. Mary felt her own wide too. After a moment she went slowly to the door and opened it, looking to the north, listening.

The plane was coming.

They went down to the lake, to the water's edge, and stood waiting with their cold hands clasped together. The plane was still far away, but the faint light had turned now into a heavier pulse into a hum. Then, at last, there was a small dark bird against the darkening sky and almost at once the plane was down, alighting on the water, rushing toward them. Mary strained her eyes, trying to see who was in the cabin.

The door burst open and Andy, triumphant and shining-faced, leaped over the pontoon to the wharf. He said wildly, "Mom, Mom, we found them! I saw the dragon miles away. I was sure where they were, and we circled round and round it, and they lit the signal—they're starved, but they found it!" he stopped. He turned back and put out a hand.

Henry got out of the plane, his hands on Andy's shoulder.

The two boys followed him, and for a moment they all stood still, with the seaplane behind them outlined against the darkening sky. They made a picture Mary knew she would never forget. Joe and Bert were gaunt and unshaven, hollow-eyed. They had been hungry. And Henry looked sick. But Joe's blue eyes sparkled as they looked at Mary, and Savage the pilot, was trying to bury a deep excitement.

Mary's eyes lifted at last to Bert. He was changed. No matter how

starved his body might be, it was as if his spirit was starving no longer. He took a step toward her and put his arms around her. His cheek touched her hair, he begged her hand, and said in a quiver voice, "Dad didn't really care about gold after all, not the kind that's in the rock. He did a lot of talk in the night, me. I guess he always did know the difference between fool's gold and the real stuff."

Mary heard him and realized that he was telling her something new about himself. She loosened her fingers from Jennie's cold little hand and went to meet Henry. He was haggard, so weak he could scarcely stand. In him there was no pride, no triumph, no glow of happiness. His eyes seeking hers were full of a strange doubt, a questioning she had never seen in them.

She put her arms around his shoulders. "I don't understand," she said. "Wasn't it right, after all? What is wrong, Henry? Wasn't it your own dragon? Was there only a little gold?"

"I thought we wasn't going to get back so I could tell you."

"So you could tell me what?"

Joe said, "Hey, break it up, you two."

and get moving! Mom, we're plain ordinary starved. We haven't had nothing to eat for a week but an old dead hawk and a skinny rabbit and the soup and coffee Savage brought. You got half a cow hanging on the stove, or do we head for Kruger's?"

Jennie was dancing with impatience, clatching Joe's hand. "Joe did Daddy find?" she stopped, looking at Savage, not sure what he knew or ought to know. "You'll have to go to Kruger's and get things," she said. "I'll come and help."

Bert bent quickly and kissed his



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little sister something Mary had never seen him do. He took Jennie's other hand and the two big boys and the little girl started off after Andy, tearing ahead up the path to the store.

Mary was really puzzled about Henry. She led him to the wharf up the bank, long he pulled to the cabin. Two or three times he started to speak, but she quivered him. Inside the cabin she took off her felt hat and the plaid Mackinaw and laid them on the bed. She looked into his face. It was very pale and the blue eyes were dul and empty. They fixed

themselves miserably on hers.

Henry, don't grieve. Whatever happened, if you lost all your gear, if there wasn't much gold, it doesn't matter. The boys look happy so I know something good happened. You'll get your real strike some time. If the dragon let you down, don't break your heart over this.

But he said "Oh, we found the gold. All the gold in the world. Only I got it thinking, he had three-four days too late. Mary. It's for late. You've had too hard a time. No woman could stand it and get over

it. Nothing can change that hard time. Nothing can change what I done to you."

Something warm and new stirred in Mary's heart. For a good many years she had hidden there a little hurt, a pain, a secret aching sorrow, always pushed away in shame at her own self pity. She had a ways understood Henry and known what to expect from him. She needed to be sorry for herself. Now she knew that it had ever really existed, that pain, Henry's first acknowledgment of it had taken away. She said "You've found your gold."

Henry? And you're worrying about me?"

He put out his hands, groping, and clasped her arms above the elbow. Through the sleeve of her shirt she felt the eagerness of those hands. He kept looking into her face, his eyes searching hers. He was sick with unhappiness and self accusation. He lifted her hand, her left hand, and looked at it at the bones showing and the blue veins and the twisted scar across the wrist and up the back where the four-inch garter had gone in when she had been scrubbing the mud floor at Waterways. It wasn't pretty hard any more. Mary didn't often look at it.

He said "I been a fool. I always thought. I only I could buy you a diamond again. Your other diamond, your engagement ring, that you gave to the man in Saskatoon to get gas so we could start north. I always thought that wouldn't hurt you any more if I could just get you a big new diamond. Not that you ever complained or asked for one. I guess it was me I didn't want hurt knowin' what I'd done to you. I guess that's what it was."

"Oh, Henry Henry. hush! Was there really gold on the dragon's back? Gold, at last?"

He said humbly, "The place stinks with gold."

Mary thought, he has found his gold. But it is meaningless. He has lost his dragon, it is dead at last, the enticing thing that led him on and on through all the pain and the danger. Having the gold will not be enough. He has lost his dream.

A man cannot live without a dream. Reality is not for men.

What must a woman always do? What could a woman do now?

She lifted her chin and laughed suddenly. She made herself look young again, with pink in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes. She said "You're right about me wanting a diamond. I loved my engagement ring, but it had only a little diamond, Henry much as I loved it. But I'll tell you a secret. you know what? All my life I've wanted a ring with a diamond in it as big as a postage stamp. A square diamond. I've seen them in pictures. Only, what use was there for me to say such a thing? If you didn't find your gold I could never have it. But if you really have found your gold."

"You mean that? You really mean that?" The blue began to come back into his eyes again, a hint of the old blue fire.

"A great big diamond, shining and glittering like a piece of a blue moon, too wonderful to be true, Henry. I don't think they make diamonds as big as the one I want! And if you can afford it, if there's enough gold left. I want a long fox coat, soft and thick and pure snowy white."

He stared at her. He straightened his shoulders a little, but the old swag was not quite in them. Knowledge lay in his eyes, a new knowledge, as if out there with the dragon he had tasted the bitter fruit of the tree. He had seen himself and judged himself and his innocence was gone.

Mary put her arms around him quickly and pressed him close. "You found the gold for all of us at last, Henry. We need it, all of us. Jennie and Joe and Andy and Bert and me. It will make a new world for us all. You've won through for us all."

He put his rough scratchy cheek against hers. His hand patted her shoulder, a new comforting kind of patting. He was trembling with weakness and sickness. But he said, "I'll get you your coat. I'll go up to the Arctic. I'll trap the foxes myself." *

How I Became An Eskimo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

rhubarblike leaves of the sorrel plant which grows to a height of six inches. When boiled, the juice makes a pleasant drink. There is a nameless root that is the size of a small carrot, looks like a parsnip, and tastes like a banana.

We pack the sled for our trip. We take a grub box and another box with extra traps, sealskin boots, mitts, ammunition, and snow knives to build houses. We carry a primus stove and two quarts of fuel, not enough but all we can afford since kerosene costs \$1.50 per gallon. A kettle to boil water, a pot to boil meat, and our packing is complete. There is not much food aboard but we will hunt seal and rabbits as we go along.

Anyway, we don't think much about this now. Why worry about tomorrow? Idlouk melts snow, paints a layer of ice on the runners of the sled, harnesses the dogs, and we are off. It is at least fifty below zero. But deep inside the layers of fur and with my belly full of hot fish, I feel snug and warm. I am elated and ready for anything. This land is my home. Idlouk cracks his whip at the dogs and the sled moves off over the vast white wastes.

Hunting With a Harpoon

After we leave, Kidik returns to her chores. Mending and patching sealskin boots is an endless job. The sleds last ten days in winter and often only one day in summer. She visits the local food cache for seal meat and fish, she lays in a supply of seal fat and pounds it soft with a stone. She makes frequent visits to a nearby iceberg, fills a bucket with pieces of ice, then melts them down for water. Now that Idlouk is gone, she has more time to gossip with her neighbors, in the meantime keeping her eye on the children who play around the igloo.

Sometimes the children go over to see what Akomalik, the old man of the camp, is doing. He is Idlouk's father and is seventy-four years old. The children follow his activities with interest. Sometimes he cleans foxes or repairs sleds or walks over the sea's surface near the shore, with harpoon gun in hand, searching for the seals' breathing holes.

There is no fixed bedtime in the camp. Kidik and the children go to sleep when they are tired. This may be at six in the evening or at four in the morning. Apart from the early morning snack and breakfast, meal times are not fixed. The Eskimo eats when he's hungry.

Our sled breaks fresh tracks in the snow, mile after mile. Here is my diary of the trip.

Wednesday Camped for night. Very cold in snowhouse. There's a high wind blowing and we haven't enough fuel to use the primus for heating. It is dark outside. The dogs are fighting among themselves. Idlouk is

shouting at them. Today is the second day of the trip. Yesterday was clear and cold. Today, despite heavy wind, we covered thirty-five miles. Had hard time to keep face from freezing. Vasted ten traps yesterday, fifteen today, but only one fox. This is worth seven dollars. Should have had fifteen foxes by this time. Looks like a bad year for fur.

Thursday Camped early today as both of us ill. May have been the rotten seal meat we ate for supper last night. It is really our dog food but had to eat it since no rabbits or other game around. Hope I feel better in the morning.

Friday Today is the third day of the trip. On is no fun at forty-five below. Igloo very small tonight, barely room for two of us to lie side by side in our sleeping bags but not strong enough to make it bigger. No supper tonight, only two cups of tea.

Saturday Over illness okay but still a little weak. Have lots of food since shot five rabbits and Idlouk got one seal at a breathing hole. Twice, much to Idlouk's delight, I shot at jumps of snow that looked like rabbits in the moonlight. Almost got some ptarmigan but the 22 jammed in the cold. Too

bad, they're delicious, raw or boiled. Have visited over seventy traps but only five foxes in all.

Sunday Very quiet day. Lie in sleeping bags all day eating, sleeping, talking. Idlouk will travel on Sunday only if absolutely necessary. Have done nothing but shiver all day. I believe Christianity has done a lot for the Eskimo but cannot understand missionary teaching in this regard. Refuse to think that by lying in this cold house for twenty-four hours, we come closer to God.

Tuesday Feast to famine. We are

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out of food. Camped at an Eskimo camp at Tay Sound and found three families there in a bad way with barely enough food to keep them alive for the past month. Twenty of their dogs are dead from starvation and yesterday the people were chewing old seal skins to try and get nourishment. Have given them what remained of our tea and rabbit. But now we have no food. These people didn't put in a big enough cache of food last fall. We have to send messages to police. Hope they will be all right to help them.

Wednesday Starting home now. No luck hunting but we found a piece of fish in the food box on the sled. Ate it frozen for supper as no fuel left. Only five foxes. At current rates that means \$5.50. Very discouraging. But as Idloak says "I'm a man!" (I can't be helped). A hundred ways to hope.

Friday Only one day from home and we are weather-bound. The wind howls outside and it is cold. Hard to write as fingers cold and end in pain. I bridle. No heat. Nothing to do but spend day in gloom. Yesterday we got a rabbit which we had for supper but nothing today. Dogs are hungry as haven't eaten for three days. Froze nose and chin yesterday. In dark Idloak cannot see face freezing and at times I forget to watch for it.

Sunday Arrived home late last night after a nightmare trip. Half-starved and cold in the dark we ran into a field of rough ice. The sled broke down twice. Once the traces got gnarled on the ice, causing the sled to run over two dogs and breaking their hind legs. Crossing the rough ice on the sled was like riding a bucking broncho. We tripped and fell over every obstruction. But we are okay now. We were given a big meal of boiled seal meat. I arrived home cursing the Arctic. Now, an hour later, my stomach full, I feel

peaceful and relaxed. This tranquility can only come after prolonged hardship and struggle.

During my fifteen months in Oulit, Kadiok did all in her power to treat me as one of her sons. She would put my sleeping furs out to air. She would chew my seal skin boots till they were soft when the frost got into them and froze them as stiff as a board. When my turn came around I would get the soft part of the hammock, the tail end of the raw fish and the fish's head when that dish was served. In turn, acted as I was expected to. I was obedient to Idloak's wishes at all times.

Proud to Share Wife

Nevertheless it took several months before I began to feel like a member of the family. The main barrier was the traditional relationship between Eskimo and white man. All the white men the Eskimo know—the trader, the policeman, the missionary—are in a position to improve the Eskimo's position. He is therefore usually very anxious to please them and carries out suggestions made to him without complaint. Sometimes I mean doing things he does not like. Just before I stepped on the plane that took me from the Arctic, Idloak said to me, "Kingmik, I will remember you for many things, but most of all because you didn't ask me for my wife or for any other woman in the camp."

This was the first time I had heard an Eskimo suggest that he didn't like his woman being with a white man. There is nothing in the Eskimo's attitude to indicate this feeling. Eskimo women seem proud to hear the child of a white man, the husband is not at all reticent in telling others who the real father is.

The white man's a fool. He can't hunt seal, build a snowhouse or drive dogs

There are no unwanted children among the Eskimo. Kadiok, for example, in our camp, is the son of Gaston Herodier, a scientist who spent a few winters in the Arctic. Herodier bequeathed an estate to Kadiok which yields an annual income of four hundred dollars. This is delivered each summer at ship time. It is true that to some extent the Eskimo wife is regarded as a piece of property to be lent out on occasion according to social custom. But evidently the custom does not, comfortably include the white man.

Living with the Eskimo, I learned something of their views on the white man and his world. By and large, they regard the white man as a rich fool. He is thought of as rich because he seems to have a great many possessions. Doesn't the airplane pilot have an elaborate machine? Hasn't the Hudson's Bay post factor an entire store full of goods? The white man is a fool because he can't do simple things like build a snowhouse, handle a dog team or hunt seal. The skills which give the white man status in his own country have no meaning for the Eskimo.

Some aspects of the white man's civilization frighten the Eskimo. One night Idloak saw me glancing at a population chart in my dictionary. In reply to his questions, I gave him the population of the various Canadian provinces. He was amazed. I capped our discussion by telling him that in a city called New York fourteen million people dwell in an area no larger than that covered by his small island. "This

cannot be," said Idloak, over and over again. The next morning he complained, "I couldn't sleep last night." He told me that he had been tortured by visions of hordes of New Yorkers piled high on each other, struggling for enough space to breathe.

War talk had a similarly disturbing effect on my Eskimo family. Usually the discussion would be touched off by a magazine picture—the walls of many homes are papered with magazine pages. "What is that?" Idloak would ask. "That is a new type of bomber plane," I would reply.

"What is it used for?"
"To drop explosives from the air and kill many people at once."

"Why do they want to kill many people?"

"That's war."
"Does the man dropping the bomb have a grudge against the people he is killing?"

"He doesn't know them."
"Then why does he want to kill them?"

"That's war."
Neither of us was satisfied with this explanation. I was much more comfortable explaining what kept the white man's bridges from falling into the sea, or how you could have water running out of taps on the top floors of high buildings. I soon found that the Eskimos were asking for explanations only of things they felt they could understand. They avoided questioning me about such phenomena as radio communication or airplane flight. The

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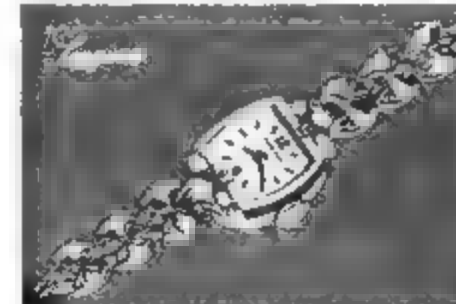
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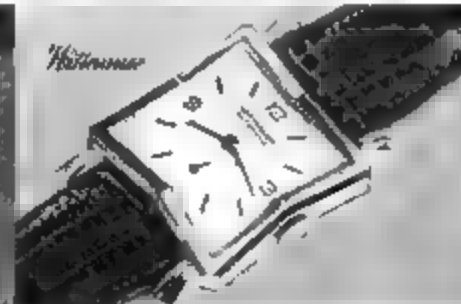
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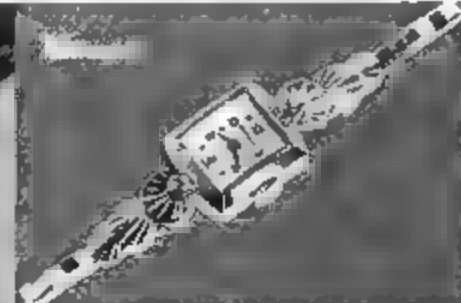
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interested them, but the long theory was beyond their grasp.

But the Eskimo is too busy with his family and the struggle to survive to concern himself too much with the ingenious devices of the white man. Nothing about the Eskimo's life is easy. It's not true, for example, that all women deliver their children rapidly and painlessly. When Kadik bore Susan the midwife asked us to leave the tent at 9 p.m. and we were not permitted to re-enter until after the birth some seven hours later. I have known

of other births which lasted for almost twenty-four hours.

Idlook was happy about Susan's arrival. "I wanted a girl," he told me. "I have enough hunters." If the child had been a boy, Idlook had been planning to give it to a friend whose wife had borne him four daughters and was now past childbearing. Idlook was very vain and jaded about his new daughter with the other men in the camp. Boasting "I want a fine woman who was going to be," the next day at the trading post it was only as he departed after an hour's visit that he

casually mentioned that his wife had borne him a daughter. Such is the Eskimo's reticence with the white man.

By our standards of child-rearing the Eskimo youngster is somewhat spoiled by his parents. Children are allowed to play with all the parents' possessions, the boys with harpoons, whips, dog harnesses and sleds, the girls with needles, scissors and thread. No matter how serious the misdeed, it is the Eskimo tradition that the child should not be spanked. "The soul of a dead relative lives in each child," I was told. "It is not right to beat a dead relative."

Because of the influence of the white man, some of the Eskimo have started to spank their children. Most of the adults disapprove of this trend. Idlook, who is in the spanking faction, justified his stand by finding six references in the New Testament which sanction corporal punishment. But Idlook's spankings are not serious affairs. No Eskimo would care to father a child who reaches adulthood bearing a grudge against his parents. He knows that some day, when he can no longer hunt, he will be completely dependent on his children. "If my child does not like me he will not treat me well," says Idlook.

It is Paulosee, the eight-year-old who most pines for Idlook. He is forever snatching things from other children and teasing them. Because Eskimo children are less aggressive than our own, this type of behavior is conspicuous. "Why should Paulosee act this way?" Idlook asked me one day. "It worries me."

The age-old conflict between age and youth is typified in the relationship between Idlook and Oodletetuk, his eighteen-year-old son. Like his father, Oodletetuk is intelligent, strong and a good hunter. Yet, by convention, he must obey his father implicitly even though he is now married and has a small son of his own. In many cases, where the son has lost the self-confidence and ability to replace his father as natural leader of the family, he goes on doing as he is told indefinitely. I have seen men of forty being ordered around by their fathers like school children.

Two Husbands for Rebecca

One of Idlook's family problems was solved recently with the marriage of Rebecca, who is the oldest child. As is often done in the case of the first-born, Rebecca was given to her grandparents at birth. When she became of marriageable age, the grandparents began to look around for an eligible bachelor. Marriages among the Eskimos are still arranged; romantic marriages are practically unknown, although a married couple may become very fond of each other in due time. The grandparents finally settled on two likely husbands for Rebecca, but were unable to decide which one would be the better provider. At this point, the wife of another Eskimo died suddenly and everyone agreed that the widower was superior to both prospects. The match was made and Rebecca was married at the Anglican mission at the Pond Inlet post.

In our society, we tend to isolate and reject the handicapped person. We gawk at him in public and we won't give him a useful job. The Eskimo attitude is exactly the opposite. The cripple is treated the same as anybody else and is expected to pull his share of the load.

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This type of primitive therapy seems to work in males. One of my neighbors had a shaved arm and leg. He moved his camp by pushing himself on a sled with his good foot. His skin with a rifle was scratched. He regularly went on hunting trips and bagged more than his share of the game. He was married and had three healthy children.

Jack, aged 27, is a hunter. Kyak-kook, 45, is deaf. But they are in no way excluded from the group. Even Tukuk, who makes no contribution to the life of the camp, is not discriminated against. Instead of hunting, fishing and trapping like the other men, Tukuk mostly just sits around and camp dog nothing. Everyone agrees that this is a waste of time, but he makes a batch of everything he tries. When he shoots at a seal, the shot goes wide and the animal is frightened away.

Once he stepped out at night during camp for a drink of water while on his way to the trading ground and stayed a week forgetting the original purpose of his trip. He is always getting mixed up with his traps. Once while on the trail, his two-year-old child fell off the sled and it was an hour before Tukuk noticed its absence. The Eskimos, aware of Tukuk's low intelligence, treat him with the same leniency as they do their children.

An Open Seam of Coal

Although our little settlement was strongly Anglican, a lot of still remained in the power of the Angakok, a combination of medicine man and sorcerer. Our own Angakok, a fifty-year-old named Kwitnyah, had the reputation of being a kind of Arctic Dr. Doan. It was said that he could communicate with the animals, especially the polar bear. Once he announced that some polar bears were to be found at a certain place at a certain time. A group of hunters dispatched to the area proved him right.

According to one of my neighbors, several years ago an Angakok gathered a group of men inside an igloo and started them singing. Then he smashed a small hole through the wall of the igloo with his fist and a second later he jumped through it to the outside without making the hole any larger. Another Angakok reputed an enemy by making his wife barren.

My Eskimo friends and neighbors expected little from life. They got up, they ate, they hunted, they went back to sleep. They accepted the fact that all this is to be accompanied by a certain amount of deprivation and suffering. "Ivonamut!" "It can't be helped!"

In many cases I found that it could be helped. The Eskimo is often cold in his caribou-skin tent or house. Yet, in our district there are six open-seam coal mines. The Hudson's Bay post uses this fuel to heat its buildings. "You can use this fuel too for heating," is a suggestion that has been frequently made to the Eskimo. Many of the hunters say that this sounds like a good idea. But they never do anything about it.

One November day we set out for the fish cache about sixty miles away. Since there was not yet enough snow to build a snow hut we brought along a tent. When we stopped that night in the midst of a howling storm we discovered that the tent was full of holes and leaked gay ropes. Nobody had thought of examining it before the trip started. Again, through lack of foresight our supplies contained only enough kerosene for the primus for one night, although our trip was to last four days. So we ate frozen fish and sucked pieces of ice.

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One morning I worked with one of my neighbors building a food cache. This is a large oval pit burrowed out of a pile of stones for the storage of food. It took four hours to dig the pit, fill it with food then cover it with rocks. My neighbor grew tired of the job during the last stages. It was doubtful whether we had piled on enough rocks to keep away marauding dogs or bears. Another fifteen minutes of work would have definitely safeguarded the food. He surveyed the work carefully and concluded, "Maybe the bear won't get the food." One night, after we had pitched our tent, somebody said, "A storm may soon blow, perhaps we need more rocks to hold the tent down." But this was not done because most of my companions agreed that "Maybe the storm will not blow the tent down."

The sense of competition is almost entirely lacking among my adoptive people. In spring, under the light of the midnight sun, we would play a peculiar version of the English game of rounders, using caribou skin stuffed with hair as a ball and a stick for a bat. At no time did any of the participants have the idea of winning. This lack of competition in all branches of the Eskimo's life means that there is seldom any personal animosity between members of the community.

Whatever I left behind in Tunmer must I know that it is something less than I took away with me. Before I became an Eskimo, my main ambition

was to have a good job and to accumulate as much money and goods as possible. Today, I am without a regular job or wealth but I am a good deal happier. I have found a worthwhile mission in life to help the Eskimo find himself. At present, he is in a quandary and drifting aimlessly.

We have in Canada about 9,700 Eskimos scattered along the northern coasts and in the interior of the vast Arctic prairies. Despite his contact with the white man and his new goods, the Eskimo is still a primitive person. He has not changed his pattern of thought and his over-all conception of his place and position on this earth remains the same. But even though he is primitive in thought, he has been suddenly confronted with a bewildering array of rifles, engines, boats, and foodstuffs. He has given little or no thought to the intimate effect of such goods on the lives of his sons and daughters.

The advent of the trading post where he could barter his furs for goods profoundly changed the life of the Eskimo. In earlier times, he lived exclusively on the products of the hunt. Now, by gathering up the skin of the fox, a hitherto worthless animal, a whole new world of foodstuffs and materials is available to him. As long as fur prices in the world market remained high, all seemed to go well. But when the demand for white foxes dwindled, the Eskimo was left helpless. He had no understanding of the white man's com-



"I just got sick of everything being white, white, white"

merce that for years paid him well and then suddenly could pay him little or nothing. He still doesn't understand it.

Down through history, when a primitive culture has come in contact with a dominant civilization, the primitive culture has been shattered and lost. The old Eskimo is already lost. But must his descendants disappear entirely from the Canadian scene?

I don't think so. I believe we can start working on a plan to help the Eskimo.

First, we urgently need a number of white men who, with their wives and families, would live their lives among the Eskimo. Their job would be to study and to help. How does the Eskimo live? How does he think? What capacities do they have for other work? One man should be assigned to each group of Eskimos.

Handicrafts Mean Money

The more intelligent Eskimo children should be given an education. They will be the future leaders of their people. Furthermore, it might help them to get jobs that are now beyond them. Why shouldn't Eskimos eventually have responsible jobs in military establishments, air fields, weather stations, missions, trading posts, mining developments? Most white men hate living in the Arctic; the Eskimo loves it. This is his land, his home.

Some Eskimos are now earning money through their handicraft, aided by the federal government and the Canadian Handicraft Guild. Soapstone and ivory figures, basketry, seal skin puppers and rugs are a few of the objects that are now being sold in Canadian cities.

And finally, we must carefully watch the Eskimo population figures. In recent years, the Eskimos have been increasing. This is going to make it increasingly difficult for them to live off the land. Eventually some of them will have to be transplanted to other regions or other means will have to be found to care for the surplus population.

The starting point, of course, is to understand the Eskimo. That's why I became an Eskimo in the first place. That's why I plan to keep my promise to Idlook to return "home" once again. ★

Backstage in the North

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

married, putting in an Arctic year to save up the down payment on a house. A few are older men about to be unmarried for the Arctic is a fine inescapable retreat from domestic troubles. Still others are merely enduring, with varying degrees of good cheer, an assignment that comes eventually to all weathermen of this rank.

Part of the equipment at each satellite station is a set of boxing gloves. I couldn't find a single instance when the gloves had been actually used. "When it gets to that stage, nobody stops for boxing gloves," one of the boys said, but the Weather Bureau chiefs believe they have a certain deterrent effect. Maybe they just serve as a reminder that physical combat is a pretty childish resort.

In any case, all the satellite stations report a fairly high state of morale in spite of the lonesome life.

It's an exercise in international relations in a small way for all staffs are half Canadian and half American. The officer-in-charge is always Canadian, the second in-command always an American. Other jobs can be held by men of either nationality but one important post seems invariably to be held by an American. That's the job of cook.

It's no coincidence. For some reason, Canada's Department of Transport will not pay to cooks the \$100-a-month "isolation allowance" paid to the weathermen, the chief financial inducement to work in the far north. The U.S. does pay its own isolation allowance, \$133 a month, and so is able to recruit first-class camp cooks. This is one important reason for the high morale.

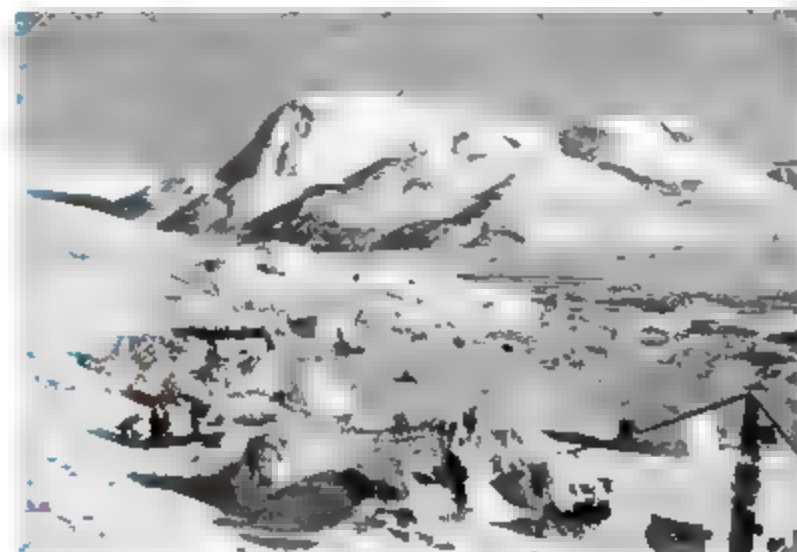
Another is the keen awareness of mutual dependence. For these jobs are not without some elements of danger. During the dark period of the first winter at Resolute, a man going out to take the morning temperature reading was struck down and badly mauled by a polar bear. If the cook hadn't happened to hear him moaning outside the back door, he'd have frozen to death.

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... but another polar bear right in camp at Mould Bay. Wolves killed two of the dogs at Alert last winter and are also a common pest at Eureka. They've never been known to attack a man during the seven years Eureka has been operating but none of the boys there is anxious to test the theory that a wolf pack will not go after a lone man.

Aside from wild animals, the Arctic itself can be dangerous. During a blizzard in the dark period last winter, one man at Eureka was nearly lost

trying to find his way from one little clump of buildings to another.

Why do men volunteer to put up with these perils and troubles?

Partly it's the money which isn't too considering the relatively low educational requirements. Junior matriculation is enough to get a bright boy into the radioonde school at Toronto, where he is paid full salary during a course that lasts six weeks to three months. Basic pay starts at \$2,400 a year plus the isolation allowance of \$1,200. Food, housing and Arctic clothing are provided free, except that

the income-tax department adds \$50 a month to each man's income for tax purposes, otherwise everything's found. Finally and perhaps most important opportunities to spend money are not. A young man who spends a year in the Arctic can count on coming out with more than \$1,000 cash in hand.

For some, though, it's not so much the money as the life itself. The Arctic isn't everybody's cup of tea and some of these weathermen hate it with a bitter hatred, but some love it. Standing in a midnight twilight at the edge

of the polar sea, and looking at the clean bare ice and the clean bare hills, you can understand why.

PROBABLY the most visited igloos in Eskimo history are the five that make up the Eskimo village at Resolute Bay.

The village is four miles from the RCAF and weather station, and the men posted there are not allowed to drop in on the Eskimos without special arrangements. But the arrangements are made often enough and the truck of outside visitors to Resolute is steady enough to make these Eskimos thoroughly accustomed to having their homes invaded by crowds of gaping white men.

They're quite good-natured about it. The women and children even seem to enjoy it. They greet the tourist with beaming smiles and a few amiable words in English. (One three-year old speaks English quite well but in parrot fashion without understanding what the words mean. When you say "Hello, Jimmy" he answers "Hello Jimmy" and so on through a routine patter of half-a-dozen phrases. "How are you?" "How are you?" "I'm fine." "I'm fine.")

The igloos are a queer mixture of old and new. On one side of the door, as you enter through the snow tunnel into the semi-spherical living quarters, you see a sea-oil lamp made of soapstone which Eskimos have been using for a time immemorial. On the other side is a Coleman lamp burning gasoline. The family still sleeps on a shelf of snow, but instead of lying on seal or bear skins they have kippok mattresses. Outdoors the women wear the traditional caribou-skin parka, with the huge hood in which they can carry a child completely hidden, but underneath they have cotton house dresses.

Inside walls of the igloo used to be lined with skins of the Arctic fox, to keep the melting ice from dripping on the family. Now they are lined with old copies of Life magazine and Canadian Aviation.

But the touch of modernity that struck me as most incongruous was the tin of ammoniated tooth powder that sat on top of a box of breakfast food.

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"What Delicacy..."

one sip... and what pleasure!" exclaimed Madame Lucie Neveu, who savoured her first Canadian wine in her own restaurant, Tante Lucie, in the St-Germaine des Prés district of Paris.

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wines have a surprising smoothness and delicacy of flavour!"

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CANADIAN ECDOTE

The Swiftest Spender The Klondike Ever Had

THE MOST curious exhibit to come out of the Klondike gold rush was the figure of Swiftwater Bill Gates, a one-time river pilot who struck it rich on Eldorado Creek in 1896.

Swiftwater was never one to hide his wealth. When he gambled he used to cry out "The sky's the limit. And raise her up as far as you want to go, boys. If the roof's in your way, tear it off." Swiftwater invariably lost. He once lost \$50,000 in three weeks shooting pool.

While other Klondikers went around in Mackinaws and mukluks, Swiftwater wore a silk topper, a Prince Albert coat, and a 14 carat diamond stickpin. He owned the only starched white shirt in Dawson and he wouldn't be seen in anything else. While it was being laundered Swiftwater went to bed for three days.

Swiftwater was a romantic. He fell in love with a dance-hall girl named Gussie LaMore. One day Swiftwater walked into a café and found Gussie having dinner with a rival. Gussie ordered eggs, Swiftwater got so mad he bought every egg in town, at around \$2 apiece, had them fried and fed them to the dogs outside the restaurant. Gussie capitulated. She promised to meet him in San Francisco and marry him.

Swiftwater's excursions into the outside world were always bizarre. He didn't drink but he liked to bathe in champagne. In Seattle, his hotel bill had one item tacked on: \$1,500 for "damages." In San Francisco he paid all the bellboys to whisper to hotel guests in the lobby "There goes Swiftwater Bill Gates, the King of the Klondike."

Alas, in San Francisco, Gussie decided not to marry him after all. Swiftwater was unperturbed. He married her sister, Grace, instead. He bought her a mansion in Oakland. Three weeks later she threw him out. Swiftwater ran right back in again and emerged with his \$7,000 worth of wedding presents tied up in a bedsheet.

Back in Dawson, Swiftwater found himself the butt of a score of jokes. The hit musical at the Combination Theatre in the summer of 1898 was entitled, The Adventures of Swiftwater Bill. Appropriately, Nellie LaMore, a third sister, played the female lead. Nellie later won first prize at a masquerade ball dressed up as Swiftwater. Gussie sang from the stage of the Monte Carlo: "Dear Old Swiftwater Bill. I loved him once and I love him



still!" Swiftwater surrounded by girls and champagne, applauded loudly from a box seat.

His second wife, Bern Beebe, was only fifteen years old. He married her Outside and returned to the Klondike to find himself \$100,000 in the hole. He decamped with Bern to Nome, made a new fortune and lost it all gambling.

He married another fifteen-year-old named Kitty Brandon. The nuptials were somewhat complicated by the fact that Swiftwater already had a legal wife and Kitty was his own niece.

Swiftwater followed the gold-rush trail to Fairbanks, Alaska where once again he struck it rich, cleaning up \$75,000 on Cleary Creek. He'd no sooner banked the money when the police whisked him back Outside on bigamy charges.

Swiftwater wasn't the least perturbed. In Seattle, he passed around gold nuggets, each attractively gift-wrapped in a twenty-dollar bill to reporters and court officials. The charges were dropped, Swiftwater got a double divorce and announced he was looking for a new wife.

From this point on the trail of Swiftwater Bill Gates grows cold. He appeared for brief flashes, making a fortune in South America, wiring his friends for funds. He died in 1935 in Peru, mining gold. He had just managed to wrangle a twenty-million-acre concession from the Peruvian government. If he'd lived he'd probably have got another fortune... not to mention another wife. Pierre Berton.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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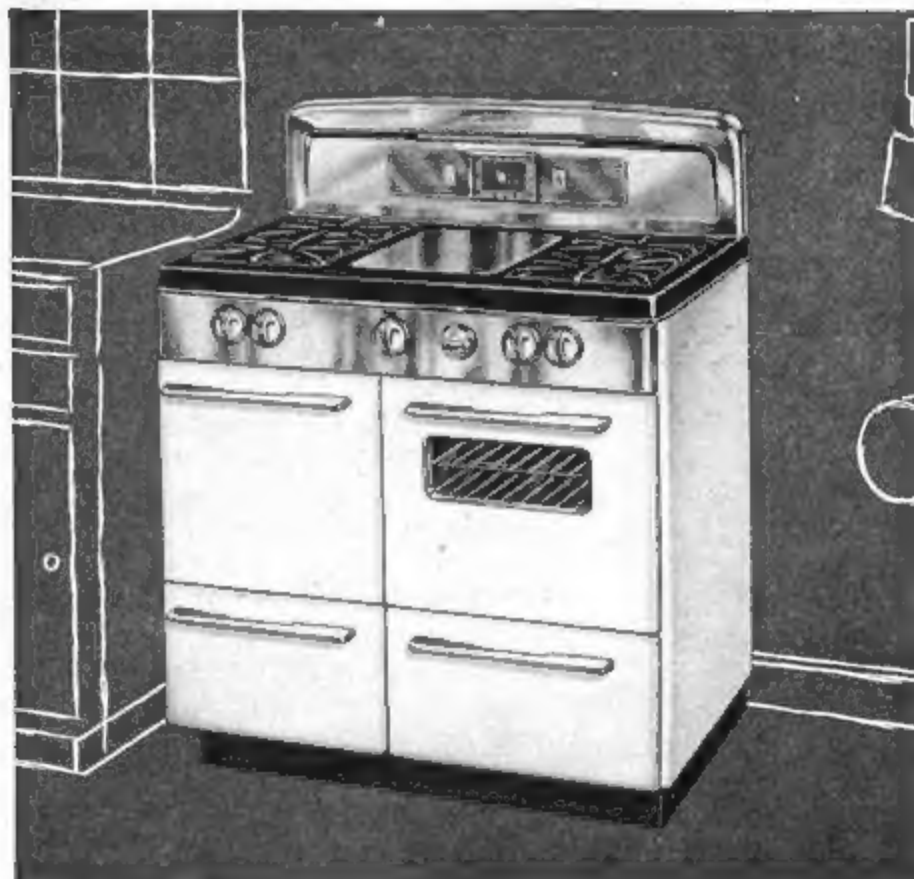
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for men

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

when a transcontinental train whips away like a greyhound out of a trap. North Bay! The air was bracing and the waters of the bay looked chilly, but there was the romance of distance about it all. No longer was Niagara Falls to be the furthest place I had journeyed. In the evening we did our stuff in St. Andrew's Church where the chairman explained that if it had not been for the rival attraction of a hockey match the church would have been crowded.

But what did we care? Ten dollars each we boys were paid and that was real money. I found that I liked earning money. I still like it.

However, that was not to be my only experience in the north. A few years later I journeyed to the mining country of Cobalt to sell Nordheimer pianos. It was the dead of winter and my mother had bought underclothing for me of a thickness which would have astonished a polar explorer. May I quote a short extract from my book, *Strange Street*?

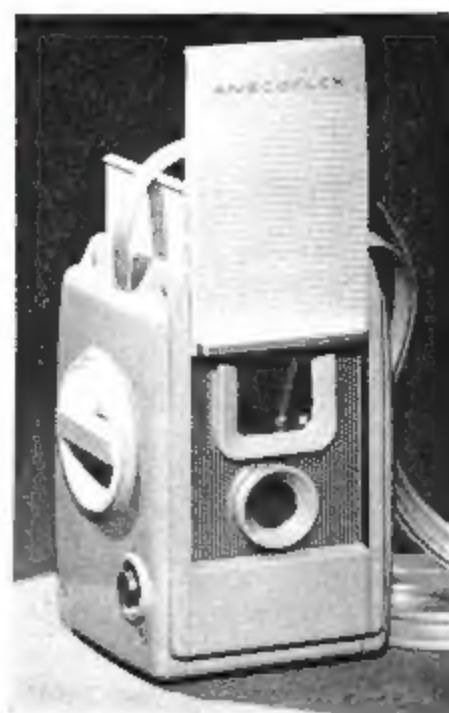
"Early next morning we left North Bay for the final run to the mining country that had excited the whole world. At last it appeared, hideous and magnificent, with rough buildings, thrown up overnight, sprawling like drunken men across the landscape, towering shafts driven into the rebellious earth, smoke nosing its way through the falling snowflakes, men in fur caps over their ears and their breath steaming in the wintry air.

"The Cobalt House was a large wooden hotel that served as first-class accommodation. I was given half a cubicle in which there were two tiny iron beds. The noise in the hotel was terrific. The rush was on and the adventures of a continent were there, full-bearded, hard-eyed fellows who had struck lucky and were celebrating in laughter, drink and blasphemy. The others were there too, the failures. They had gambled and lost—not like the Monte Carlo pygmies with counters on a green table but with hunger and heartaches and defeat. There were promoters as well, preparing the bait for the public, and confidence men content with quicker profits, and the harlots were beginning to arrive. All mining rushes are the same.

"Dazed by the roughness of it I was hopelessly lonely and depressed. I sat all day in a leather chair looking at the snow and listening to the clamor at the bar. I spoke to no one and no one spoke to me. The interminable day at last came to an end and I went to bed. To my relief the other occupant was not there and I was soon asleep. About midnight my fellow lodger burst into the cubicle drunkenly brandishing a bottle of whisky and a bottle of olives. His eyes were bloodshot and his beard was full of crumbs. Stretching himself on the bed and ignoring my presence he alternatively drank from the one bottle and swallowed olives from the other while he talked to himself of bastardy."

"There is nothing kind or gentle about the word 'north.' Even when it comes to the arts you do not expect the sensuous or the voluptuous. The only warmth Ibsen ever showed in his plays was when someone's house burned down and the owner had failed to pay his last insurance premium. My own impression is that Ibsen was so chilly that he put in a burning house to warm himself.

One has only to look back to the American Civil War to realize that the north was certain to defeat the south. There was a gracefulness about the



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IN MACLEAN'S DECEMBER 1 ISSUE

A six-page album of GREAT FACES IN COLOR

By Yousuf Karsh

A great portrait photographer, back from a tour of Europe, adds distinction to his name with a new album of color photographs of some distinguished Europeans.

DECEMBER 1 ISSUE

ON SALE NOVEMBER 23

life in the south; there was a chivalry, an elegance, formality, charm and, of course, slavery.

But in the north there were factories and hard-headed men who knew how to manufacture guns. The whole affair was not unlike the schoolboy's description of the English Civil War which ended with the decapitation of Charles I. "The Cavaliers," wrote the schoolboy, "were wrong but romantic; the Roundheads were right but repulsive."

Yes, the north must always conquer the south. Look at the way the Scots have invaded England through the centuries. They became the heads of English banks; they rose to power in industry; they secure high posts in the fields of science and education, and they make us drink whisky instead of wine. The only thing they cannot do is make us eat porridge.

The World's Finest Poets

But the English need the rugged qualities of the Scot. Left to themselves the English would be just dreamers and poets and visionaries and explorers. They know that there is something lost behind the ranges and that they must go and find it. Captain Cook is a good example. He was sent out by the navy to chart the transit of Venus, but discovered Australia instead. A grateful government gave him £250 but warned him not to do it again.

So out go the Scots to organize what the Englishman has found. On every British liner that sails the seas today there is an English captain and a Scottish chief engineer. That is the traditional combination of the north and south.

England has produced the greatest poets in the world, whereas the Scots have had to get on with one poet. But that is the north and south of it.

Over here we speak of Yorkshire as the north, and it is therefore not surprising that although the Romans invaded Yorkshire they could not subdue it. The men of York gave the Romans no peace and I am certain that they, the Romans, were glad to leave it eventually. Even today that tough little Yorkshireman, Sir Thomas Beecham, is the terror of the musical world.

This brings us to the question of whether the vast Canadian north will breed a new race of artists and dreamers in the white silence of the snows. This

much is certain—it will inspire the painter, the novelist and the poet but they will almost certainly be southerners.

I saw the effect of the far north on Lord Tweedsmuir when he was your governor-general. I stayed with him at Rideau Hall just after he had come back from a fight to the frozen north, and one could see how it was obsessing him as a novelist.

The silent temple of the snows, the selflessness of a priest ministering to his far-flung little flock, the simple kindness of people to each other, a remoteness which gives the soul a chance to be heard, the whispering music of the snowflakes . . . it was a pity he could not have written a novel with that background.

Here indeed is food for the artist, the dreamer, the poet. Yet oddly enough the grandeur of nature more often subdues than inspires the creative artist. Arnold Bennett, living in the hard, materialistic industrialism of the Five Towns, sought escape from it through his pen. Charles Dickens as a small boy in a bottle factory experienced that divine discontent which is the very basis of literature.

Beauty in itself does not necessarily inspire the creative artist. More often it is the ugliness of things that drives the artist to his canvas, or the novelist to his manuscript.

But there is a terrible fascination about the unconquered north. Few of the Arctic explorers going to their death trying to find the North Pole would have asked for a better end. It had to be. The call was stronger than life itself.

Nor can we forget the questing spirit of Frohisher who, as far back as the sixteenth century, sought to find the Northwest Passage to the Orient. He failed and was almost lost on the coast of Greenland. He eventually reached Labrador, and Frohisher Bay is named for him. Dreamers, heroes, poets, adventurers—for so many of them there was just the memorial of the eternal snows.

The northern heritage of Canada is vaster than a miser's dream. There lies the stubborn wealth that will sustain the strength of the democracies in peace and war. And perhaps the poets, the dreamers, the painters and the composers of young Canada will find their inspiration there.

It challenges imagination, and imagination is the parent of expression. ★

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LOCAL THEATRE

MAILBAG

Should Artists Look at Politics?

Canadian artists Varley and Aldwinckle proclaim that they are above politics and sociology (What Two Canadian Artists Saw in Russia, Oct. 1). How quaint! Maybe they should have gone to Pontypool or Wasaga Beach?

No wonder our artists have been in the doldrums for so long and are, albeit good craftsmen, inferior artists. Canadian artists are synonymous with lakes, trees, mountains—never people's faces! That is why our art is dull.

When Varley and Aldwinckle and the rest take an interest in the life, work, problems of Canadian people, they then may emerge as artists.

Right now, who are they kidding? —D. Singer, Toronto.

How Oakville Stands

An article in Maclean's, Why Live in the Suburbs, by John Gray (Sept. 1), says: "Many suburbs, lacking the industrial assessment to support their . . . residential building, have gone deeply in the red. Oakville, Ont., had to get the provincial government to bail it out of a half-million-dollar hole last spring."

Oakville was not, and is not, in financial difficulties. Between 1946 and 1953 some \$467,600 (including \$45,800 bank interest) was spent by the town on the construction of sewers, sidewalks and water mains, and financed by borrowing from the town's bankers. The town authorities . . . neglected to secure approval of the Ontario Municipal Board for the works prior to their construction. Consequently an act of the provincial legislature was necessary to enable the town to issue debentures to repay its bankers and establish a procedure for imposing rates to repay the debenture loan.

The town had no difficulty in selling the debentures, and in fact arrangements were made to sell them many months before the act was passed. The town has since arranged to sell a substantial amount of new debentures at a considerably lower rate of interest. Its credit is first class.

No financial assistance from the province was either required or received at any time. The provincial legislature passed an act enabling the town to use its excellent credit to solve the problem itself.

I venture to say that it would be hard to find a municipality in Canada less "in the red" than Oakville.—John H. H. Depew, Oakville.

Mr. Depew's account is right and Maclean's account was wrong. The editors and author Gray apologize to the Town of Oakville.

Wrong County for a Tory

In the article, The Haughtiest Suburb of Them All (Sept. 15), the author refers to "a gerrymander carried out during Sir Robert Borden's regime when it looked as if the local Conservative candidate, Sir George Perley, might not poll sufficient support to carry Russell County. To ensure his election voters from the true-blue Tory county of Carleton were switched to Russell, and Perley won."

This story is absolutely untrue. The

only constituency Sir George Perley ever represented was Argenteuil in Quebec. Sir Robert Borden was Prime Minister from 1911 to 1920. Russell has not elected a Conservative to the House of Commons since 1882—twenty-two years before Sir George Perley entered Parliament.—Hugh C. Farthing, Calgary.

Learning to Creep

Re Dr. Berrill's article, We'd Be Better Off on All Fours (Sept. 15):

And now I see it's been all wrong, The way we walk around, Should have been crawling all along, With bellies to the ground. Our backbones have been wishbones, Not fit to take the strain. That's why we hear the moans and groans As we are wracked with pain. Professor Berrill, you may be right To creep might do the trick; At least cut out the rat-race fight, That helps to make us sick. —H. D. Hulbert, Campbellville, Ont.

Racial Prejudice

Your editorial on Racial Prejudice and the Law (Sept. 1) was a timely answer to those who are continually decrying the use of legislation for this purpose. These people are like those of a previous age who argued against compulsory education, and their arguments are just as fatuous. Naturally

prejudice isn't eliminated merely by passing the law; illiteracy wasn't eliminated merely by passing a law of compulsory education. Schools had to be built and staffed under that law, and generations of children had to attend these schools before the result was obtained. But without the law in the first place . . . the schools would never have been built, and we now know that no country has ever attained mass literacy without such a law.

If you scratch beneath the surface of the antilegislationists, you will probably find that what they really want is to keep racial and other minorities "in their place," just as their predecessors who fought compulsory education really wanted to keep the masses "in their place."—G. H. Mossop, Toronto.

Cads and Poets Kiss and Tell

This is an open letter to Robert W.



Service after reading his poem, Old Tom (Sept. 1):

Dear Bob, I'm glad it was not I. You used to call your sweetie pie. In days of that mad rush for gold. For you're the guy that kissed and told. —E. McLeod, Calgary.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Boyl You really are lost."

Two Sides to Snob Schools

Beverly Baxter's attack on what he calls Britain's "snob schools" (Oct. 1) made me boil. This in spite of the magnificent cartoon which said a great deal more than Baxter's illogical argument that the major bad influence was that such schools were not co-educational. Very few good schools in the Old Country are . . .

Maybe Baxter has not studied Kinsey's Sexual Behavior of the American Male and ditto of the American female, or he might find there are two sides to co-educational schools. In any case it has little bearing on snobbery. There is just as much class distinction in Canada as in the Old Country, only it is based on material possessions rather than on birth, breeding and education.—C. Sargent.

● Thank you for that picture of the Etowas and the Cockney sparrows. I can almost hear the urehin in the middle as out of the corner of his mouth comes—"Garn knock 'is blinking 'at orf. I dare yer." Truly the picture of the year.—D. Adams, Saint John.

● Assuming that Beverly Baxter might assume that it would be officious if he sent President Eisenhower a copy of his Sept. 15 London Letter (Come to England, Mr. President!), I took it upon myself to cut the article out, mount it, and have mailed it to HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—R. Randolph Chamberlain, Prescott, Ont.

The Vanished Rivermen

Just want to say how much I enjoyed The Vanished Glory of the Rivermen (July 1).

I was especially interested in pictures of the rafts that went down to Quebec in 1908 . . . It was quite a thrilling experience, shooting the rapids and timber slides between Waltham and Ottawa. At times we worked hard, and long hours, but I have many pleasant memories of the trip.—A. M. Acheson, New Westminster, B.C.

Loves Being Miss Canada

I was amused by the article, My, Uh, Dazzling Career as Miss Canada (Sept. 15), but I was also saddened to think that with all the opportunities Miss Canada had she couldn't have made better use of them.

No more demands are made of a Miss Canada than of any other person



Miss Canada 1954
Girls who lost got scholarships

in the public eye, in any field . . . So far I have loved every minute of my reign and am looking forward to new experiences and opportunities and meeting fascinating and wonderful people every day. It's the best thing that could happen to any Canadian girl.

This year the pageant was held in Windsor's Jackson Park Auditorium (during centennial celebrations) and 15,000 people saw it. Twenty-four girls came from across Canada; every one of those girls went home with a \$100 scholarship at least and encouragement and experience to continue in her own field of talent from sword fencing to just plain living . . . I was proud to

be associated with them and with the Miss Canada Pageant officials who I know have young Canada's best interests at heart.—Barbara Joan Markham, Cornwall, Ont., Miss Canada 1955.

● All this is supposed to help the youth of the nation. If someone had deliberately tried to debase youth he could not have used a more effective method.—L. A. Fowler, Calgary.

We're in the Field

My unit has received copies of the Sept. 1 edition of your magazine. I



was a regular reader of yours back home in Toronto and it certainly is good to get Maclean's over here too. —Cpl. John C. Vassair, In the Field, Korea.

● Thank you for the many pleasant hours of reading I am deriving from Maclean's and while I am at it I would like to throw bouquets to one Robert Thomas Allen. As today's teen-agers would say, "He's the greatest," and I hope we'll see lots more of his work. —Mrs. H. G. Basil, Vancouver.

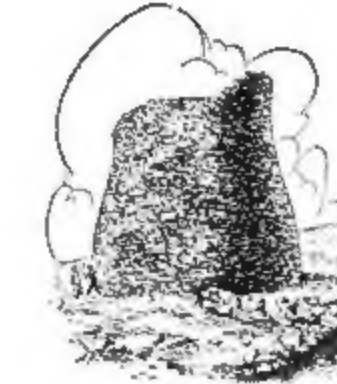
Three Women: One Writer?

The samples of handwriting published with the article, Three Women: One Body (Sept. 1), were interesting to anyone examining disputed writing. In my opinion the evidence of identical authorship of the three samples should be sufficient to convince any court. There are a large number of inconspicuous features, departures from standard writing, that taken together prove conclusively the work of one hand. The differences are no more than are commonly found in the writing of the same person at different times or in different moods.—A. G. Farmer, Examiner of Questioned Documents, Toronto.

A Gnome Named Jerome

The author's account of The Mystery of Jerome (Sept. 15) differs in many respects from what I gathered on long acquaintance with the subject, which included meeting Jerome. This occurred years ago when I was a commercial traveler in the district between Yarmouth and Digby and stopped at an Acadian farmhouse for a meal . . . While eating with the elderly couple who were my hosts I heard a rustling which seemed to come from a large wood box behind the kitchen stove. A gnomelike figure glided swiftly through the room and out of the back door. That was Jerome, close to the end of his mysterious career, attired in a suit of long underwear, the legs doubled over his stumps and held by safety pins. He whimpered as he ran like a very young pup. As I remember, he had a bald pate by that time, an intelligent head with extremely high forehead, and as colorless as a corpse.

I was told by the old folks that he was found at Sandy Cove in 1854 and that he spoke neither then nor after. His name was given him by the villagers who cared for him and no information was ever gleaned from him as to his name or racial origin.—H. D. Lewis, Vancouver. ★



REFUGE OF THE IRON AGE

The Brock of Mousa, historic fort of the Iron Age, is one of 300 ancient war towers still standing along the waterways of Scotland. Laid stone upon stone, but without lime, its walls are sixteen feet thick and forty feet in height, even without the top.

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THE BLEAK and characterless Arctic terrain can play hilarious spoofs on travelers, providing they live to laugh about it. One American aircrew became lost on a flight home to the States, finally force-landed out of gas on what they thought was an Alaskan glacier, and wired Fairbanks for help. The Fairbanks operator, puzzled over the location they gave, took a careful bearing on their radio signal—then dispatched the rescue plane to one of Greenland's icy mountains half a continent away. That's where they were, all right.



to wait out the storm. As the Eskimo started a small stove for heat the Mountie dug into the floor for chunks of clean snow to melt down for tea. His knife struck something and he pulled out an empty tin can, then another and another. Slowly it dawned on him that they had pitched camp on top of their own garbage dump behind their base at Baker Lake.

Those mix-ups that provide amusing chitchat anywhere else can become bleakly painful under conditions of isolation. The residents of Chesterfield Inlet, on the west shore of Hudson Bay, were in such a rush to get their mail away on the annual boat one summer that they bundled it up in a mailbag they had just emptied—and neglected to change the tag. Months later a passing plane dropped in with an extra bag of mail addressed to Chesterfield that had turned up at Churchill. Nobody laughed at all when the sack was opened and out cascaded all the letters the men had written home.



popping, exploded toast skyward to shatter on the ceiling. And they choked in helpless delight when one fellow who had been dreaming for days about having a good glass of milk, dumped a pound of the powdered stuff into a gallon of water, shoved the bowl under the new heater and cautiously turned it on "low." At full speed the heater sucked the stuff out of the bowl and hurled it like a white wave all over the room.

No two men knew their way around the trackless wastes better

A Parade scout in the north was also moved by the story about the big beauty contest held a few years ago on a brisk spring day to choose Miss Yellowknife. The spectators were all sensibly bundled in their parkas and you couldn't help but admire the pluck of the dozen shapely contestants who paraded in the chill open air in bathing suits. But the judges couldn't see anything beautiful in bare legs turned blue and bare backs covered with goose-pimples. They gave the crown to the one kisser who turned up in sweater and skirt.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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